Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 8, 1943
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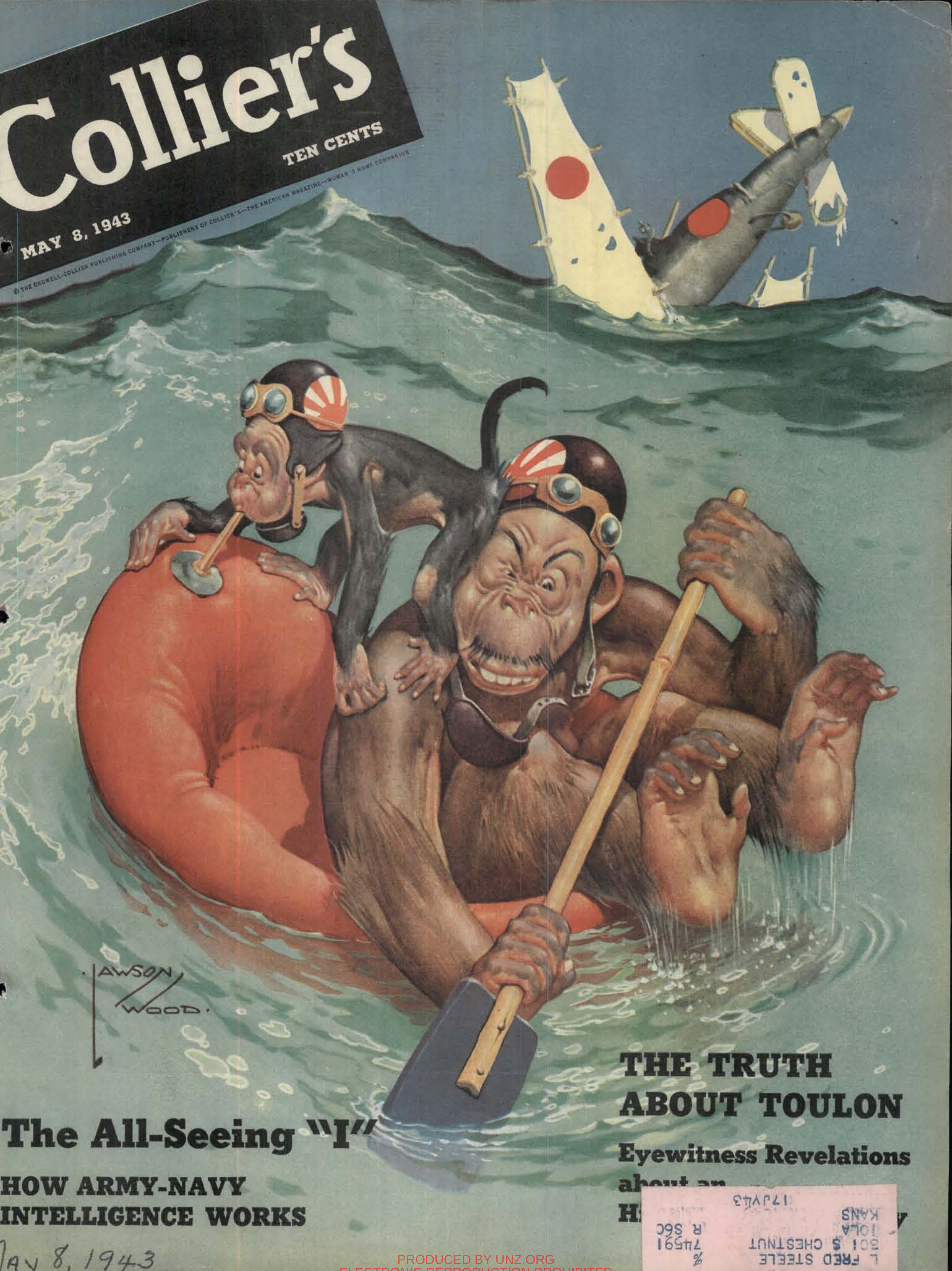
LAWSON WOOD.

The All-Seeing "I"

HOW ARMY-NAVY INTELLIGENCE WORKS

THE TRUTH ABOUT TOULON

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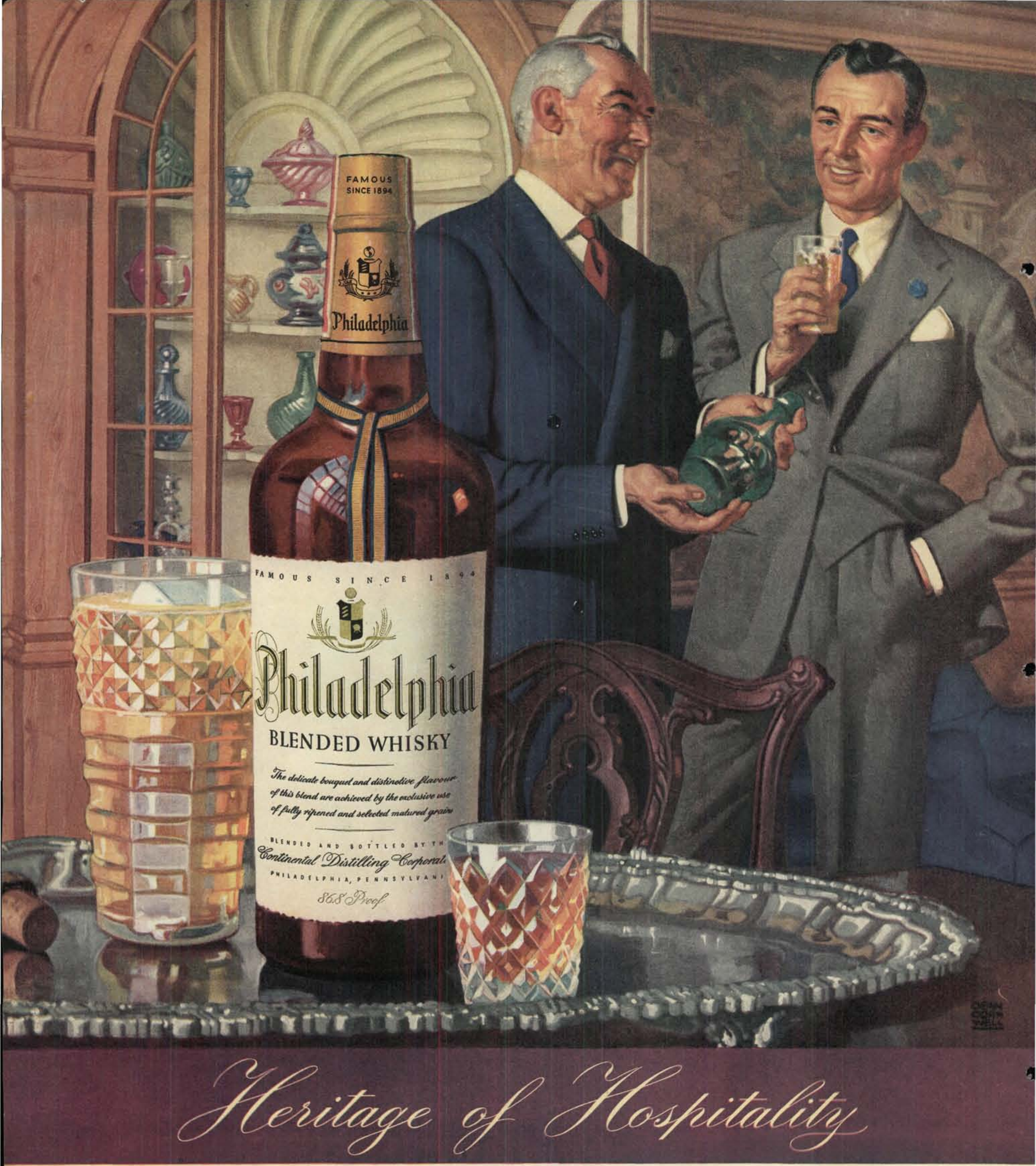
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Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
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86.8 Proof
DEAN CORNWELL
Heritage of Hospitality

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

YES, THE FINE ART OF HOSPITALITY SET A GLORIOUS STANDARD IN EARLY AMERICAN DAYS. IT FOUND EXPRESSION IN SUCH PLEASANT FORMS AS THE EXQUISITE GLASSWARE FROM EARLY NEW JERSEY. MUSEUM PIECES NOW, BUT A DELIGHTFUL SETTING FOR THAT GRACIOUS CULTURE WHICH FLOWERED IN PHILADELPHIA. TODAY THIS TRADITION IS PROUDLY UPHELD BY PHILADELPHIA BLENDED WHISKY. YOU SENSE, WITH YOUR FIRST DELIGHTED SIP, THAT HERE IS A WHISKY OF DISTINGUISHED BACKGROUND, ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . . YET ONE YOU CAN ENJOY, REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

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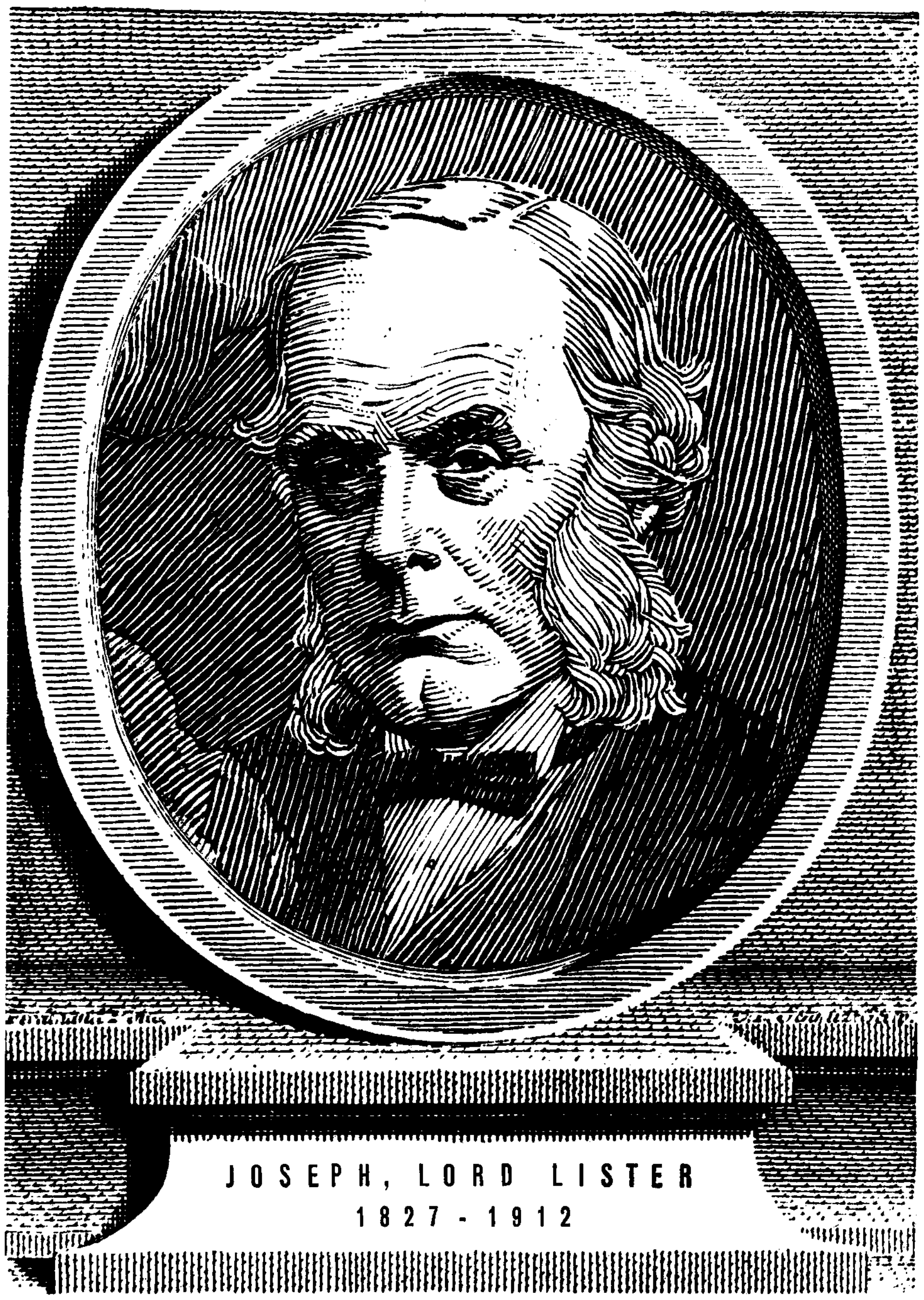
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and the antiseptic which was named for him

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Ride to Work

Motorola Radio
Informs and Entertains

- **Sharing your car is perhaps the most important of the *new* wartime habits you've acquired. It serves your country in this period of crisis by providing extra and vitally-needed transportation. The hours you spend commuting to and from your work are much more pleasant and relaxing with a Motorola Radio delivering "Spot News" and the world's finest radio entertainment. *You will be glad to know that for the present . .***

YOU CAN STILL GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

In most localities dealers are still able to deliver and quickly install America's finest car radio. You should not be without one.

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER
NOW—TODAY!

The Army-Navy "E" for excellence in production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

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GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION CHICAGO

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Collier'

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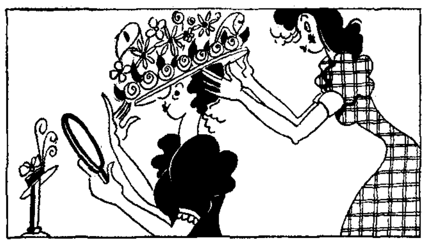
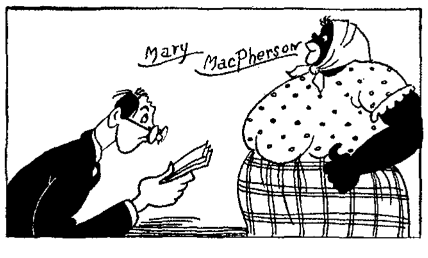
ANY WEEK

ALTHOUGH subsequent pages of this magazine are overflowing with romance and other forms of innocent merriment, we follow our custom of throwing in a bonus. This week we offer a tale of a gentle old lady whose consuming desire it was to own a large hat wholly smothered in violets. She was a trifle old for such a hat and knew it. But penny by penny she saved until she had the price demanded by the milliner—twenty dollars. Her first opportunity to wear her dream was at a funeral. The church was banked with flowers, tributes from the many friends of the departed. And yet our gentle old lady removed her hat, feeling somehow that it was a bit too gay for so solemn an occasion. She placed it on a window sill and wept herself into a coma. And presently the coffin was borne forth piled high with flowers. The old lady watched fascinated. On the very top of the heaped flowers was her hat. She is now saving her pennies again.



OUR favorite columnist, save one, Professor Leonardo Bryan, notifies us in the Havana Post that love has come to Mr. Henry Hitchman and Miss Rita Maria Atin. Professor Bryan's column had to do with the cultural, social and other sprightly activities of the natives of the British West Indies. "Dame Cupid," writes the professor, "while strolling around adroitly and majestically met Mr. Henry Hitchman and Miss Rita Maria Atin contemplating on a oneness of interests, given their similarity of proclivities. And so with cordial minimum of ado she bade them continue in like pathway. They acquiesced, thus becoming man and wife on Saturday last by declaring by notary-public demonstration to be each other's keeper throughout the years to come under the direction of Dr. Rigoberto Ramirez of this city. Cake and wine were partaken of with sincerity. We join with some others in presaging and wishing a dove-like realm of happiness."

AND Mr. Charles Smith of Foxworth, Mississippi, sent in a budget of Rationing Notes Among the Negroes in the Deep South. We've room for one, anyway. A Negro woman applying for sugar ration books asked for one for her husband, Orange Jones, and one for her son, Joe Palmer. She wanted one for herself, too. "What's your name?" asked the clerk. "Mary MacPherson," she said. The clerk seemed about to say something but as suddenly decided not to. "Ah, what the hell," said he wearily and issued the books.



SOME time ago this courageous magazine published something about appropriate recognition being given to that American soldier whose record would warrant designating him as the most useless member of our Armed Forces. We've been deluged by aspirants. But most of the candidates go into too great detail, defeating themselves in some instances. In our opinion the leading candidate thus far (name withheld until the judges decide) is a private who tells us briefly that from the moment he was inducted he has not understood a single official word spoken in his hearing. He has been told by a great variety of superiors from corporal to a brigadier general that he is of absolutely no use whatever. The only reason why we don't hand him the award without looking further is that at least a dozen of his fellow warriors are devoting a great many man-hours to digging up duties for him, none of which he has been able to do. Thus he keeps a reasonable number of men harmlessly busy whereas they might be working on military matters and giving him close competition for the honors.

AS YOU know as well as we do, there was a portrait of Torpedoman W. A. Corby, Royal Navy, in this magazine, January 30th issue. Mr. Corby was credited with a deep distaste for America, our girls, our beer and, in general, us. From readers come indignant letters demanding that Mr. Corby be sent home to Britain forthwith. From Mr. Corby merely this: "In your article, This Strange Bright Land, you state that I'm twenty-two years old and have served seven years in the Royal Navy. This is an error. I am thirty-eight and have twenty-two years' service. The remainder is correct and the picture good."...

W. D.

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COVER LAWSON WOOD

"Rationing sure puts the SPOTLIGHT on TIRE VALUE!"

GOODYEAR TIRES

I'VE been a Goodyear dealer for twenty years, but I've never seen customers so enthused over Goodyear quality as during this past year.

Fact is, since rationing made it compulsory to keep tab on mileage, folks are discovering that Goodyear tires live up to every promise we dealers make — *and then some!*

A case from Rhode Island

For instance, there's Mr. Charles A. Aldrich, 34 Brewster Drive, Hoxsie, R. I. On his car he now has two Goodyear All-Weathers that have traveled 45,303 miles since October 1939. And they're still in such good condition — as the photograph shows — his tire inspector told him to drive them another 5,000 miles before recapping.

Exceptional? Not at all. You'd be surprised how many motorists report their Goodyears are still running after 40,000 to 60,000 miles' service. With a Goodyear Extra-Mileage Recap many of these tires will continue to give good service for a long, long time.

A tip on synthetic tires

Right now, all Goodyear's engineering skill is devoted to producing synthetic tires for military use. But the day is coming when the public will be able to buy tires of the same high quality built of Chemigum — Goodyear's own synthetic.

Until then, you'll find it pays to take care of your present Goodyears—by having them inspected regularly — by following wartime driving rules.* Give your Goodyears a chance to show how good they are and you'll join the host that's saying, *"As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

All-Weather, Chemigum (pronounced Kem-i-gum)—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

45,303 MILES *YOUNG!*

Here you see how Mr. Aldrich's two Goodyear All-Weathers look after three and a half years' steady use. Note the amount of tread still left, enough for many thousands of miles. No wonder he says, "You can be sure my postwar car will be equipped with Goodyears."

***Wartime Driving Rules for Maximum Mileage**

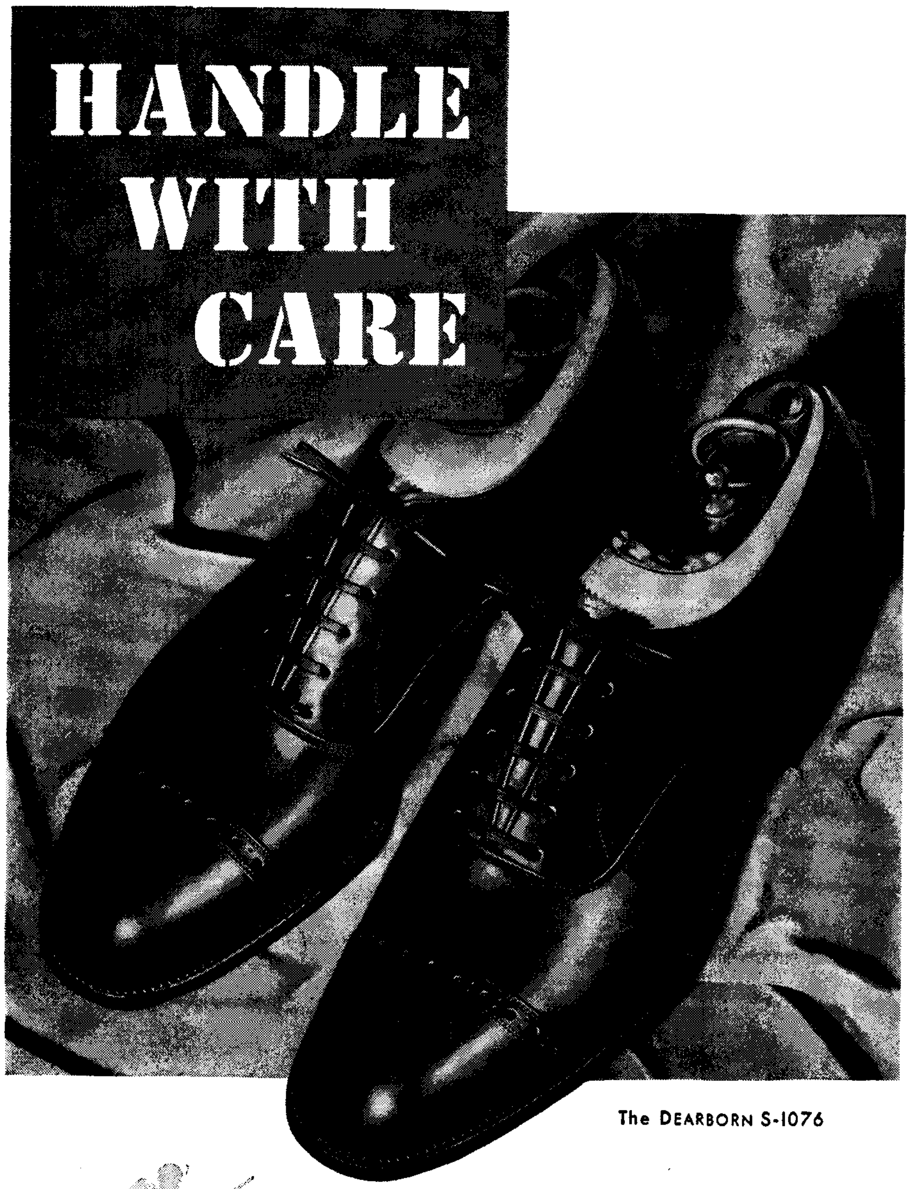
(1) Drive under 35 miles per hour (2) Drive only when necessary (3) Keep tires inflated to 32 pounds (4) Avoid sudden stops and starts (5) Avoid bruising your tires (6) Share your car with your neighbor (7) Have your tires inspected regularly.

Regular tire maintenance service costs little under the Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Plan. Ask your dealer.

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GARDEN V FOR VICTORY

America is short on food — plant a
VICTORY GARDEN



The DEARBORN S-1076

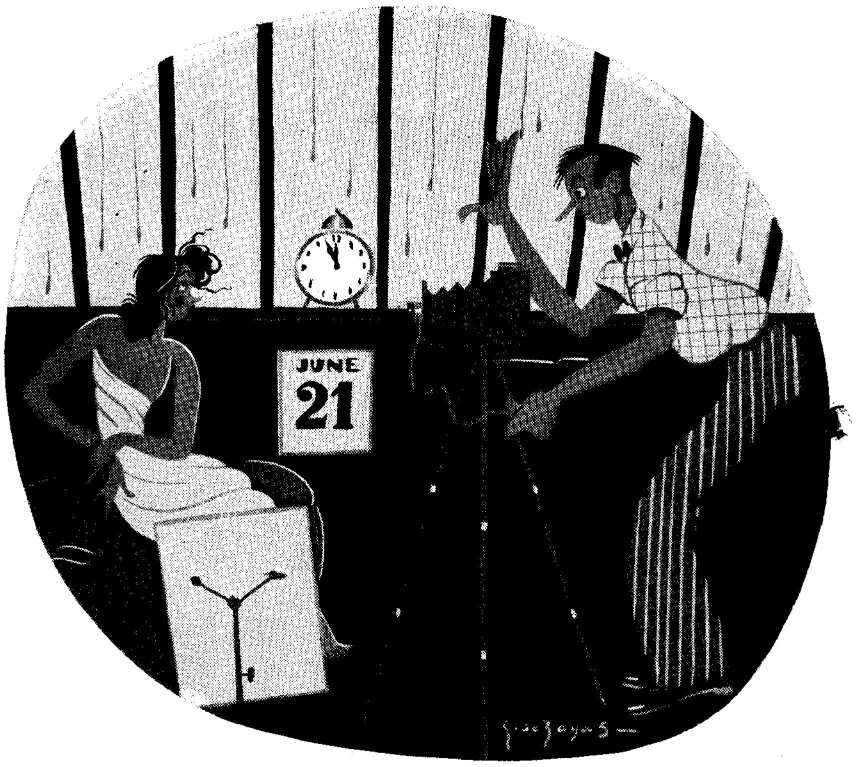
AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

On every battlefront of the globe, someone is fighting in *your* shoes. If he is to have his share of leather, you must be satisfied with less. Care for the Florsheim Shoes you own; don't buy rationed shoes until you need them—and then buy the best!

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Theoretically perfect daylight for photography, according to professionals, is the light received from a uniform north sky at 45 degrees north latitude, one thousand feet above sea level, after a heavy rainfall at midday on June 21st.—*By C. Henri Rush, Washington, D. C.*

A new fire-hose nozzle in use on American naval vessels changes water into a fine, smothering "waterfog," one gallon of which has the extinguishing value of thirty gallons of water in an ordinary stream, even on gasoline and other oil fires.

Frequencies employed in transmitting short waves must be changed continuously to suit the time of day and season of year because air temperatures raise or lower the Heaviside layer which reflects these waves back to earth. When the frequency is too high for the position of the layer, the radio impulses pass through it into space.

American shipyards, besides building more than 1,600 merchant vessels and smaller boats in 1942, repaired, serviced or armed over 15,000 commercial ships of the United States and other Allied Nations, breaking all world records for both construction and restoration of civil craft by one country in a single year.

Since its creation in July, 1942, the Army-Navy "E" Award pennant has been presented to only about 1,500 of the 90,000 industrial plants that are producing war equipment.

When a man indicted for a crime committed in Panama is a fugitive from justice, his trial is held without his presence, while the witnesses for the prosecution are alive, available and of sound memory. Recently, a safecracker began a six years' sentence within an hour after being captured, his trial and conviction having taken place three years before.—*By Mrs. G. E. Gompf, Dayton, Ohio.*

England does not receive any taxes or any other kind of tribute from the 150-odd dominions, colonies, protectorates, dependencies and mandated territories that constitute the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Of the 500,000 Burmese refugees who fled to India during the three months before their country was captured in May, 1942, about 450,000 traveled by foot over the mountain trails and lived on food dropped by R.A.F. planes.

In Japan, small envelopes are made expressly for the purpose of enclosing tips for waiters, barbers, porters and other public servants. When such persons are given a gratuity without this covering, they are insulted because it shows that the donor has no consideration for their feelings.—*By Cpl. Arthur Lurie, El Paso, Texas.*

There are 24,000 officers and men in the Army and 2,800 in the Navy assigned exclusively to photographic duty. They not only take still and motion pictures on reconnaissance and observation trips, but also film bombings and battles.

Although English is read and spoken by only fifteen per cent of the world's population, at least seventy-five per cent of all books, periodicals and communications are printed or written in this language.—*By Burton L. Gale, Nahant, Mass.*

A large restaurant in Chicago lists available jobs daily on a blackboard and each employee who induces a friend to take one of them receives a dollar a week in extra pay as long as the new worker remains with the company.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

More than ever it's

"*This Amazing America!*"*

—and today Greyhound is helping the Nation's great highways work for Victory

It seems such a little while since Greyhound urged its millions of friends to enjoy the wonders of "*This Amazing America*"—by Super-Coach. Such a little while—but those few months have given the words a completely new meaning!

For, in the meantime, a treacherous sneak-attack transformed this country into an angry hive of war-like action, with plenty of stingers in it for Tokio and Berlin!

America is still "amazing" . . . but today it's amazing because of the grim will of its people to win this war—the courage and skill of its fighting men in far lands—the miracle of war production . . . and because of the greatest transportation job of all time—made possible, in large measure, by motor buses serving 330,000 miles of U. S. highways.

Greyhound and other bus lines carried nearly three-quarters of a billion passengers in the past year—and these millions weren't traveling for scenery or for pleasure. The great majority were selectees, men in uniform, war workers, farmers, nurses—people in nearly every other walk of life whose trips, in some way, were essential to a complete war program.

This year the transportation job is going to be even bigger, more difficult than last year. Greyhound is intent upon doing its immense share of the job with all its strength—in spite of sharp wartime restrictions and shortages—in spite of the fact that more than 2,000 of its employees are now in the armed forces. And, with your help, Greyhound can do it.

You've been fine, in accepting wartime inconvenience, in choosing the uncrowded days for travel, in avoiding trips on week-ends and on holidays. We know you'll keep it up!

And you can look to Greyhound for a brand new chapter in scenic, convenient, economical travel—*after Victory is won.*

*

"WE'RE OFF TO SEE
This Amazing America!"
Let Greyhound introduce you to the wonders of the world—here in your own country
GREYHOUND

Remember when
Greyhound advertising asked you to "*See* This Amazing America"? Today the message is changed. Greyhound urges you to "*SERVE America now—so you can SEE America later*"!

GREYHOUND

Behind OUR VICTORIES...

...*is* SUPERIOR TRAINING

Victories in the Air originate on our home front—on the Army training fields where our Pilots receive the thorough schooling that prepares them for combat.

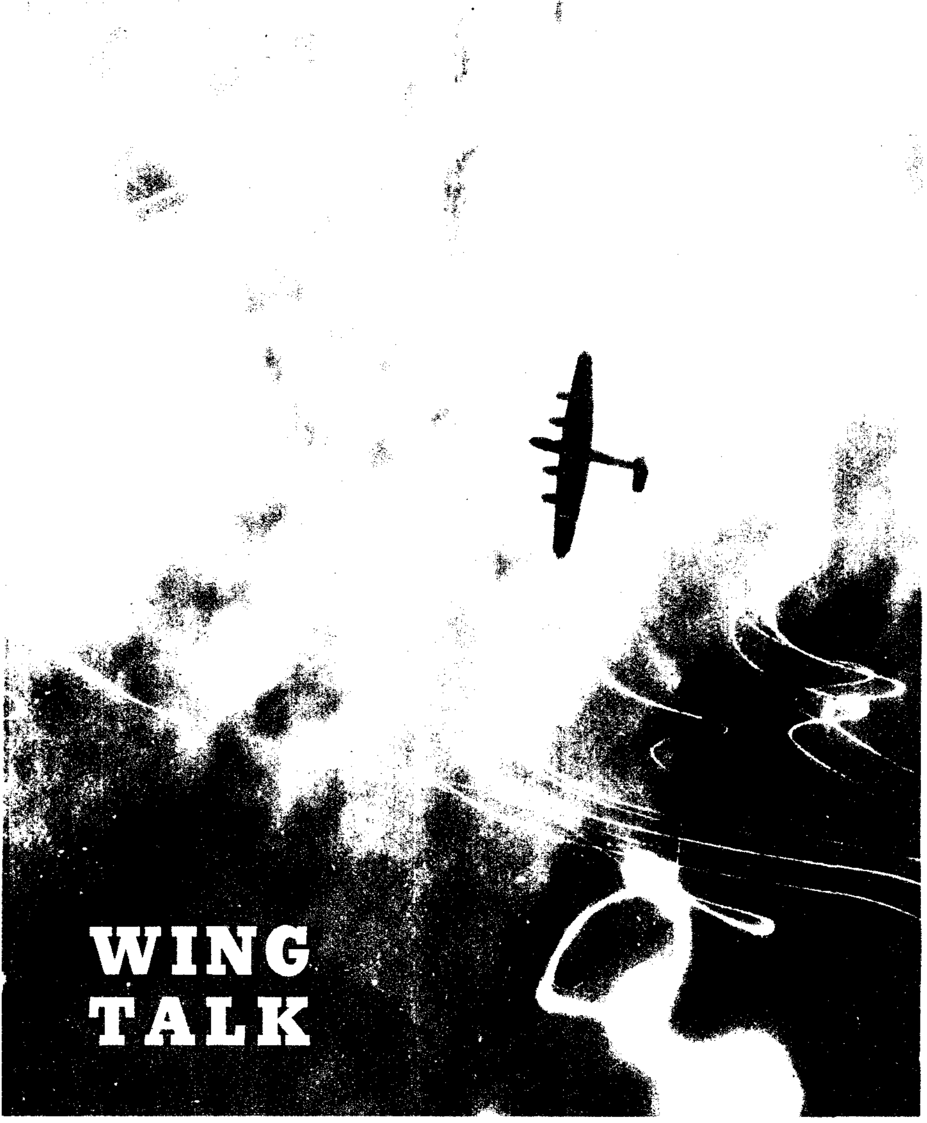
The Bomber Pilot in training must have absolute confidence in his equipment, in order to attain the concentration on accuracy required in modern precision bombing. Complete engine reliability is of utmost importance in gaining that assurance.

Jacobs Engines power more twin-engine Training Planes than all other engines combined—because they give the Bomber student that freedom to concentrate.

These efficient, reliable engines will give the same feeling of assurance to Commercial Pilots and to the Business Man and the Sportsman flying their own planes, after Victory is achieved.

JACOBS
AIRCRAFT
Engines
POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

WING TALK



BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICE

A big Lancaster bomber is silhouetted against a weird background of fire and flak during a night raid over Germany

THIS week we take you on a mission in which an American officer gained the distinction of being the first Yank to drop a bomb on Berlin. It happened, you will recall, just thirty-four days ago. Collier's War Photographer Joe Dearing gives us the following details by cable from London:

With bellies stuffed plump with high explosives, huge R.A.F. Lancaster, Halifax and Stirling bombers huddled in groups at the take-off approach of scores of British airfields on Saturday evening, March 27th. In the gathering darkness, slightly off the runways, stood fire wagons and ambulances, engines running, crews watching, ready. One by one, the bombers rolled to the line and settled, momentarily motionless, awaiting the airfield controller's signal.

Then, over the radio telephone: "Who is it?"

"M for Margaret."

"Off you go, Margaret."

The signalman flicks his light from red to green. M for Margaret, throttles open, engines thundering, rushes down the dim, flare-lighted runway, is shouldered by air, slowly tucks her spindly legs up under her obese body as her angry sound and figure melt into the twilight.

Then again: "Who is it?"

"R for Roland."

"Off you go, Roland."

J for Joan, F for Freddie, and O for Orange, one after another, one every minute, take the bombers' road to Berlin, that flak- and fire-rutted airway that leads to the now burning heart of Germany.

THIS raid was much the same as any of fifty-eight previous ones carried out over Berlin by the R.A.F., except that 900 tons of explosives were spilled on the target within thirty minutes, the heaviest and most concentrated dose of devastation administered there up to that time. It was like any other raid from England, except that an extra passenger in one of the R.A.F. Lancasters was Major Sidney S. (Sy) Bartlett of the U. S. Eighth Army Air Force, who turned out to be the first Yank actually to drop a bomb on Berlin.

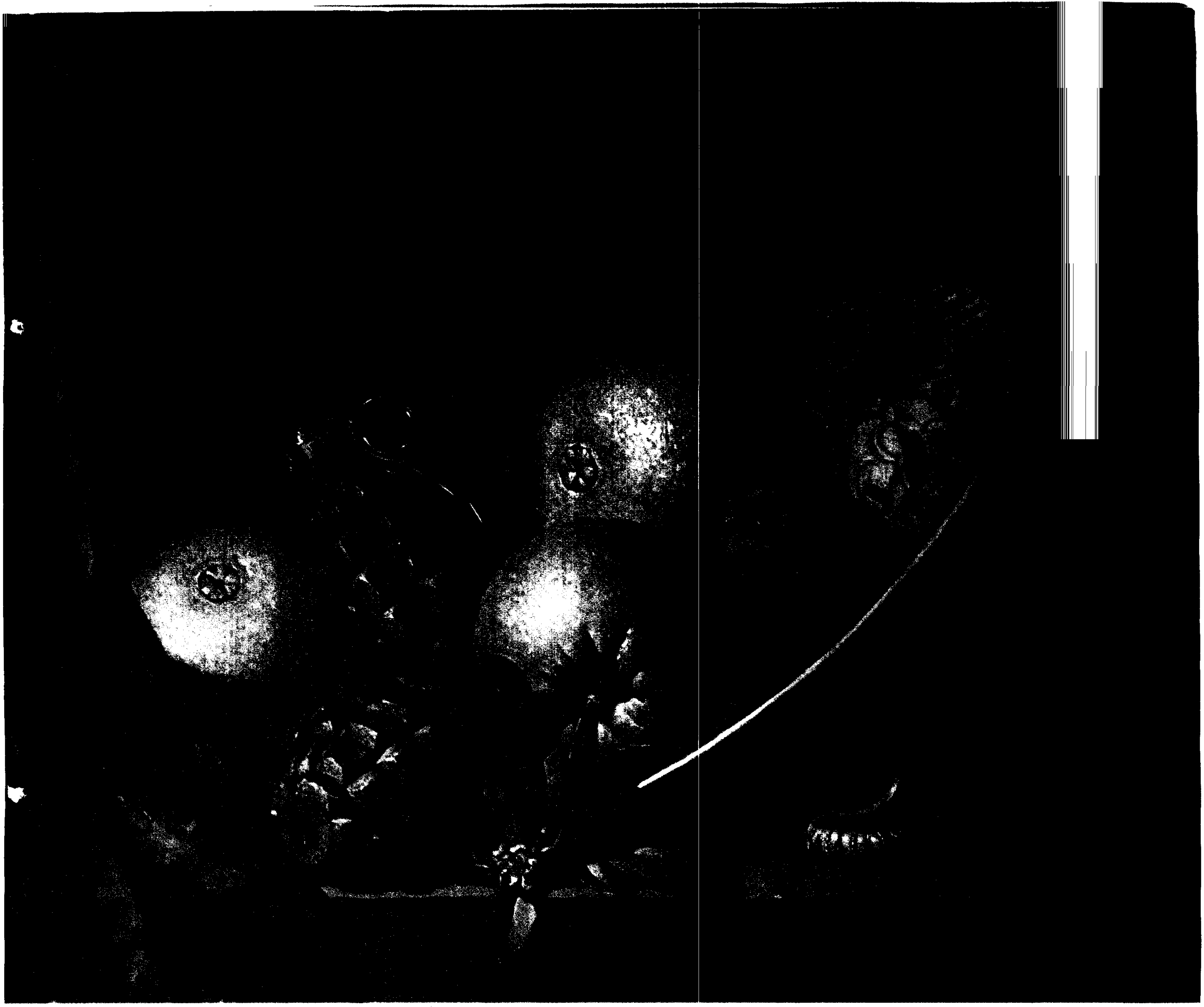
The major, who was a Hollywood script writer before enlisting in the Army Air Corps, didn't accompany the R.A.F. over Berlin as a bombardier, nor did he go along just for the ride. The idea of personally dropping a 4,000-pound blockbuster on Berlin wasn't his own. The R.A.F. bombardier he rode with, like a genial host, offered to share a supreme pleasure with his guest, and Major Bartlett accepted with pleasure. Then the bombardier made his now famous remark:

" 'This is my favorite target, sir,' the English sergeant told me," said the major. " 'If you miss Berlin now that we are right over it, I will be obliged to chuck you after the bomb—without aid of a bomb sight.'

"Of course, in the darkness and with hundreds of bombs bursting on Berlin, I could only imagine the biggest explosion I saw was caused by the one I released," Major Bartlett continued. "The whole target area was belching smoke, fire and steel. It was a raid carried out with deft precision. Too much can't be said for the R.A.F. boys. The youngster veterans who formed the crew I flew with were as cool as a basket of cucumbers. They had a job to do and they did it with grim determination and dispatch. Nothing could have kept them from their target. Long before we reached Berlin, one of our motors sputtered, coughed and stopped cold, but on we went without so much as a raised eyebrow of worry displayed aboard—unless I was guilty.

"Visibility was poor until we got within a few miles of our goal, then by the grace of some Anglo-American deity, or Mars himself, fog disappeared and there it was—Berlin! Our plane, B for Beer—bless her—was among the first hundred bombers on the scene, but fires had already been kindled by incendiaries. The next few minutes were rough. Large clusters of searchlights swept the sky, and flak was poured up the beams. We had to fly

(Continued on page 66)



ORANGES *into* PINEAPPLES

YOU CAN SLICE THE ORANGES — squeeze them—or bite right in. Take your choice. But go easy with the "pineapples"—a Marine uses one of those hand grenades to clean out a nest of Japs.

Shell's NH_3 was largely used as a potent chemical fertilizer—only a year or so ago. Injected from cylinders into irrigation ditches, it helped grow beautiful oranges — bigger, sweeter, juicier!

Then, for a number of months, growers couldn't have any Shell NH_3. The "N" in the chemical formula—the nitrogen which Shell gets from the air, and combines with hydrogen from petroleum gas — was supplied exclusively to explosive manufacturers. It becomes the "N" in TNT.

Today, with vastly increased production, NH_3 is doing this essential job in hand grenades, depth charges, bombs, and big-gun ammunition—and the growers are able to get some, too.

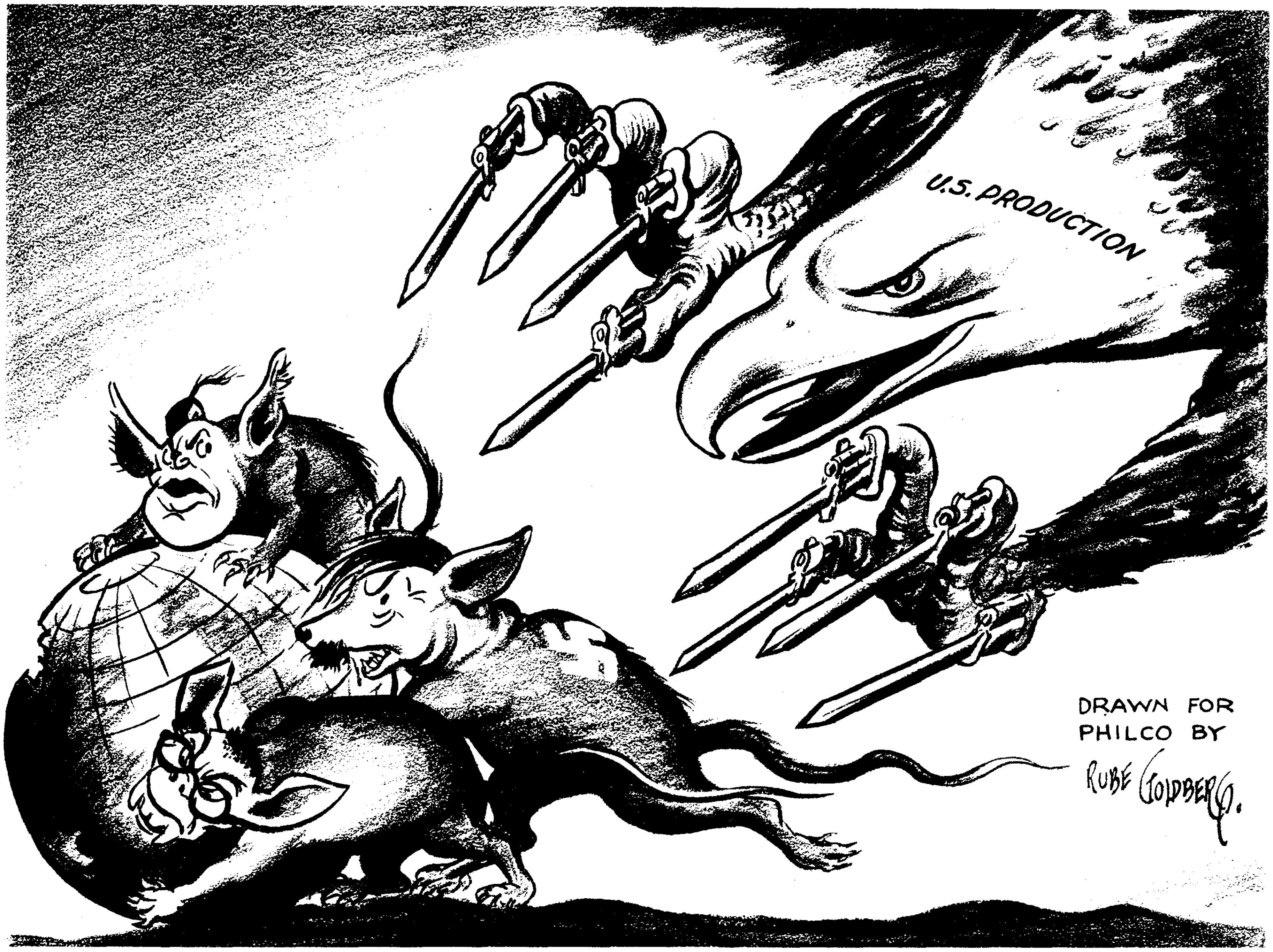
The "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, is now on a full-scale war basis. Practically every research achievement goes to war, in one guise or another: Oranges into bombs. Raw materials for synthetic rubber for ships, planes and armored cars. Toluene for the all-important "T" in TNT. Aviation gasoline, which grew from the original method by which Shell Research first produced Iso-octane—key to 100-octane fuel—in commercial quantities.

Tomorrow—*in a more hopeful, more abundant world of peace—these and scores of other research triumphs will be at your beck and call.*

SHELL RESEARCH— SHELL Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow

Three Blind Rats!



Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

ONE of the factors that qualified Philco so well for the battle of production was its background of research and development in the field of television. For fifteen years before the war, Philco engineers had devoted millions of dollars to the progress of the science of television. Their pioneer developments for improving the clarity, sharpness and detail of the television picture have today become the accepted standards of the industry. The Philco television station in Philadelphia, too, has been a rich laboratory of experience for the advance of the principles of television transmission.

Rube Goldberg makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 52C.

So Philco brought to the battle of production more than its manufacturing skill and experience as the world's largest radio manufacturer. Its scientists, laboratories and years of radio and television research were ready to serve the nation at war. Today, Philco engineers are at work night and day on urgent and vital projects in the realm of pure research and development in the field of electronics. With the dawn of peace, their contributions to Victory will usher in a new age of comfort, convenience and entertainment for the homes of America.

PHILCO CORPORATION

Philco Men and Women are among the first to fly the Army-Navy "E" Flag with *White Star*

OUR WAR PRODUCTION PLEDGE
MORE · BETTER · SOONER

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES AND PARTS ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LISTEN TO
"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

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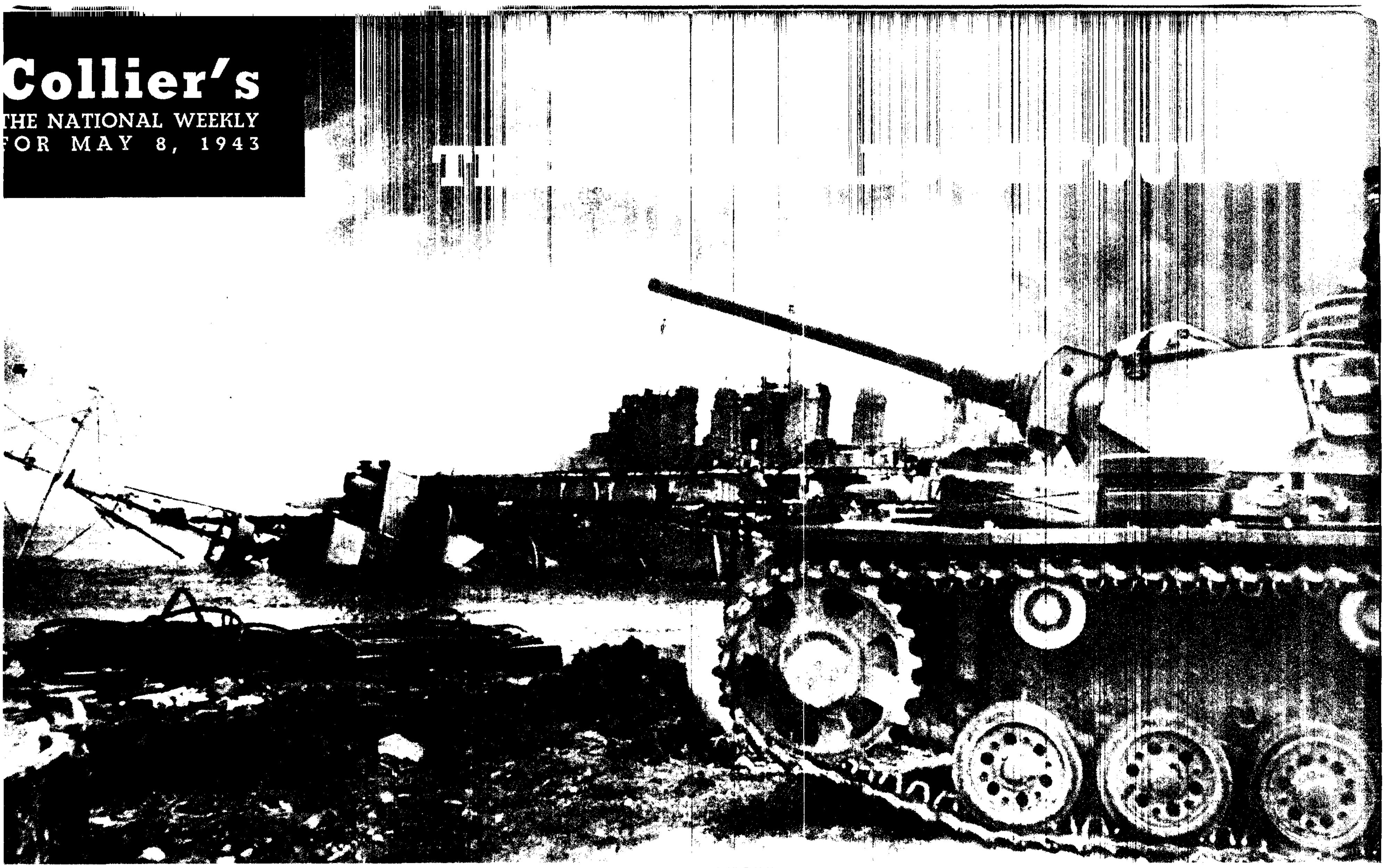
Collier's
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 8, 1943



INTERNATIONAL

A Nazi tank reaches the Toulon water front too late. All around it in this German-made photo are the burning and exploding ships of the French navy

The inside story of how the Nazis, with the French fleet almost in their hands, outsmarted themselves and had to witness its tragic destruction

I AM going to tell you, for the first time, how German stupidity lost Hitler the magnificent French fleet last November, and the arms and munitions stored at the great naval base of Toulon.

I know the truth about Toulon because of my connections with political leaders and newspapermen of the old France, and because I was in Toulon at the scuttling of the fleet and the destruction of France's forts and munitions.

Once I represented Paris in the Chamber of Deputies; I edited a Paris newspaper, *Le Jour,* giving it up in May, 1941, after a ceaseless and losing battle against the Vichy and Berlin censorships.

Then, with my son, I joined the French underground movement—and saw the inside of German jails. I escaped across the Spanish and Portuguese frontiers in December, 1942.

Many accounts have been published concerning what happened at Toulon and why it happened. Most of these accounts have contained mistakes. This article, I believe, is the first true story of the heroic end of a major part of the French navy.

During the summer of 1942, I was frequently in Toulon. I found there a distressing contrast between the deserted quays and the animation of the rest of the city. The Cronstadt dock, formerly alive with bluejackets topped by red-pomponned hats, was dead and still, but in the city—in the Place de la Liberté—there were crowds of people. In the cafés real apéritifs had disappeared and all one could get was a villainous mixture of dregs and ersatz liquor, but the bars continued to be thronged. In fact, new ones were continually opening. One day in August I was stopped at a corner of the Place by a crowd. From a distance it seemed like the beginning of a riot.

But it was only a new and sumptuous bar being opened. This place, Le Bar de l' Empire, had a V design worked into its woodwork—something the Germans overlooked when they moved in and made it a favorite meeting place.

Seventy units of the French fleet lay at dock or in the roadstead. Pétain's most persistent advocates, seeking a final argument in his favor, were saying, "After all, he didn't hand over the fleet to the Germans." This was a complete mistake. Laval had not dared to surrender the fleet openly, but, covered by Pétain's prestige, he had succeeded in holding it a prisoner at the mercy of the Nazis.

In August, I heard distressing news: Sailors had begun to pump fuel oil out of the tanks of the largest units of the fleet. This meant that our ships would be imprisoned still more securely, unable even to leave the harbor.

The French Fleet in Flames

On Friday, November 27th, I was near Toulon at the home of a member of our underground movement. We were awakened a little before seven in the morning by the crash of explosions. While we dressed hastily, one detonation followed another.

Our first reaction was: The powder magazines are blowing up. The infernal din seemed to increase from minute to minute. We ran to a terrace at the seaward end of the garden. To our right, over Toulon, the sky seemed like a furnace.

"It's not just the coastal forts," we told one another. "Those columns of smoke are over the sea; so is that red glare. The fleet is burning!"

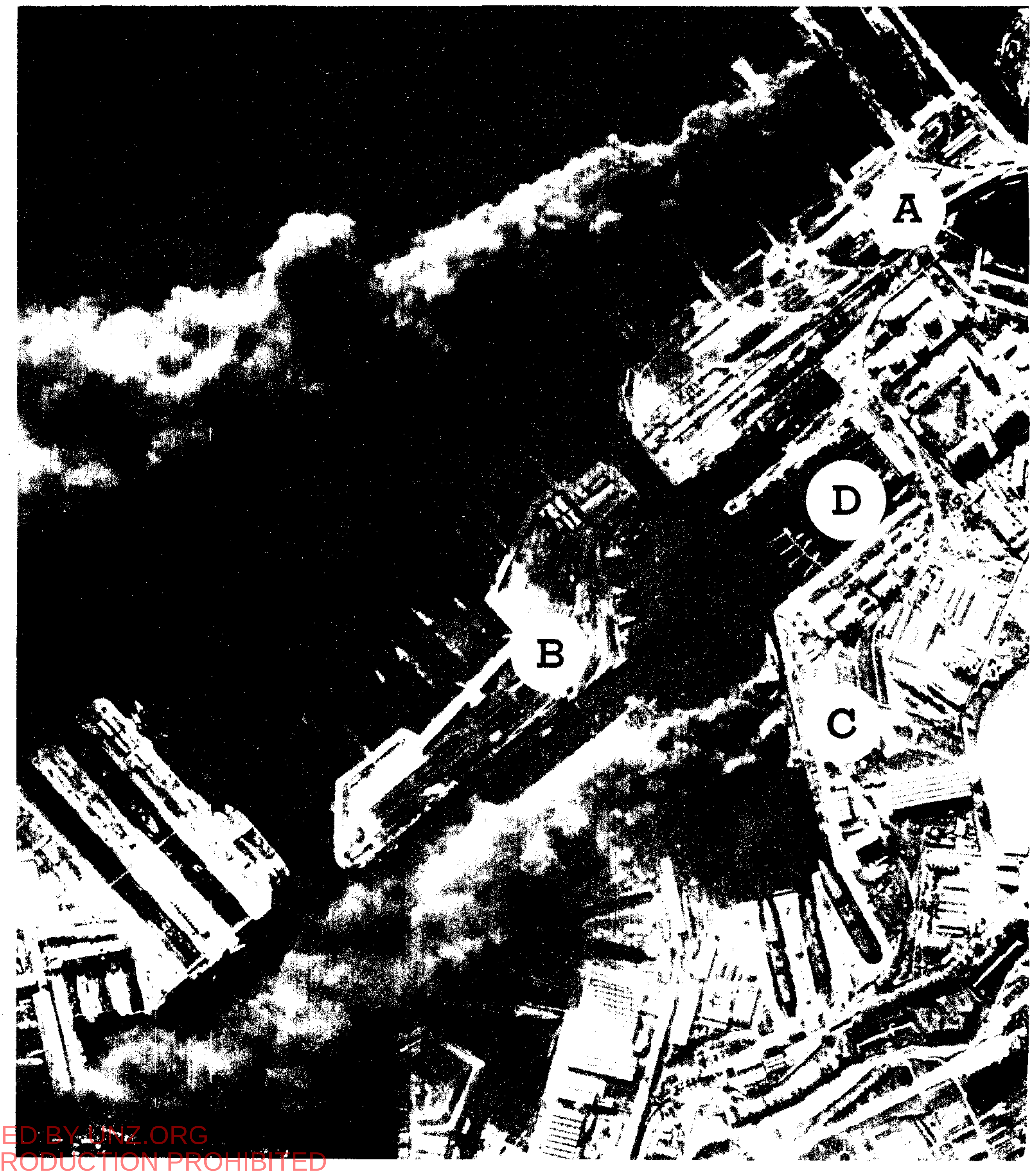
Our first impulse was to rush to the city to see what was happening, but we realized the danger of this. So we waited.

About eleven o'clock, there came to us a man with a haggard face, hatless, his hair in disorder, covered by a soiled raincoat,

(Continued on page 28)

This British aerial photograph, made over Toulon harbor, shows: A, the battleship Strasbourg and six cruisers, all burning; B, at least a dozen blazing destroyers and antitorpedo boats; C, a light cruiser the smoke of which obscures another heavy cruiser; D, submarines, four of which escaped destruction

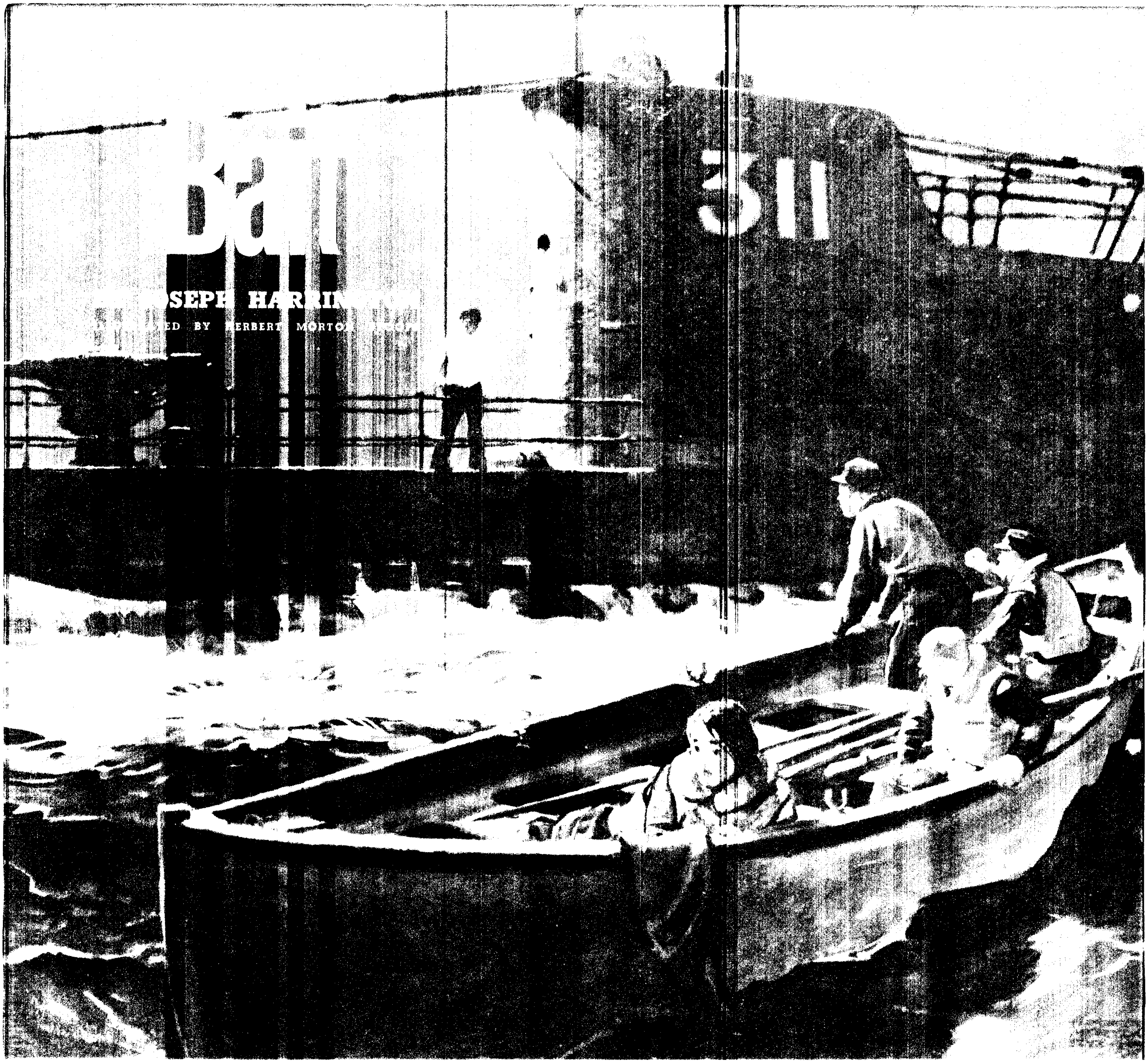
INTERNATIONAL



Bait

SEPH HARRIN

ED BY ERBERT MORTO



Binns was no gentleman. Of that Mrs. Dillworth was certain. It took a U-boat to teach her just how bad he really was

CURIOUSLY, they never talked about what would happen when, and if, a ship appeared. It was their dominant thought during the four days, but neither the woman nor any of the three men so much as mentioned it.

They didn't talk much anyway, after the first night. Too tired. Too achingly tired, from sun poisoning, from sitting in the scabby little lifeboat. It was incredible how weary they grew, just sitting or lying or contorting to find a spot that wasn't sore from contact with the boards.

Mostly they just sat and stared at the U-boat.

It had turned up an hour after the rusty-sided old tramp, ridiculously named Sea Rose, went down in the South Atlantic—went down in less than a minute after the torpedo struck, carrying forty-two men out of her crew of forty-five, and four thousand tons of guns and midget tanks and shells and food.

It went down so quickly that Mrs. Dillworth never knew how she got into the lifeboat. She just came out of a fog of thunder, reeling decks, frothing water, salt to the taste and burning to the eyes, and found herself there, a sodden heap. With Jerrold, the mousy, balding little engineer; with Mr. Longwater, the paunchy, undersized supercargo, who was forever griping—about unions, the New Deal and taxes; with Binns, the coal passer.

Of all people—Binns! He who had the superb gall to make a pass at her when he found her alone on deck one night. She had been angry for only a moment, then the humor of it struck her. She had giggled at the thought after the first angry moment—at the thought of Binns, with coal dust in his hair and undoubtedly—though she couldn't see it in the dark—on his hands and face, trying to be amorous with her. She hadn't reported him, because she knew they'd be hard on him—very hard, not only because she was young and pretty, but because she had enough influence to wangle the impossible, an official permit to join her husband in Africa. The awed officers had treated her as though she was H. R. H. herself.

Even before her head had fully cleared, the thought came to her that it was unjust—this saving of the impudent, gall-ridden Binns, while all the others, the downy-cheeked youngsters fresh from school, the stocky, gallant skipper, the level-eyed officers, had gone down.

MRS. DILLWORTH was just coming to when the U-boat, sleekly black in the moonlight, slid alongside the lifeboat. A man in a white sweater stood on deck, eying them. He eyed them for a while. "You need someding?" he called finally.

There was no answer. The submarine man answered the sullen silence with a shrug. The U-boat pushed sleekly along, its Diesels growling gently.

But it didn't go far. At dawn, while Binns was breaking out the mast and sail, Mr. Longwater saw it a mile off and inquired, "Now, what's that bloody thing hangin' around here for?"

Mrs. Dillworth was just coming to when the U-boat slid alongside the lifeboat. A man stood on deck eying them. "You need someding?" he called

Binns forgot the mast and sail. The four of them stared at the low gray shape awash, there across a mile of blue water.

"Maybe," said Jerrold, in his little voice, "because we make very good bait."

Mrs. Dillworth had heard of that—a U-boat following a lifeboat on the theory that any steamer would drop all caution on sighting a drifting lifeboat and run into torpedo range to rescue possible survivors. Just now, in a sea rimmed with emptiness, it didn't seem possible that a submarine would so waste its time.

"Perhaps they'll go away after a while," she said.

Nobody answered or looked at her—except Binns. He was, she saw, caressing her legs with his bold gray eyes. She pulled

(Continued on page 50)

THE ALL-SEEING "I"

By Will Irwin and Thomas M. Johnson

With not much glamor but plenty of guile, our military and naval Intelligence spies out the enemy's movements, veils our own, and lays the groundwork for every offensive. Here is told, for the first time, how our Intelligence services work in this global war

THEY go by cryptic names—O.N.I. and G-2, meaning Office of Naval Intelligence and General Staff, Army of the United States, Second Division. Their rather remote sanctuaries are barred by signs that warn NO PASSAGE; usually their doors are locked; their papers are stamped SECRET; their wastebaskets are marked BURN. All of which suggests mystery, glamor and intrigue. These basic elements of a spy movie do exist in all military and naval Intelligence services, but they are subordinated to common sense. "When we do a good job," said an American Intelligence officer, "it is not by hocus-pocus."

The All-Seeing "I" of Intelligence must gaze straight into the crystal ball if it is to see the truth that a clever enemy tries to conceal—his strength and his weakness, his prospects and his plans. Intelligence services in action depend upon a minimum of hothouse intrigue and a maximum of cold courage—a scout who crawls through machine-gun fire to capture a prisoner for questioning; a pilot who touches the wheels of his plane to earth on an enemy airfield to photograph its installations; a submarine commander who dodges nets and depth charges to reconnoiter a naval base.

There is a "secret service," employing spies and agents and counterspies. But even there, the less hocus-pocus and the more common sense, the better. Artifice is often less effective than the equally fascinating but little-known battlefield detective work that forms a part of combat Intelligence.

Intelligence work requires very special people, of very special talents.

The core of the corps are regular officers of proved efficiency who have served in foreign countries, especially Axis or United Nations, and know the true inwardness of enemy and friend. Many have been military or naval attachés, officially representing the Army or Navy in the foreign country where they were "attached."

All war and navy departments amass vast stores of facts which are filed mostly by countries and strategic areas. There may be a Eur-African Group, a Far-Eastern Group, a German Desk, or a Japanese Desk. G-2's "Strategic Index" aims to answer 484 different questions about the war potential of a foreign country. In peacetime, the General Staff's War Plans Division uses this data to prepare plans for every possible strategic eventuality of wartime.

In peacetime, "I" got more real help from the American Geographical Society or the Museum of Natural History than from spies. It gathered data from government and consular reports and trade journals on the industrial capacity of all potential enemy nations. And how about their manpower? Calculations include every factor, even to new medical developments.

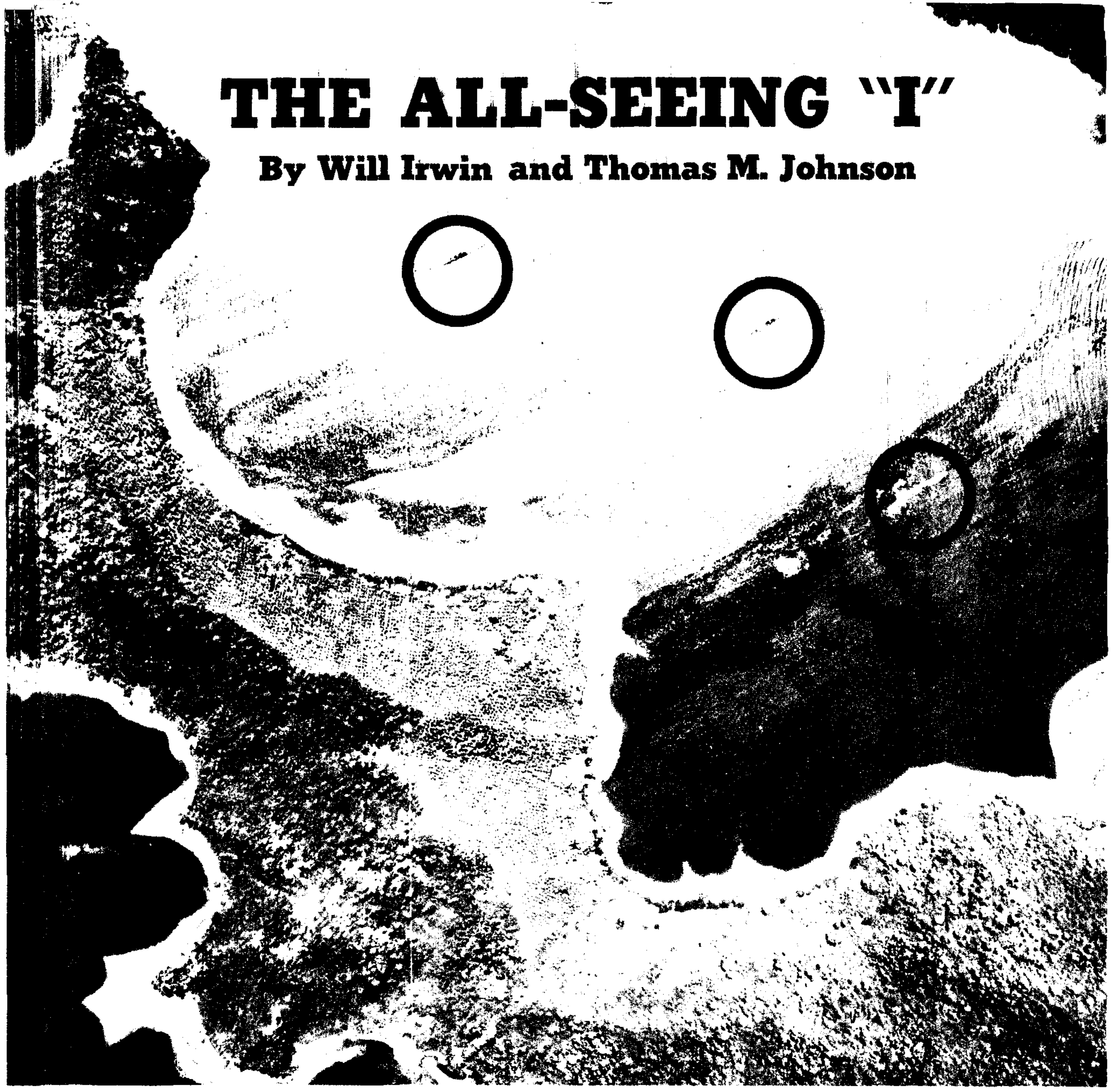
Army and Navy Intelligence now receive some 250,000 communications daily. It turns to thousands of professional societies, foreign-born Americans and travelers for information about coastal currents, inland topography, soil, underground and surface water conditions. It assembles photographs "of everywhere from everywhere," including vacationers' snapshots.

Clues for the News

Studying enemy newspapers is useful despite the rigorous Nazi censorship, and even because of it. It may show what they want us to think. Sometimes it allows bits of military information to be put together, matching a paragraph from Berlin with a sentence from Munich. The simple statement: "The fete was enlivened by the music of the Guards' band," revealed the whereabouts of a certain Guards Division because there were only five and we knew where the other four were. Newspapers indicate the state of morale, and in the winter of 1942-43 the proportion of death notices that said "Died for the Fuehrer" was greatly reduced. The British raid on Rostock was prompted by a German magazine article describing the city's growth as an aircraft center.

The development of that raid, as described by Air Vice-Marshal Charles E. H. Medhurst, illustrates the vision of "the eyes of I." Those eyes, first attracted by that magazine article, searched the newspapers of Rostock for such items as (1) new workers' quarters; (2) head of a local factory reports

(Continued on page 36)



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

From 14,500 feet above Buka Passage in the Solomons, an American reconnaissance plane locates and photographs three Japanese cruisers—the first step in a swift, deadly attack by our surface and air craft. Such careful but perilous work plays a vital part in the direction of our fleets and armies against the enemy, whose own reconnaissance, meanwhile, must be swiftly caught and checkmated

In Africa, a captured German officer poses unwillingly for Lieut. Robert Longini, an American Signal Corps photographer, before questioning by Intelligence experts to discover his side's battle plans

ACME

A longleaf pine in Louisiana that survived the devastation suffered by five million acres of similar timber. Mountain forests like this one mean watersheds. Watersheds mean power, water, light and comfort

TREES FOR TOMORROW

BY MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLINT DAVIS, U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Our forests constitute one of America's most vital resources, upon which 13,000,000 people depend for a livelihood. The distinguished author of *Cross Creek* tells how they are being ruthlessly destroyed and offers a practical remedy

A BOY in Mississippi swung off his bicycle and trundled it across a narrow-gauge railroad track that led to an abandoned lumber mill. He had sandy hair, reddish in the late afternoon sun. He was prodigally freckled. His eyes were direct and clear. His jaw was firm, outthrust in a way that made me feel good about his future.

He will need that jaw. For he is looking ahead, with something of a frown, into precisely nothing. He refused money for his posing. Look at the picture. The background is the abandoned lumber mill. It has destroyed his future in his own community. American greed and American thoughtlessness have destroyed the community itself. The tall steps behind him lead—nowhere.

It seems a peculiarly unsporting thing to have done to a typical American boy who would not accept pay for being photographed. There was, of course, nothing personal about it. No one set out deliberately to interfere with the future of this boy or any other boy. The boy in Mississippi is one of millions of potential victims, direct or indirect, of that combination of greed and thoughtlessness.

This is a story of that combination working in one field—timber—forests—trees. It is a story of people as well, for on this earth, man and the products of earth are bound up together. While the earth and its products would continue to exist, and very comfortably, without us, we could not exist without them.

When the first settlers came to these American coasts, when they penetrated inland, all were struck by the vastness of the forests. Trees had been precious in the Old World. Here in the New World, men went wild with the bounty around them. There was more than enough of everything. Men could dip into these virgin forests, and beyond them were other virgin forests and, beyond, still others. There was an infinity of trees. We learn with difficulty what is finite and what is infinite. To this moment, there are men who say, "There's plenty of timber."

I have just returned from a five-thousand-mile swing through the southeastern United States, looking at timber. It is home to me, as New England is home to the Vermonter and the man of Maine, as the great Northwest is home to the last of the pioneers. I have seen with my own eyes what is happening to the trees of my home, and I am both frightened and angry. I am equally disturbed to know that the same thing is happening in other sections of the country, sections that are home to other people.

It appears, after all, that our American forests are not infinite. The extremely simple fact is that in the South alone the cutting of our trees for saw timber has exceeded the annual growth by three billion board feet, even before the new and rigorous needs of the war.

The war demands are the final tragic note. The Army and Navy are now using a minimum of one billion board feet a month. Wood is being used to make ten thousand Army truck bodies a month to save the precious steel. Higgins of New Orleans has just been given a contract to make one hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of all-plywood troop- and tank-carrying planes. That will take a lot of plywood.

Wood Scarce as Aluminum

Recently in Jacksonville, Florida, D. Leon Williams, priority specialist of the Southeastern regional WPB office, informed the Florida Lumber and Millwork Association that the United States faces in 1943 a probable shortage of nine billion board feet of lumber. It has been estimated by experts that if the war should last for several years, usable wood will be as scarce as aluminum is today.

Before I met the boy in Mississippi who is looking ahead into nothing, behind whom steps lead nowhere, I talked with a very sad man. He had been the bookkeeper for the great lumber company that a year and a half ago had closed its mills where the boy rode by. Until 1941, there had been some eleven hundred people in the community. The day I visited there, only a handful remained, four or five families. The place was utter desolation.

I said to the sad man, "What has happened to your town?"

He stared at me as though I were very stupid.

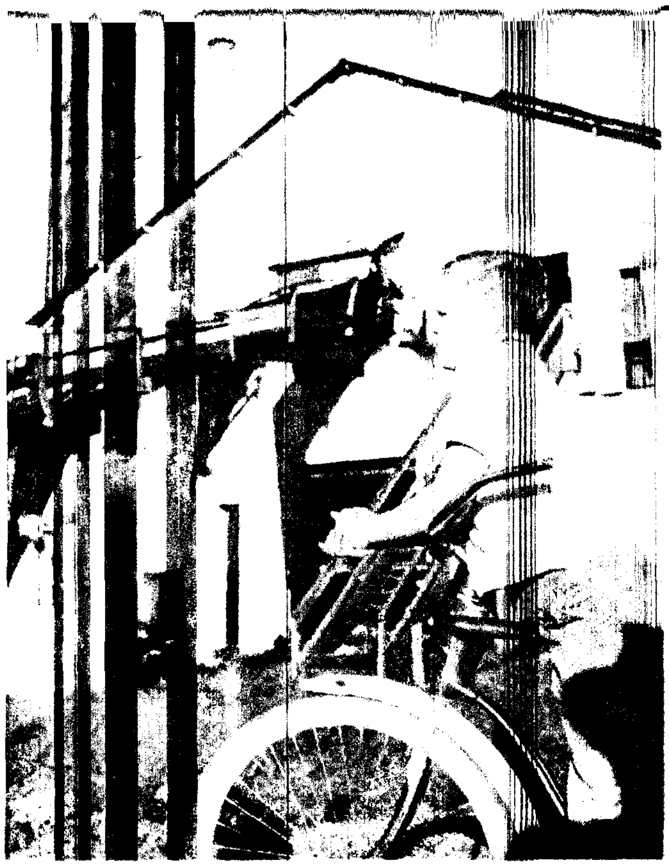
"Why," he said, "the timber's gone. Just cut and gone."

We looked down the empty streets of the ghost town. It was almost impossible to imagine a day when a yearly pay roll of $960,000 had animated that town. The vacant houses had been good houses. A good American life had been lived in them. Eleven hundred people had expected to go on living here, had built a good way of life around the timber, and now the timber was gone, and the mill open to wind and weather, and the people had gone, too. . . .

I inquired if the owners of the mill had lived here, but I knew the answer. Few owners of 190,000 acres of commercial timber live on the land. They are absentee owners and they call the timber an "investment." They move their operations from one investment to another.

Indiscriminate cuttings, which have built

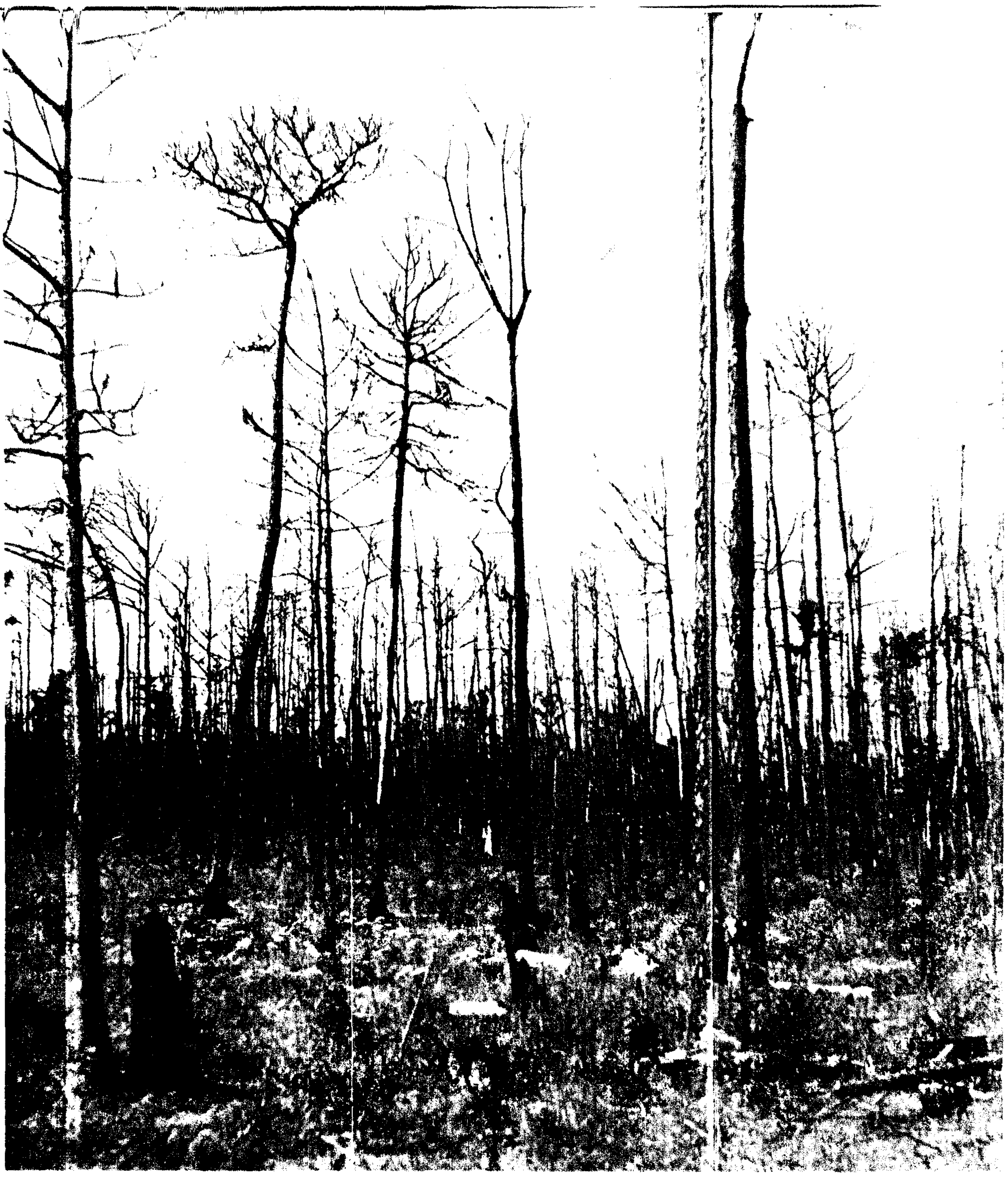
(Continued on page 24)



ere's nothing here for this boy. Behind him is an abandoned ll; he lives in a ghost town. The timber's all cut and gone

yan Johnson of Roxie, Miss., shown with his son, Bryan ston, claims that it doesn't cost a cent to raise a tree

ibrose Cole is an honorable man. He has raised ten children d has lived comfortably off his timberland for forty years



Our forests are fast being depleted by greedy and thoughtless men. Sometimes nature lends a destructive hand. This might have been a lush forest but fire cleaned it out

Seed trees have been left for every acre of timber cut in this north Georgia mountain forest. Trees grow if given a chance, and there will be logs for future generations

REMEMBER DUTCH HARBOR

BY COREY FORD

INTERNATIONA

A well-aimed bomb lands with de astating effect on Japanese install tions in the Aleutians, and th ensuing smoke cloud throws a me acing shadow over the enemy cam

Last week in Collier's, Corey Ford revealed the details of the Jap attack on Dutch Harbor last June. In the second of two parts, he tells of our countermeasures, and our growing strength in the Aleutians

PACKING cases and crates piled high on a Seattle wharf three months before the Dutch Harbor attack. Men worked rapidly in the raw March wind, loading them on ships bound for somewhere in the north; even the dock workers were not sure where. "Alaska" was all it said on the crates, "Blair Packing Company," and "Saxton & Company"—a couple of salmon-packing outfits probably. The stuff weighed a ton to handle, they grumbled. It felt like lead.

If a Jap had pried open one of those crates, he would have found bullets, machine guns, antiaircraft cannon, all headed for our new Aleutian bases; but no Jap observed them. Major General Simon Bolivar Buckner, rugged, ruddy-faced, crafty boss of the Alaska Defense Command, had seen to that. The day after Pearl Harbor, he had interned the 200 Japs living in the territory. Then he had besieged Washington for permission and funds to build two Army landing fields near Dutch Harbor.

Alaska was the nation's military stepchild, he argued. Our much publicized naval stronghold at Dutch Harbor had no protecting airfield for almost a thousand miles. If we knew this, so did the Japs. The Aleutians were certain to be the enemy's avenue of invasion some day, and we must be ready.

Tardy permission for the new fields was given. Then General Buckner and his able, self-effacing staff officer, Colonel Lawrence V. Castner, worked out their strategy to keep construction plans secret. The Japs knew that we used the Aleutians for fishing, of course. Two mythical packing companies, Blair and Saxton, were founded on the spot. Blair Packing Company stood for our site on Umnak Island, 60 miles west of Dutch Harbor; Saxton was Cold Bay, 120 miles east. All mail was addressed to these companies, all radio messages conformed; even in official correspondence, the jobs were titled merely "Project A." Engineers under the supervision of Colonel Benjamin B. Talley worked desperately, despite ice and high gales, to level strips in the barren hills. They installed a steel landing mat within two months.

They had no more time than that. The bases were still brand-new when the Japs struck—as General Buckner had predicted they would strike—at Dutch Harbor. But the appearance of land-based planes was enough, on that historic fourth of June, to turn back a carrier striking force nearly as large as the one that attacked Pearl Harbor—turn them back so precipitously that the carriers did not halt their flight till they were clear back to Japan. The frustrated expeditionary force, its invasion planes rudely shattered, put in at undefended Kiska Island, six hundred miles west of Dutch Harbor.

There is an interesting aftermath to the story, related by Captain Donald Nance of the Eleventh Air Force. Two days after Dutch Harbor, a squadron of seven Lightnings, en route from Cold Bay to Umnak, spotted a 3,000-ton freighter. They circled it, as they do the many Lend-Lease ships plying these waters; and when it hoisted a Jap red ball flag, they pounced on it and strafed it with their 50-caliber guns. Immediately the ship hoisted a flock of signals, and our aviators pulled away. It was a Russian ship. Fortunately there were no casualties, and the Soviet captain could not understand the presence of American fighter planes 800 miles from the nearest known airfield. Or perhaps he knew of the Jap warships in the area and he assumed they had taken over.

Kiska Harbor, where the Jap exped tionary force took refuge, is the secon largest in the Aleutians, capable of a commodating forty first-class ships; he the enemy dug in, and here our Arm bombers and Navy patrol ships bom[illegible]e and strafed him mercilessly whenever th weather allowed.

The first forty-eight hours following th discovery of the Japs on Kiska witnesse an unsurpassed exhibition of pure tenacit and courage. Every available patrol plan was pressed into service, shuttling steadil all that day and night between Kiska and base in the eastern Aleutians, reloadin and refueling at a Navy tender statione at an intermediate point. The men aboar the tender had never loaded bombs on PBY Catalina before; nevertheless, the worked around the clock without rest, th crews never leaving the small boats.

The pilots were unfamiliar with the ba where the tender was anchored; the landed in fog or in total darkness, man of them in the open sea, and taxied cau tiously through the closely moored planes to the blacked-out tender. There they rearmed and refueled and, if they could still prop their eyes open, took off again.

Attacks of the PBYs were even made by diving through the overcast at the unheard-of speed—for a PBY—of 250 knots, dropping their bombs by the seaman's eye method, then making a four-handed pullout back into the overcast. In the dense fog, the pilot timed his bombing run by clocking his position from Kiska Volcano, counting off the required number of seconds on a stop watch, then pushing the nose down and hoping to come out somewhere in the harbor area.

Dive bombing with a PBY was something the designer had never thought of. The heavy plane would go rumbling down through the clouds like a landslide, plunge into the clear over the Japs, the bombs would fall away, and both pilots would heave on the yoke together to pull their plummeting juggernaut out of its dive. The big boat would recover in the nick of time, its body creaking ominously, its long panels flapping like a sea gull's wings as it made for the clouds again. The pilots themselves never knew how it hung together.

Apparently the Catalinas owed their survival to their sheer audacity. The Japs could not believe that these planes were PBYs. "The Americans are using a new type of dive bomber against the Japanese in Alaska," a Tokyo broadcast stated that week. "This dive bomber has a marked resemblance to the PBY." It is the firm belief of the PBYs' squadron commander that the Japs, refusing to believe that the Americans would use their PBYs in this manner, mistakenly estimated their speed, aimed incorrectly and thereby registered proportionately fewer hits. This is probably the reason their fighters did not press home their attacks more effectively.

Target for the Japs

By June 12th, the enemy forces in Kiska had been greatly increased, and their antiaircraft installations were augmented until it became extremely hazardous for any plane to enter the harbor under the overcast. The low-lying cloud bank that hovered over Kiska at 1,000 feet contributed to the accuracy of Japanese antiaircraft fire. The Japanese soon guessed our procedure of diving through occasional holes in the clouds, breaking out to bomb a target and immediately seeking protection in the overcast again. By concentrating their light guns on these breaks in the clouds and waiting with triggers cocked, they could subject the airplanes coming through to a withering fire.

The first squadron of B-24s flown up in rapid stages from a continental airfield when Dutch Harbor was attacked, attempted to come under the overcast at a low altitude. Almost the first antiaircraft shell entered the bomb bay of Captain Todd's lead ship and exploded there. The huge Liberator literally disintegrated in mid-air, with such force that the two wing planes on either side were seriously damaged and barely managed to limp home.

During this nightmarish campaign, our Army bombers, with the Navy co-operating as their eyes, scored direct hits on a large transport, a destroyer and three cruisers, and near-misses on a destroyer, two cruisers and a transport. A total of approximately 65,000 tons of enemy warships and transports suffered under the onslaught. In addition, Japanese aircraft were destroyed, a radio station was demolished, ground installations and supply dumps bombed.

During these operations, one pilot flew 19½ hours out of 24; many fliers averaged 200 hours flying time that busy June; reinforcements from the States were pressed into service so fast that one squadron proceeded directly to the attack without even removing their personal baggage after the long ferry flight. Over a hundred decorations were awarded the courageous Navy fliers who helped in this violent campaign. The commander in chief of the Pacific fleet radioed his personal congratulations to all hands: "I am confident that you will keep on accomplishing the impossible."

Occasionally submarines were spotted on these missions. Early in June, a PBY piloted by Lieutenant W. N. Thies saw a prowling submarine surface directly beneath him. He dived after it, his bomb accidentally releasing itself as he went over. Since the bomb had been fused for impact with a solid object, the fact that it exploded upon dropping was evidence that it hit the submarine. However, Thies was so close that the blast from the bomb blew a large hole in his port wing, sent fragments through the fuel and oil lines, and set the port engine on fire.

By sheer luck, the same flying fragment

(Continued on page 40)

Kiska Harbor, photographed through the nose of an Army medium bomber on a mission over the target. Lt. Dave Olds, navigator, received a citation for taking these pictures

2

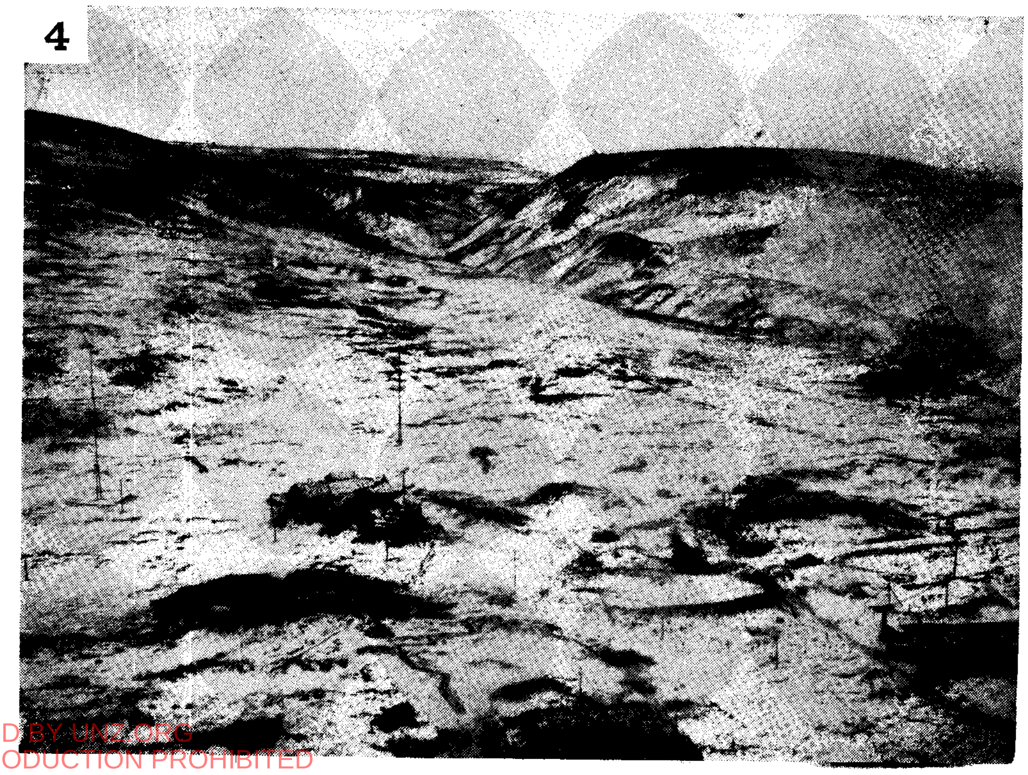
The bomber skims low above the seaplane ramp and the two thatched-roofed hangars in the foreground, releasing its bomb load as it goes over the main camp area

Sweeping on, the plane hurdles the telephone poles lining the streets. Note the group of rickshas, at center

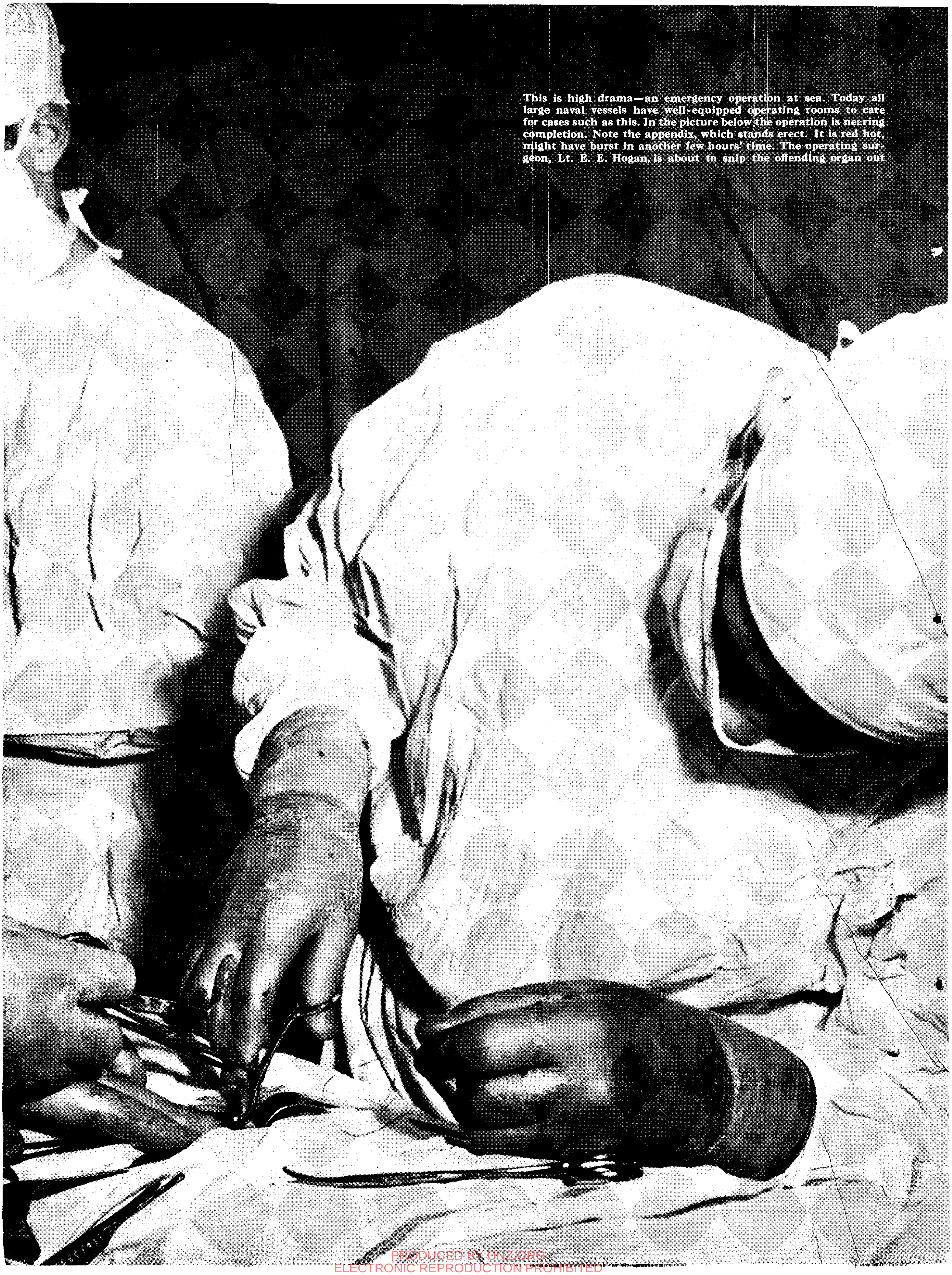
3

Evidences of previous raids are visible as bomber races through Jap antiaircraft toward the protecting hills

4



This is high drama—an emergency operation at sea. Today all large naval vessels have well-equipped operating rooms to care for cases such as this. In the picture below the operation is nearing completion. Note the appendix, which stands erect. It is red hot, might have burst in another few hours' time. The operating surgeon, Lt. E. E. Hogan, is about to snip the offending organ out



Appendectomy At Sea

By J. D. Ratcliff

A burst appendix occurring far at sea used to be almost certain death. Today, however, in well-equipped hospitals aboard our big warships, appendectomies are routine

EACH year half a million people in the United States have the operation shown on these pages—the appendectomy. The appendix, normally about the size of your little finger, is a useless organ left over from the time when man ate rough foods, needed a large digestive tract. It sprouts out at the junction point of the large and small intestines.

Surgery is required when the small opening inside the appendix becomes blocked: by feces, grape seeds, fish bones, even tooth fillings. Once blockage occurs, bacteria go to work. Infection distends the appendix.

The worst thing a patient can do is take a cathartic—which might cause the appendix to rupture. The surgeon recognizes appendicitis with little difficulty. As a rule the patient has nausea, tenderness of the lower right abdomen, rigidity of abdominal muscles.

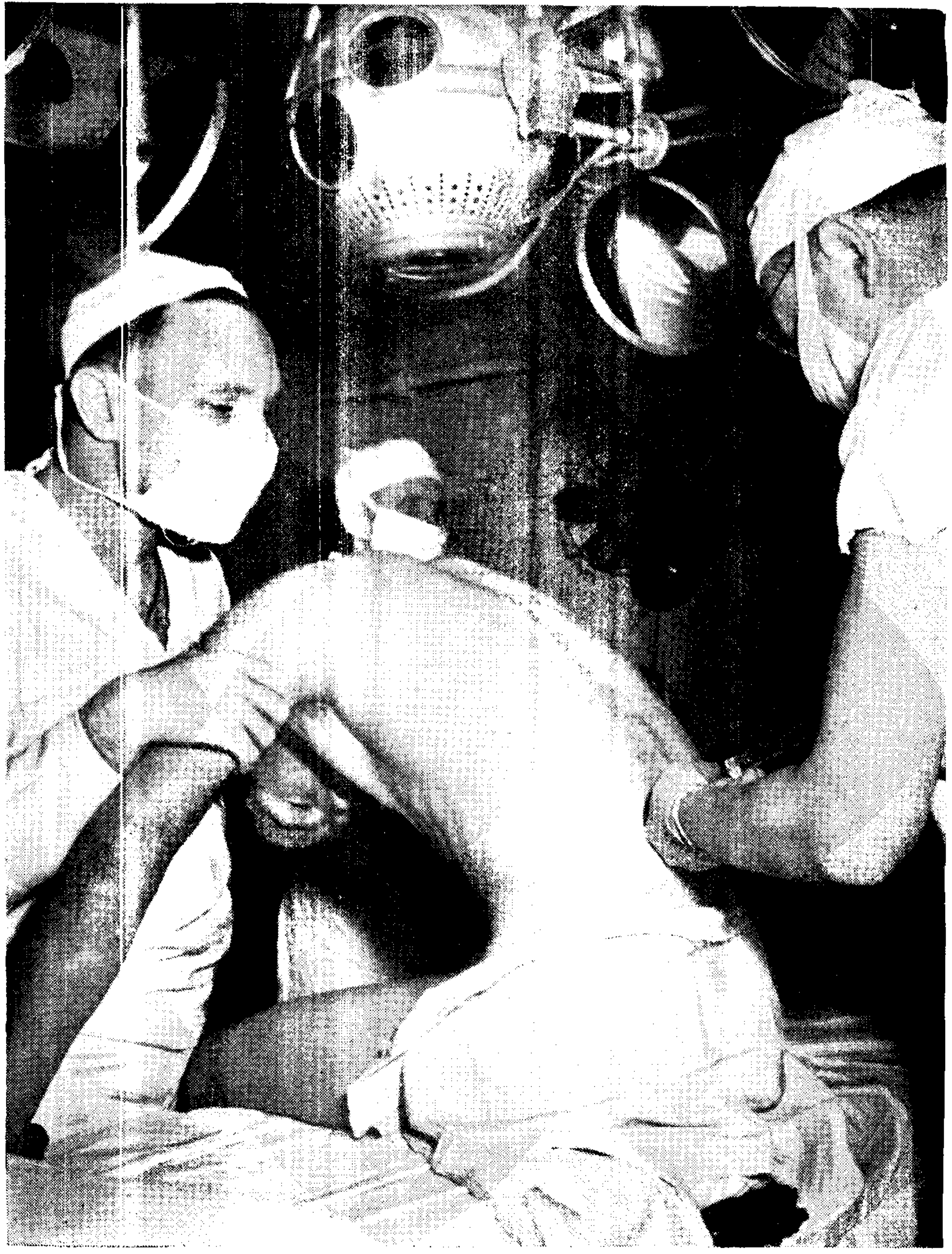
The appendectomy was once a dreadful business. Until the advent of anesthesia, no surgeon dared undertake the operation. Reason: tensed muscles would force other abdominal organs out through the incision. So surgeons did nothing. If the appendix didn't burst, the patient had a good chance of recovery. The microbes were harmless so long as they were bottled up. But once the organ burst, it spilled its poison over the lining of the abdominal cavity—the peritoneum. Three out of every four patients died when this happened.

Surgical treatment of appendicitis started in the 1880's. Today, surgeons operate promptly once trouble is detected. The appendectomy is one of the three commonest operations—others are gall bladder and hernia. It is common practice to remove the appendix, whether it is diseased or not, while performing other abdominal surgery. Surgeons reason that it is a potential danger source and might as well be cut away.

With a patient such as the lean, hard-bellied sailor in the accompanying pictures, the appendix lies 2 or 3 inches under the surface of the skin. With a grossly fat person it may be 10 or 12 inches down. This makes surgery difficult since the operator has to fish deeply through a small opening for the elusive organ.

Modern surgery has made striking inroads on the once gruesome mortality figures from appendicitis. If the organ hasn't burst, the operative mortality is under 1 per cent. Even in cases where it has burst, the sulfa drugs are accomplishing wonders.

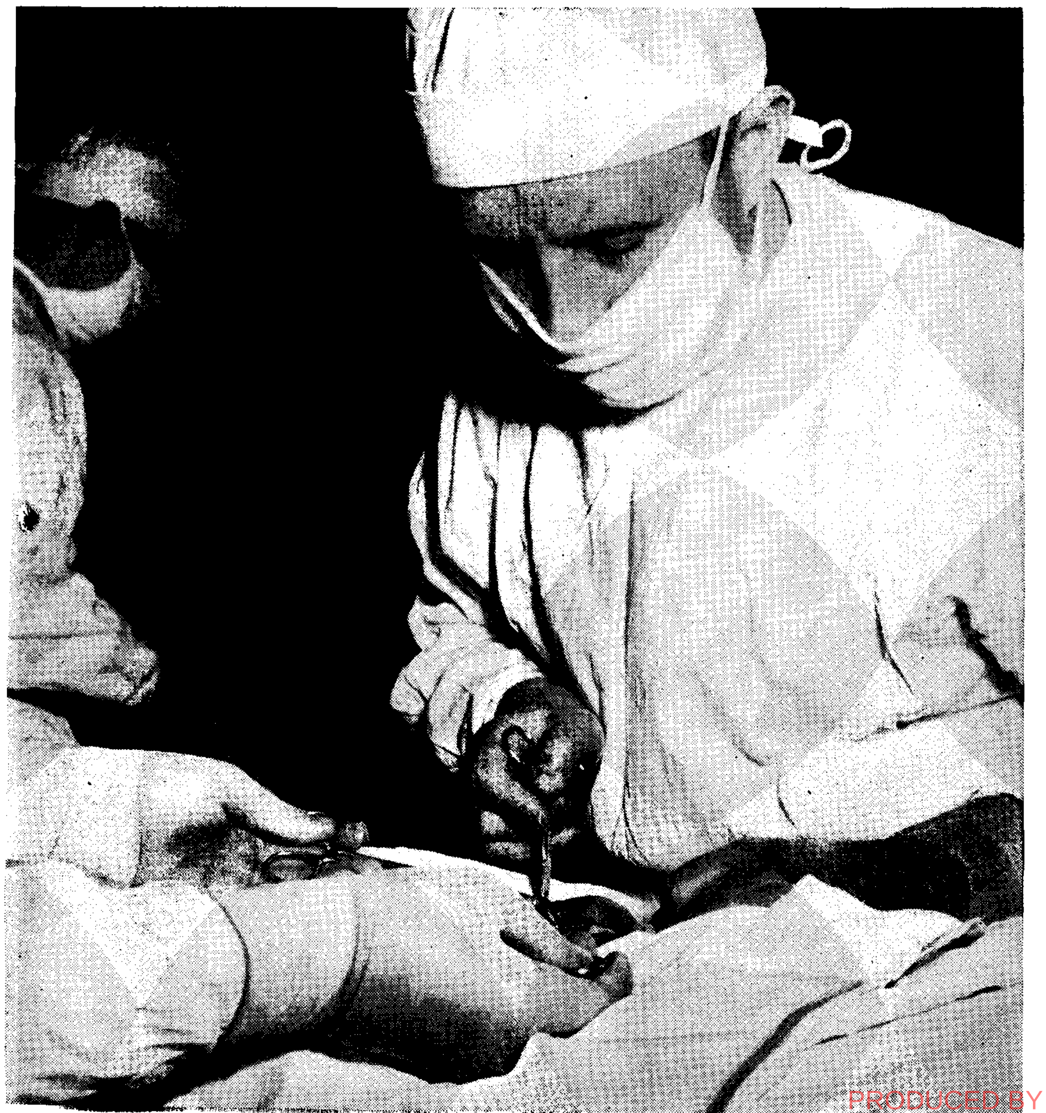
In presulfa days, about 20 per cent of the patients with a ruptured appendix died. In one recent series of 300 sulfa-treated cases there wasn't a single death. Powdered drug is dusted over the wound, goes to work fighting infection. The magic of its performance is one of the miracles of modern surgery. It promises to save a large part of the 20,000 lives formerly taken by appendicitis each year in the United States. ★★★



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. U. S. NAVY

Spinal anesthesia deadens pain and relaxes abdominal muscles. Lt. Comm. E. M. Bessie, Medical Corps, U.S.N.R., administers anesthesia to a sailor who is about to undergo an appendectomy on an aircraft carrier at sea

In an appendectomy operation a two-inch incision is made through skin and fat. The surgeon cuts through the first layer of muscle. The second layer of muscle is cut with an incision at right angles to the first. Search begins for the appendix



When the appendix is found—not always an easy job—the organ must be handled delicately. Otherwise it might burst, spill its poison into the abdomen. The picture shows that the surgeons have passed this danger point

SOUND OF REVELRY

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK CITY, Judy Morgan and Steve Harrison (the narrator) both teach dancing at *the Don Rinaldo Studios. Despite frequent quarrels*—usually caused by some woman who shows too deep an interest in Steve—they are in love.

One evening, while they are giving lessons to a number of socially prominent persons in the Fifth Avenue penthouse of Major Hughes, U. S. A., and his wife, they leave their pupils and go out on the terrace. In an adjoining house, one story below them, is a penthouse suite occupied by Jonathan Tate, a middle-aged man whom Judy has taught to dance—after a fashion.

As the two young people stand on the terrace, Babs Willard—a lively girl who has fallen in love with Steve—comes out, obviously with the intention of finding him. Whereupon, unseen by her, Steve and Judy hide in the darkness.

Babs steps over to the railing of the terrace. *Steve and Judy, watching her, see her staring at* Tate's apartment. Suddenly there is a sharp report; it comes, apparently, from one of Tate's rooms. A few seconds later, a French window in Tate's place opens, and a man comes out on the terrace. He is tall and sturdy; he has light hair; he is about thirty, and is wearing dinner clothes. Seeing Babs, he tells her that an "unloaded" gun had gone off. Then he calls "Claire," and a woman—in evening dress and beautiful—comes out and joins him. She addresses the man as Bob; and she, too, informs Babs that a gun had gone off accidentally.

Judy goes in and joins the rest of the party. Steve follows her. Babs intercepts him—puts her arms around him and kisses him. "Think that over, Steve," she says calmly. "There's more *where it came from." Unfortunately, she leaves* a lipstick smear on Steve's face, and Judy, seeing it, goes home—alone.

The party over, Babs insists that Steve let her drive him home, in her car. He yields reluctantly. While the girl is driving up Fifth Avenue—*away from Steve's apartment*—several shots ring out. Steve sees a car a few feet away; he sees it speeding off. He looks at Babs—she has been shot; she is dead. As her body slumps toward Steve, the car swerves wildly. Then it crashes into a lamppost.

II

I DIDN'T wake up until the next morning. In a hospital. I could tell it was a hospital because of the high, narrow bed, and because I ached all over. I had a bandage on my head and another on my right wrist.

I remembered the accident. That is, I remembered that there had been an accident. My next thought was odd. I wondered why they had put me in a private room. But there I was, and you couldn't tell from the furniture that it was a hospital. Nice, walnut stuff, looking more like a hotel than a hospital.

Two men were in the room. There was a big guy with freckles. He was over near the window, chewing on an unlighted cigar. The second man was in an easy chair close to my bed.

This fellow was a tight, wiry man. He had the blackest hair and eyes I ever saw. He looked small, but he wasn't. Just compact. He looked at me and asked me how I was feeling. I told him I was feeling fine.

The little man pulled something out of his pocket and showed it to me. It was a police badge. He said, "I'm Max Gold. Lieutenant. Homicide squad."

ILLUSTRATED
BY
MARIO COOPER

I didn't like the sound of that word. It made me remember the revolver shots and the blood on the face of Babs Willard. I said, "Is she dead?"

"As a mackerel."

I felt kind of sickish. Not so much because of the way he stated it as because it established an incredible fact.

Max Gold said, "I've got to ask you some questions."

"Go ahead."

"Tell me exactly what happened."

"I can't. I don't remember."

"You don't remember anything?"

"Only that there was a car near the middle of the street, on our left. There were some shots—"

"How many?"

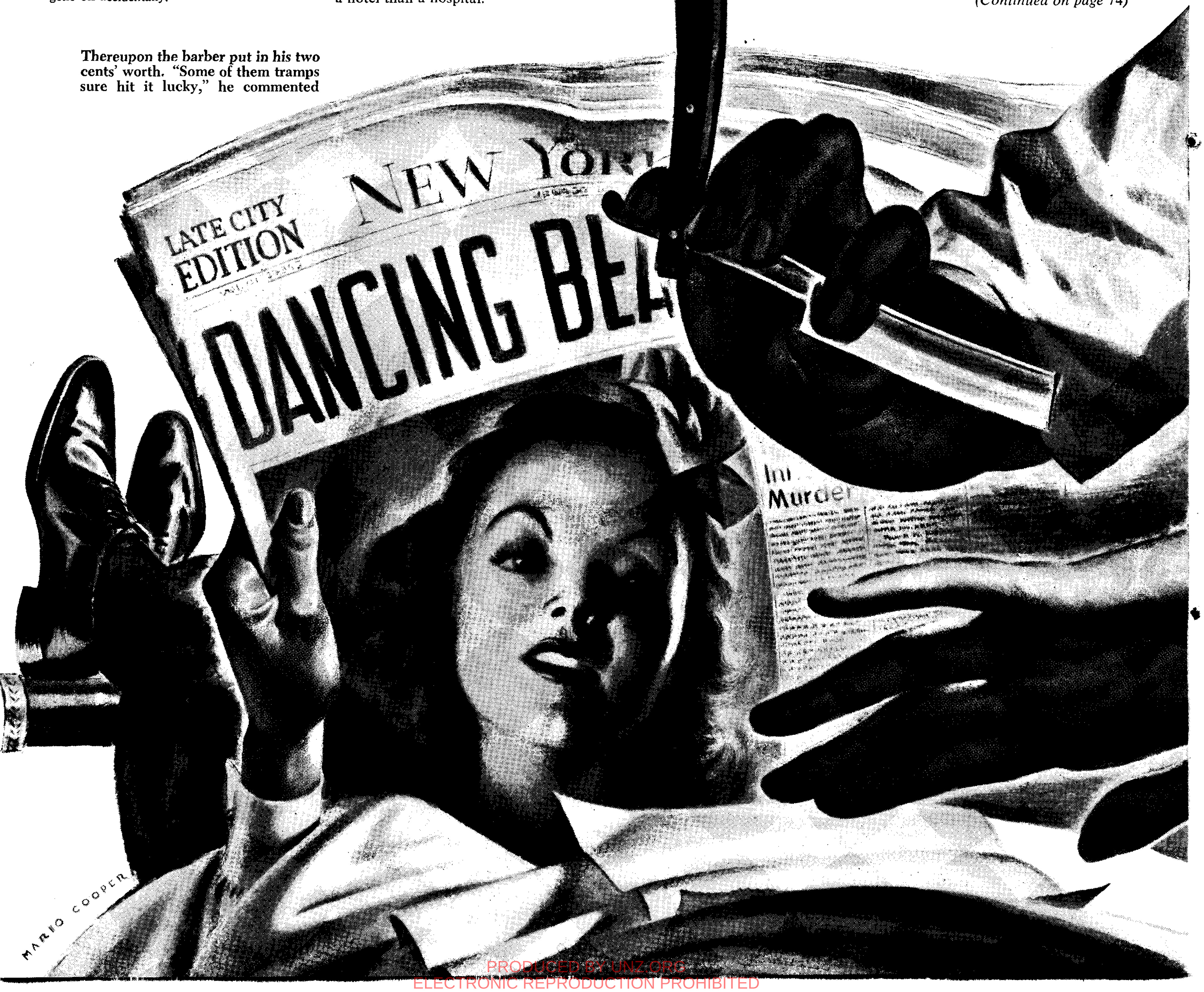
"I don't remember that, either. Maybe three. Maybe four. Then our car started swerving. Miss Willard slumped over toward me. There was a lot of blood on her face. Then we crashed. That's all I know."

"What happened to the other car?"

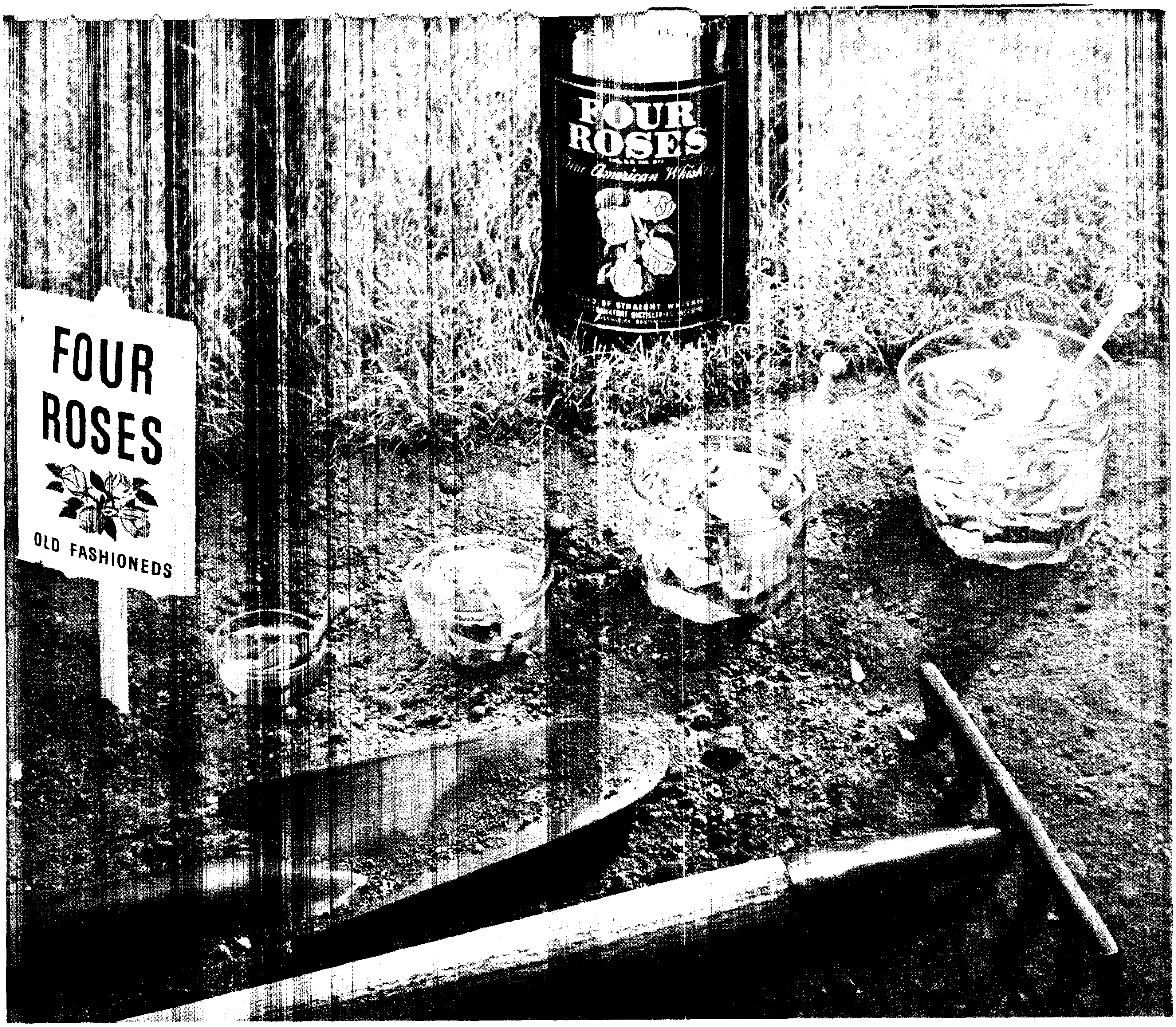
"I think it went north on Fifth Avenue. Fast. But I'm not even sure of that."

The detective said, "What gave between you and Miss Willard?"

(Continued on page 74)



Thereupon the barber put in his two cents' worth. "Some of them tramps sure hit it lucky," he commented



An Old-Fashioned idea worth cultivating

The seed packet signpost standing at the head of the row gives you a hint as to the kind of Old-Fashioned idea we're talking about . . .

It's simply this: To achieve a true Old-Fashioned masterpiece—an Old-Fashioned that will blossom into matchless perfection before your very eyes—you must be sure to use that finest of all whiskies . . . Four Roses!

Here is the way to make this greatest of Old-Fashioneds grow, for your enjoyment:

Muddle ½ lump of sugar, 2 dashes of bitters, a twist of lemon peel in a little water. Add an ice cube and then the crowning glory . . . the heart and soul of this superb Old-Fashioned . . . 1½ jiggers of that smooth, flavorful, glorious Four Roses!

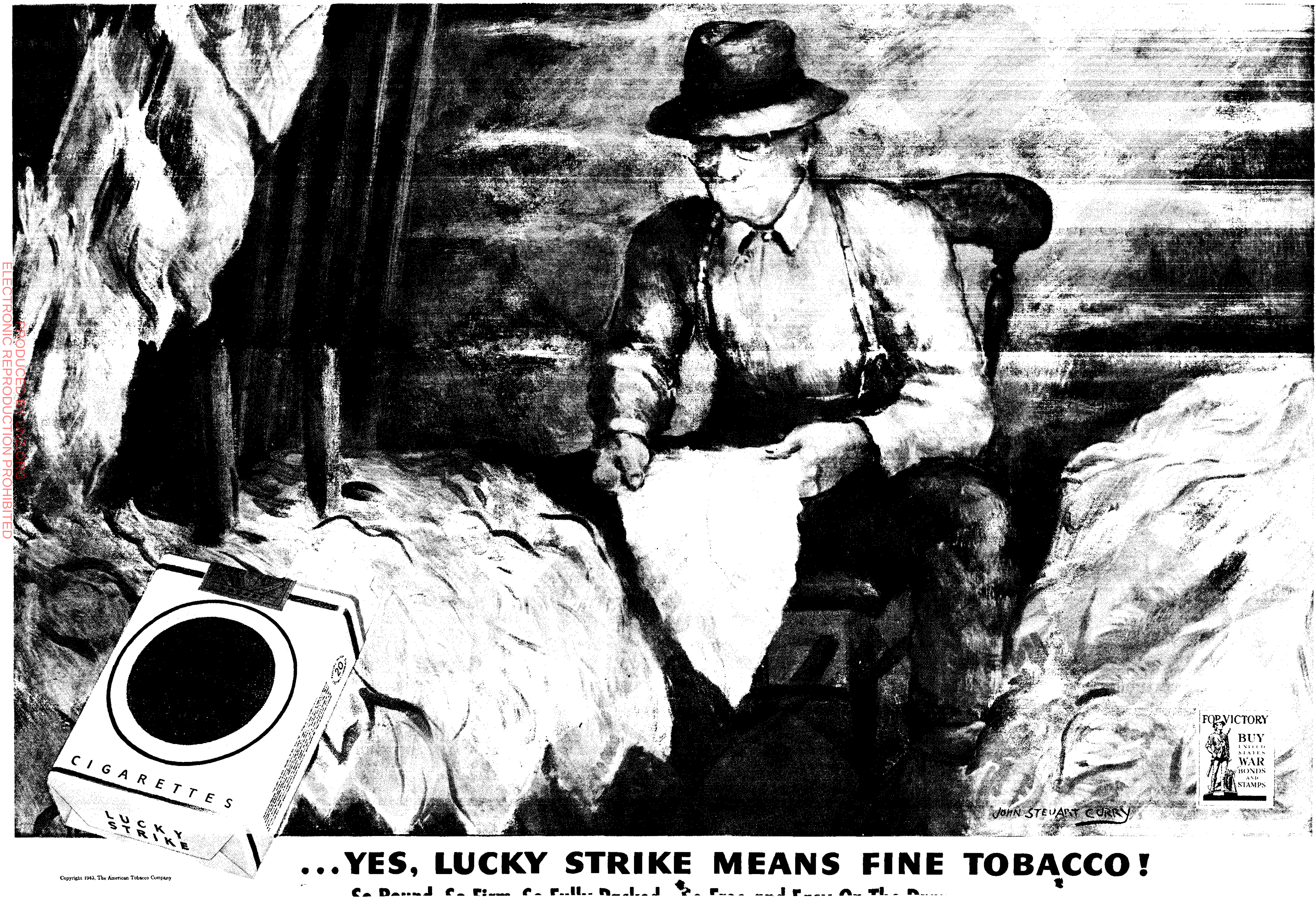
There, sir, is an Old-Fashioned worth cultivating! And we can't think of any better time than *right now* to start!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry


JOHN STEUART CURRY
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

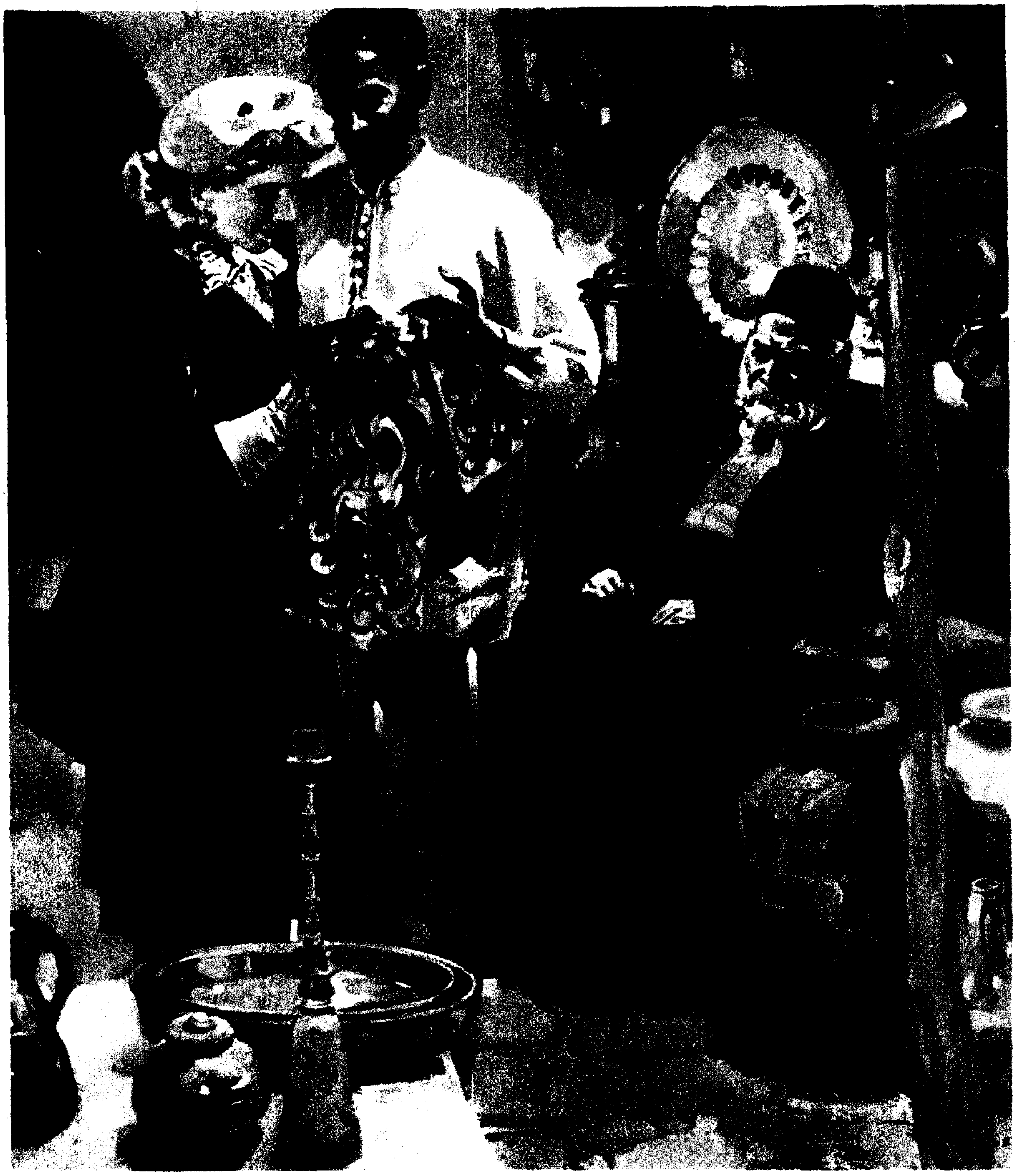
Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company

Detour to Persepolis

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY L. TIMMINS

Iran Cocktail: Take one American girl; a convoy of U.S. trucks; a lazy archaeologist; a Persian Axis agent. Shake well, serve in Persepolis—and hold onto your hat



"The Effendi himself," Emil whispered. "A very honored religious personage." The Effendi eyed Lee askance and sat down heavily in a plush chair that creaked under him

BY RIGHTS Lee—the name on her passport was Annabelle Lee—should have stayed put on the boat that morning. She had neither a Persian visa, nor a valid excuse for going ashore while the trucks were unloading.

Still, she wanted to set foot on the shores of Asia, wanted to buy at least one souvenir. She had nice legs, gray eyes that crinkled when she smiled, and her blue serge jacket fitted snugly. Before signing on for foreign duty with the Services of Supply, Lee had been a confidential secretary and was wise in the way of executives. She anticipated no trouble from simple-minded officers who thought only in terms of inventories and date lines.

She got herself ashore by giving the gangway guard a how-nice-it-is smile, and by explaining that she wanted to find Major Max.

The major was a man of one idea. On the long voyage out, his idea had been to dance with Lee, and he danced badly. This morning his idea was to get the American trucks unloaded, serviced, and started out to Shiraz, where he was going to turn them over to the British, who would deliver them to the Russians in the north.

While the major wrestled with this idea, Lee wangled her way up to Shiraz by simply sitting quietly beside him in the new station wagon which he drove to lead the convoy. Then, when the first trucks began rolling into a mud-brick warehouse on one of Shiraz' dusty streets, Lee departed quietly in the station wagon to do her shopping.

Shiraz, she remembered from her books, was famous for its wine and the poems of Hafiz and the gate of Praise the Lord. And near it somewhere was Persepolis.

So she drove around alone to see her first Oriental city. Whenever she stopped, a crowd of Persians gathered around the shining new American car, looking, in their European trousers and peaked hats, like any crowd collected along Third Avenue, except for the dust. She even heard the familiar *blah-bluh-aawk* of a radio loud-speaker coming from a dark arched entrance, where a tattered yellow man lounged. He looked like a Chinese laundryman gone wrong, but when she asked him where the bazaar was he did not answer.

Then at her elbow a careful voice said: "This is it."

Beside her a stocky white man surveyed the station wagon curiously and nodded at the dim arcade. "There," he said. His dungarees were faded, his shirt was old, with a pipe stuck in the pocket, and he had had no haircut for a month. Lazy, Lee decided and climbed out of the driver's seat.

"Better lock it," he advised. He seemed more interested in the fat, virgin spare tire and the extra gas tins stacked in the station wagon than in her. An outfit like that, he explained to her, would be worth its weight in tomans to the Persians just now.

"Persians ride camels," Lee said. "With bells."

The untidy young American blinked at her. That was long ago, he told her. Now the tribes in the hills had fallen heir to the camels because the Persians along the main stem had gone all out for autos. Only the autos were growing scarcer—their skeletons lined the caravan roads. And tires weren't to be had at all.

"Is your name really Annabelle Lee?" he asked thoughtfully. "I mean is that your real name?"

Lee said nothing, emphatically. This casual white man of the bazaar could not have seen the passport in her bag, so he must have been talking to Major Max. His eyes examined her, as if she was as interesting as the spare tire.

"I was a child and she was a child," he quoted, from that fateful poem of Poe's, *"in this kingdom by the sea."*

Annabelle Lee winced. She knew only too well what came after that. He nodded, as if at a satisfactory reaction, and explained that his first name was Grant, family name Schuyler, hobby archaeology, present address Persepolis.

Persepolis. Lee tagged that one quickly. Persepolis was the ruined palace of the Persian kings, burned by Alexander the Great during what the books called a drunken orgy, and now dug up again, probably by archaeologists! So that was Mr. Grant Schuyler's hobby. She wondered if he had heard that there was a war going on.

Then he surprised her. Definitely. "You don't know any Persian, do you?" he muttered over his pipe. "Well, this radio is sounding off a news broadcast. It's saying that the Anglo-American occupation of North Africa has no military value. And it keeps repeating the old Axis refrain that the good Moslems of Berlin are the best friends of the Persians."

IT PUZZLED Lee that real Axis propaganda should be coming out of the bazaar in drowsy Shiraz, and she said so. Why didn't the British or somebody stop it?

"How?" he asked his pipe. The broadcast was supposed to be routine. There was no law to prevent a shopkeeper of the bazaar having a radio, or listening to it. The air was still free in this country.

Lee waited. This amateur archaeologist was getting at something. "What's the rest of it?" she asked.

"The catch is this: We've seen the radio. It's good enough for local reception, but it couldn't possibly pick up German shortwave from Rome or Bucharest—or Japanese from Rangoon. And those are about the nearest points the Axis could be broadcasting from. The Persians don't know that, of course. It's morally certain that somebody in this bazaar is putting on an act. But we don't know who, and we don't know why."

"That's twice you've said 'we.' Who are 'we'?"

Grant Schuyler polished his pipe bowl. He looked worried. "A couple of idle and curious guys, like me. We're trying to find out."

For many a moon Lee's small ears had been tuned to interoffice buzzers, and she had learned to interpret tones of masculine voices. This voice, she decided, was lying.

(Continued on page 62)

7 A. M. . . . all's not well!

YOU WAKE UP—needing a laxative. Constipation symptoms have you feeling logy, dull, heavy-headed. What to do? Do as thousands do. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica *now*—the minute you get up!

9 A. M. . . . you feel swell!

FEEL BETTER FASTER! Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica usually acts *within an hour*. No discomfort. No griping. Sal Hepatica also helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping to reduce excess gastric acidity.

It's a fact that 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative.

Try it.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription.

TUNE IN { "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M., EWT

Trees for Tomorrow

Continued from page 14

communities only to destroy them, along with the forests, are spectacular, but they are not isolated. I saw them everywhere I went. I drove through mile after mile of pine forests in my own Florida without seeing a single pine tree sixteen inches in diameter. And it is the sixteen-inch stuff that is absolutely necessary for crossties, for bridge supports and pilings, for the mountings of large guns, for basic timbers of all buildings, for all the massive construction of our modern world. I drove from Cross Creek, Florida, clear beyond Alexandria, Louisiana, before I saw a sizable stand of virgin longleaf pine, the most desirable, sometimes indispensable, wood for these purposes.

"But will not the young stuff grow fast enough to replace the heavy timber?"

There is no young stuff where forests are cut clean. Mile after mile, useless weed trees had followed the clean cutting. That or fire. That or appalling erosion in the hilly regions of northern Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the Carolinas. That or sterile fields unsuited for the growth of anything at all but trees. When the forests are cut clean, "That's all there is—there isn't any more."

An Appalling Deficit

"Man's needs must be met," some say. "War needs, above all, must be met. This is no moment in which to count the cost."

It is precisely the moment in which to count the cost. Mathematicians may divide a 1943 deficit of nine billion board feet into, first, the American supply of timber, then into the supplies of the world, and estimate neatly how many years will bring the day when usable timber is no more. Some of us today will not be here if that day comes. But experts have estimated that another war twenty-five years from now will see the United States without wood for war.

It seemed to me that I could not bear any longer the sight of such devastation as I had seen. Five million acres of virgin longleaf pine have been cut clean in Louisiana. The aftermath is hideous.

Lest I give the impression that this story of a danger to our land is an outcry against capitalists or big owners, it is a good moment to mention the fact that of the forest lands in the United States, 40% are in the hands of small owners and small farmers. It is only that the large areas of devastation are more startling. Where big owners have handled timber through greed and thoughtlessness, small owners have handled it through need—and thoughtlessness.

I have seen the small farms from which all the timber has been cut clean because a man needed money for a sick child; because a mortgage payment was due; because modern plumbing added to the farmhouse seemed of more value than twenty acres of pine trees on the west hill.

But after the desolation, after the ruthless destruction by both big and little men, I came on a fact that shone like a beacon in the darkness. Once known, it seems incredible that we have not known it always. It is this: Trees are not like a gold mine. They are not like a coal mine. They are not a vein of platinum to be worked out. Trees are a crop. Trees not only can be grown, starting from scratch, but with only the slightest of human help, the least human hindrance, they will grow themselves. Only the simplest ingredients make up the formula for the perpetual growth of trees. Trees may be cut selectively. That is, only certain trees of a certain desirable size are cut, the rest left to grow; successive cuttings to be made as younger trees reach their growth.

On the other hand, where desirable or necessary, an area of trees may be clean cut, but a very few mature trees, three or four or five to the acre, are left standing, to scatter their seed and reproduce after their kind. The natural method is both cheap and simple. In both types of cutting, fire must be kept out, so that the seedlings have a chance to grow. It is as easy as that. It seems unbelievable that we have gone against so plain a law of nature.

It was good to reach places where men have understood these simple facts. I found them among rich men and poor, among owners of hundreds of thousands of acres of forests and owners of little dozens of acres.

I found them in the few national forests. It was a delight to see the Osceola National Forest in my own Florida. Trees of all sizes and all ages grow side by side. Each year the largest are cut and sold at a good profit. National forests pay 25% of their gross take each year to the county in which they are located. The Osceola last year returned $9,000 to its two counties.

It was a delight to see the privately owned W. T. Smith forests in Alabama. There will be no end to the timber on this holding. The owners are raising their trees as a crop, not mining them. There is a handful of similar large owners raising forests instead of devastating them. They are unfortunately a minute percentage.

I found, unexpectedly, two small owners of timber about whom moralists might, if inclined, draw morals. I should call them, simply, good Americans, if in so doing I did not seem to call other men, big and little, who are destroying our forests, bad Americans. There are almost no bad Americans. There are selfish Americans, shortsighted Americans, careless Americans. None of them means harm to the country. So I shall only call the two small owners of timber wise and farsighted Americans. One is a white man and the other is black.

Timber-bred Philosophers

The white man is Bryan Johnson, of Roxie, Mississippi. He is everything we like to think of as American. He is lean and wiry and blue-eyed, with an unmanageable forelock of hair. His Irish ancestors came into the deep South from Virginia in 1821. Johnson has a farm, a filling station and twenty-one hundred acres in wooded land. He has two children in college and a twelve-year-old son, Bryan Leston, who helps at the filling station.

Johnson touched the boy on the shoulder. "This is manpower," he said.

Twenty years ago Johnson worked for a big lumber company. He was horrified at the devastation of timber.

"Those fellows figured, 'I'll be gone tomorrow, so I'll cut today.' Seemed to me that was a poor way to figure."

In 1923, he began working his own land. He began cutting timber as a crop, something to grow year after year. He had seen the ways of cotton on depleted soil.

"It takes twenty-five cents to raise a pound of cotton on poor land, and the best price anybody gets is twenty-five cents a pound. Down here we have two crops, cotton and trees. It doesn't cost a cent to raise a tree. It looked like horse sense to me to raise trees."

Americans are supposed to be noted for horse sense. Sometimes it is necessary to travel over quite an area to find it. Of Johnson's twenty-one hundred selectively cut acres, one thousand and fifty are in young pines that will be ready for their first cutting in less than ten years.

"I don't need insurance," he said. "Those trees are my old-age pension. I don't need to save cash money for my children." He touched his small piece of "manpower" again. "When this boy is twenty-one years old, I'll have more trees than I have today."

I was equally proud to meet Ambrose Cole. He is as black as the ace of spades. He is erect, with grizzled hair, and looks any man square in the face. He has been on his two hundred acres nearly forty years. He began as a poor renter. This year he will make the last payment on his mortgage. He grows cotton, corn, sugar cane, sorghum, peanuts and cowpeas on eighty acres. The other one hundred and twenty are in timber. He has raised ten children. They have lived well. Ida, his wife, was spick and span in a clean blue gingham apron and a white bandanna. I asked Ambrose to what he attributed his prosperity.

"Hard work and a good wife," he said.

Scientific Tree Farming

There was more, too—the same horse sense of Bryan Johnson. Ambrose's timber brings him from four to five hundred dollars a year, and that is a lot of money in a section where the cash income is among the lowest in the country. On Ambrose's type of timber the proper cutting, which he follows, is a matter of thinning. He cuts the average trees from year to year for pulpwood and he leaves the larger trees to increase in size for future saw timber. Meantime, seedlings spring up in the thinned area and are growing for future use. A man with a family is bound to look a little further ahead than one without.

I suggested that the large timber left on his place would take care of him and Ida in their old age.

"I got what I need for me and Ida," he said. "I just studied on having something for the children."

Wilson Curtis, in the north Georgia mountains, is logging boss for a large lumber company. His is the key job in actual operations. He is young, thin and red-blond, of mountain stock, slow-moving, drawling of speech, with expert judgment on timber. His company is one of those practicing selective cutting. Seed trees are being left for every acre, and a growth of young stock.

Curtis said, "We've got to leave something for future generations. They'll be shorter than we are."

His work is so vital that his boss has asked deferment for him from the draft. Curtis himself has not asked it.

"If they don't need me here," he said, "I sure want to go. A man can't shun any responsibility."

What is to be done? There is only one answer: A national law must be passed by our representatives, the Congress of these United States, decreeing a national system of controlled cutting (varied to suit the needs of specific regions) that shall assure the perpetual growth of trees "for the greatest good to the greatest number, in the long run." There can be no reasonable opposition to a national plan of controlled cutting. It is not even as though such cutting ruined any man's profits "in the long run." Such cutting helps them. We must protect ourselves against our own carelessness.

Whose trees are they? Thirteen million people in the United States derive their livelihood directly from industries connected with wood. Check the items drawn from trees: building lumber, posts, telephone poles, almost all our paper, fuel, plastics, cellophane, high explosives, lacquer, edible sugars, alcohol, charcoal, acetic acid, tannic acid, wood tar, volatile, essential and pharmaceutical oils, dyestuffs, drugs, nuts, herbs, fruits, turpentine and rosin.

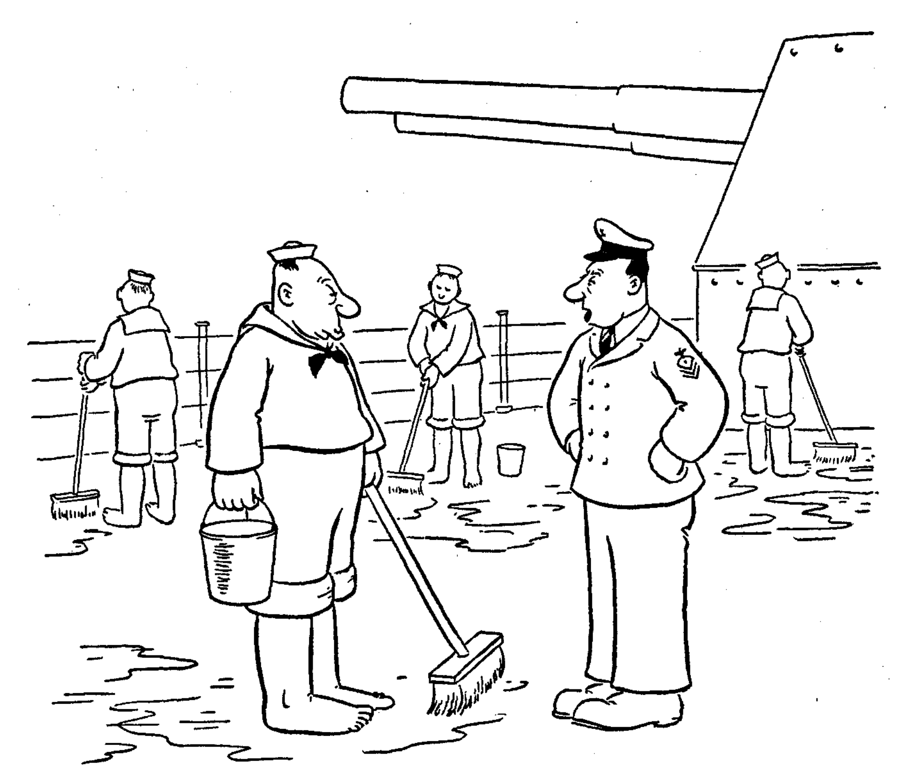
Trees assure watersheds with consequent power and water and light. They prevent floods and erosion. They are my trees and your trees. They are our trees. No selfish minority, no careless majority, can continue to jeopardize our common interests.

Surely we are wise enough and far-sighted enough to prevent catastrophe. Sooner or later, and "time is of the essence," the question, which has arisen before, will again come before our Congress. We must demand that the nation's trees—our trees—be allowed to grow, to reproduce themselves for our benefit, five, ten, twenty years from now—and for the benefit of those who will come after us and whom we should wish to bless us rather than curse us.

We are fighting today for many valuable things. We must fight also at this critical moment to preserve the God-given forests without which we should be helpless atoms on a sterile earth.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"No, I did not get out of the wrong side of bed this morning, Alfred, and furthermore, I can do very well without your stinging sarcasm"

COLLIER'S

WILL I HAVE BAD BREATH WHEN I GROW UP?
WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA, BETSY?
WELL, YOU'RE GROWN-UP AND YOU HAVE BAD BREATH, AUNTIE JANE! MAMA SAYS THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GONNA BE AN OLD MAID—'CAUSE YOU DON'T GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT IT!
AUNT JANE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU AREN'T AN OLD MAID NOW, ARE YOU, AUNTIE JANE?
NO, THANKS TO YOU, BETSY, I HAVE THE MOST WONDERFUL HUSBAND IN THE WORLD!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

NUDE NO. 3,000

By Mark Hanna

She was the turning point in a life that started at $5 a week and now runs at the rate of $3,000 a picture

YEARS ago, when Walt Kuhn the artist was intensely disgusted with his work, he said he'd draw three thousand nudes in a row. If No. 3,000 turned out better than No. 1, maybe there was hope. He numbered each sketch and when the first thousand were done he ran through the pile. Terrible! Another thousand followed. No soap! The third thousand. Well, maybe not so bad. So he went on being a painter.

Now he's America's No. 1 painter of show folks, especially clowns. He took to clowns in defense against the pink legs he had to paint on all the nudes. You could put a clown into any color tights you liked, or even colored pants. He likes his White Clown so well he won't take $10,000 for it.

At 62, Kuhn is a ruddy, gray-haired, blue-eyed six-footer. He was born on Carmine Street, New York, and got a start on the old Wasp, a San Francisco magazine that booned him with $5 a week.

He was 18. He was 46 before he thought he might have a chance as a painter. In those 28 years, he worked up from $5 a week to $3,000 a picture.

Kuhn is pleased by the approval of his subjects, people in the circus trade. He often invites them—a bright assortment of dancers, jugglers, burlesque queens and circus acrobats—to his Manhattan studio for spaghetti feasts.

Kuhn married Miss Vera Spier in 1909; they have a daughter who writes but doesn't paint.

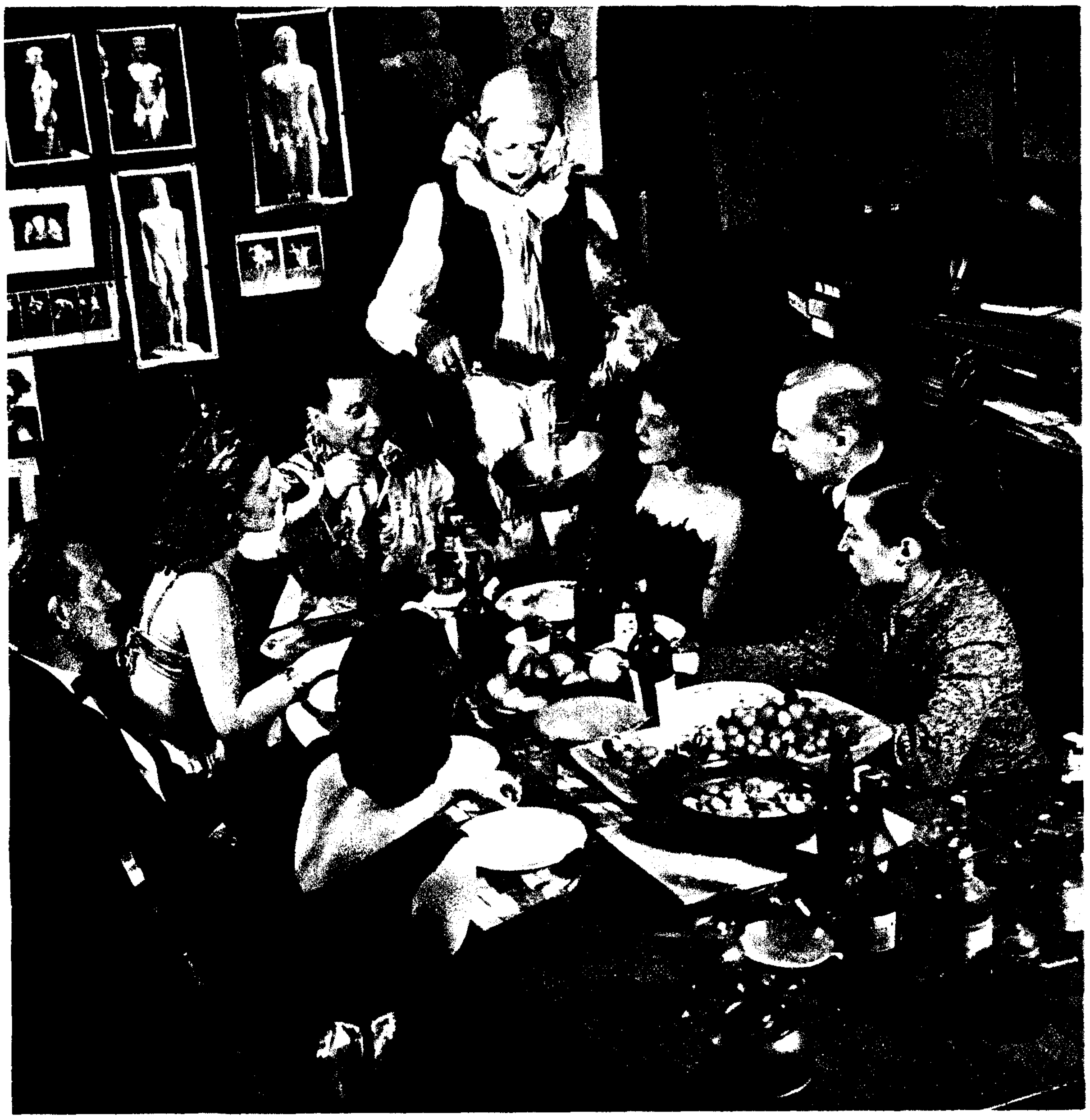
He works during the winters in a studio near Greenwich Village in New York City; summers in a country place near Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

He still thinks what he thought years ago:

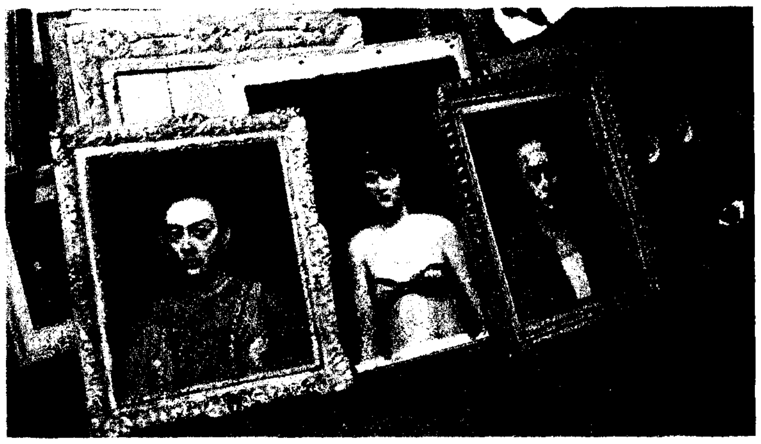
There's no happy medium in painting. An artist is either great or no good at all.

His chief satisfaction is in knowing that he stuck to his artistic guns for thankless years, until at last he could look at his own work and find it good. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL



Show people gather at Walt Kuhn's studio to eat, talk and pose. The clown with the bowl of spaghetti is George Fitzgerald, a Wisconsin farmer turned circus performer. At the head of the table sits Guest of Honor Mario, famous clown and frequent subject of Kuhn's paintings. Mario says, "Kuhn makes me look the way I really look instead of like a bad dream"



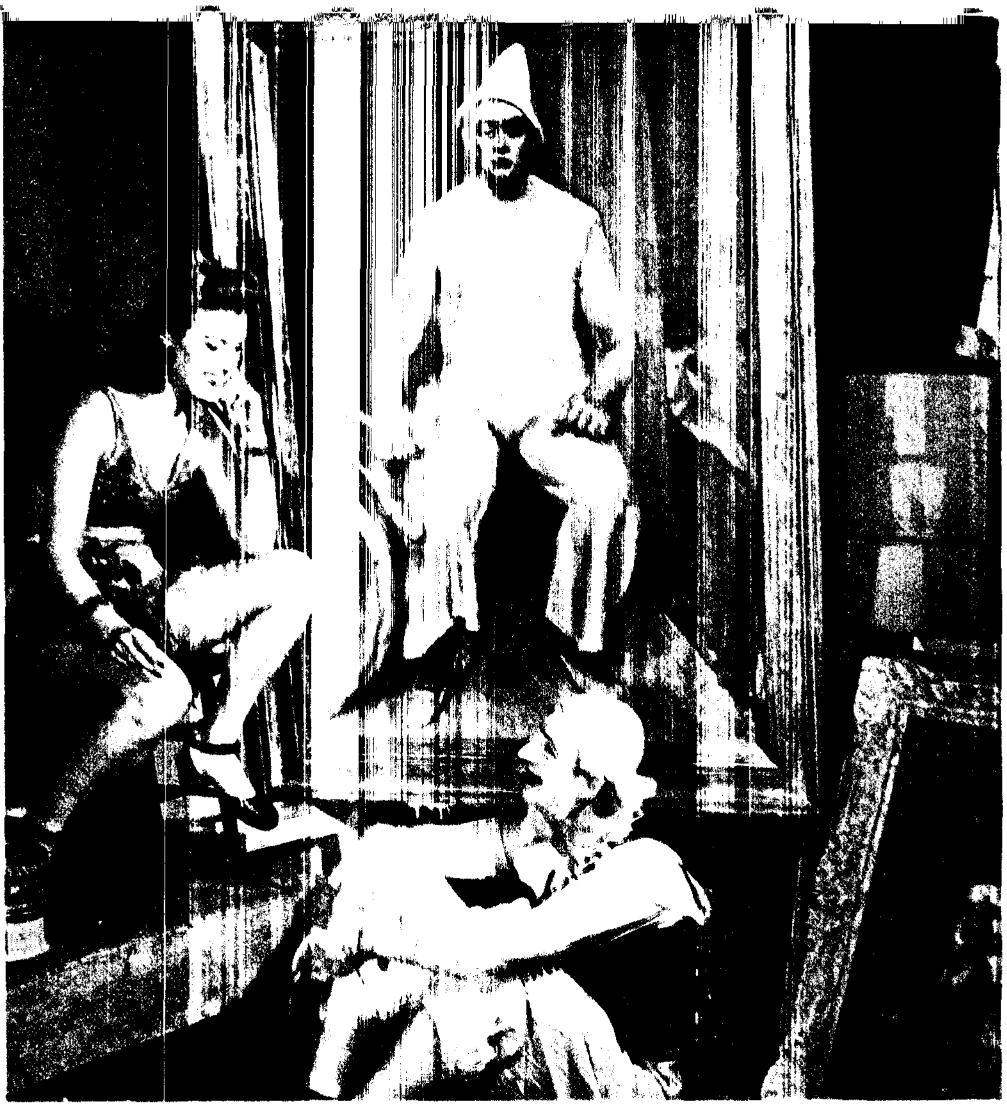
The passing show . . . as seen in portraits by the painstaking craftsman, Walt Kuhn. "Show business is duck soup for an artist," says Kuhn. "It gives you wonderful colors, good models, good fun"

Against pink legs in general, Kuhn approves those belonging to Ruth Johnson, night-club dancer. Here Miss Johnson rests between poses. She's a riveter at La Guardia Air Field now

Handy with grease paint as well as oils, Walt Kuhn applies clown's lipstick. Mario supervises

Cluttered up with props, paintings, grease paint, Kuhn's studio feels like home to two favorite Kuhn models, Dancer Blanche Grady, and Mario, the clown

If a model gets tired of posing, he can always do this. It's Mario's idea of relaxation, doing a handstand among drums, baskets and other studio props



Laugh, clown, laugh . . . but if Joe Pasco, the clown in the portrait, won't, Blanche Grady and George Fitzgerald will. Pasco now is a gym teacher

A quick sketch. Walt Kuhn applies his skill to sketching Dancer Ruth Johnson, who is dressed in burlesque style—blue feather bra, bright red trunks

THAT LOOK came into Ted's eyes, and he put his head down and started pawing the ground . . .

The man who got over being a goat

(A short, short moral with a story)

Ted Pittenger was a *born* opposer.

You know the kind . . . Anything you'd say, Ted would just put his head down and buck you.

It was trying, particularly to Ted's wife, who'd stood for fifteen years of being pushed around. Until one day, she exploded.

Oddly enough, of all things, it was over a cup of Postum.

Mrs. P. had just tried Postum for the first time. And discovered (as millions of other Americans who drink Postum regularly have discovered) that Postum is a perfectly swell drink in its own right. Not like coffee. Not like tea. No. Like *Postum.*

So, what with liking Postum so much, and what with coffee rationing, and being a thrifty soul, (Postum costs less than half a cent a cup) . . . Mrs. P. decided to have Postum all the time. Well! . . . Came the fateful day!

Mrs. P. had hardly got the word "Postum" out of her mouth, when *that look* came into Ted's eyes, and he put his head down and started pawing the ground. "No coffee substitutes," blatted Ted.

"But, Ted, it *isn't* a substitute for coffee. It's a *grand* . . ."

"Doesn't taste the slightest bit like coffee," butted Ted.

"It's not supposed to. It's a grand drink in its own right. All you have to do is try it—and see for yourself."

Ted shook his horns. "No. NO."

That last bleating "NO" somehow touched off the blaze that had been smouldering for fifteen long years. "Ted," said Mrs. P., ominously toying with her wedding ring . . . "Ted, you're going to be reasonable for once. You're going to at least TRY Postum . . . OR ELSE!! . . . ."

Ted looked at her. Then he picked up his cup of Postum. He took a sip. Then several good, long swallows.

"Ah . . . ," he murmured. Then another sip. "Well . . . . . . !" he said.

A note of real enthusiasm came into his voice—"Dear, maybe you've got something. This Postum really is a pretty swell drink, isn't it!"

And that is the story of the incident that changed Ted Pittenger from being an unreasonable goat. And the Moral? Oh, yes . . .

You ought to try Postum. It comes in two convenient forms: Instant Postum, the kind you make instantly in the pot or cup by simply adding boiling water . . . and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, "perk," or drip. Products of General Foods.

The Truth About Toulon

Continued from page 11

half dead from exhaustion. He collapsed on a bench and opened the raincoat to find a handkerchief to mop his sweaty face. Underneath, we could see the gold buttons of a naval uniform. Then we recognized him as Georges X, captain of a corvette. He must have just escaped from Toulon.

"Georges," we asked, "how did you manage it?"

The train, he said. At this time, a train used to leave Marseille before seven each morning, pass through Toulon, usually late, about 10:30, and run on to Carnoules, about 22 miles away. On this morning, the train had arrived and was held by the Germans on a siding while the fleet was being scuttled. Then it was allowed to continue on its way to Carnoules, arriving some three hours late. The people who rode on this train had seen the death of our fleet.

It is from the stories of Captain Georges X and from those of other passengers on this train, and from private sources, that I have reconstructed an accurate account of events.

On November 11th—anniversary of a glorious armistice—the Germans tore up what was left of the shameful armistice of 1940, by invading all France. I saw them march. This time Pétain was freed of every vestige of obligation toward them. The armistice convention had been openly and brutally violated. Therefore the fleet at Toulon should have been ordered to put to sea before the Nazis could cover the four hundred-odd kilometers between the old border of Occupied and Free France, and our great base at Toulon. Suppose the ships did not have enough fuel to get very far into the Mediterranean. They could at least have reached the open sea, to be joined by the British.

Nazi Duplicity Triumphs

France hoped and prayed that this is what would happen. It never happened. Pétain's last defenders, even his most obstinate and blind defenders, had their eyes opened—too late.

The escape of the fleet was so obviously justified and so expected by the Germans that they had to invent some strategy to prevent it. With the complicity of Vichy, they found it, and of all their acts of hypocrisy this was perhaps their most diabolical.

On the morning of November 12th, the French were surprised to learn, from the Vichy radio, that Toulon was to remain free. In his letter to Marshal Pétain the day before, Hitler had announced his decision not to occupy the port and fortified positions, and in order to explain this decision, he heaped praise on the French admirals. Thus, Toulon was to preserve a semblance of French sovereignty, and Hitler hoped that this appearance of independence would serve to keep the fleet in port until he was ready to strike.

Every Frenchman not blinded by German lies sensed the somber train of events that was in preparation. It was for this reason that appeals to the fleet from Algiers and London became more and more urgent: "Be on your guard! Put to sea while there is still time. Come and join us in the struggle."

But from Vichy came the tired voice of the old marshal: "Obey my orders. I am your chief and the incarnation of your country. Don't add to the misfortunes of France!"

One can understand the bewilderment of the commanders at Toulon.

Hours and days passed. Toulon and the district contained within the perimeter of its forts formed a paradoxical little independent country within completely German-dominated France. Suddenly Toulon awakened. Military and naval forces became alert. A body of marines, a battalion of Senegalese, a regiment of infantry from Marseille arrived to reinforce the garrison.

What Hitler had presented as an act of homage to our navy, as a generous token of his admiration, was nothing more than an abominable ruse—for which Hitler had been stupidly and publicly thanked by Vichy. The Nazis, not wanting to run the risk of a frontal attack, had, they thought, obtained a breathing space which would permit them to capture the city from within. The victims, who would have fought if they had been openly attacked, were to be surrounded and imprisoned by trickery, the Germans hoped; the fleet was to be taken by the same scheming.

This plan came within a few minutes of succeeding.

From November 11th to November 27th, German motorboats sowed mines across the harbor entrance, effectively sealing it. At the same time, armored columns approached the city. Great siege guns were brought up on the railroads and put into position to shell Toulon's forts. On the evening of Thursday, November 26th, everything was ready for the new crime.

Very early the next morning, Doctor Menetrel entered the bedroom of Pétain in Vichy and aroused the old marshal. An orderly had arrived bringing tragic news: General Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, the German commander, demanded immediate surrender of the French fleet, in the name of Der Fuehrer. A new letter from Hitler to Pétain gave reasons.

If one is to believe this letter, French officers had undergone a strange transformation in fifteen days. On November 11th, they constituted a disciplined force to which Hitler rendered homage and accorded favors. On November 27th, the letter made plain, these same officers had become dreadful perjurers and the conscienceless accomplices of international warmongers and Anglo-Saxon Jews. So ran Hitler's thesis. It was only a new excuse for another act of perjury and fresh aggression.

While at Vichy, von Rundstedt was preserving a hypocritical courtesy in his demands on Pétain, at Toulon, Admiral de Laborde received a harsher ultimatum: The fleet must be surrendered at once. "These," said the ultimatum, "are orders of the government at Vichy."

Orders to Sabotage

Admiral de Laborde (in a minute we'll see why) had received no recent instructions from Vichy. The only orders in his possession were those dating from the armistice. They commanded him to resist all aggression from whatever source and to sabotage the fleet rather than surrender it.

These orders never had been countermanded; preparations for sabotage had been made. To the German ultimatum, the admiral replied that he would open fire on any armed forces approaching his ships.

Meanwhile, the German troops filtered throughout the sleeping city. They encountered no one. The French sailors were aboard their ships; the infantry and the Senegalese were in the arsenal, the forts, the casemates. The Germans hesitated, losing precious time.

After a while, two columns formed, one heading toward the arsenal, the other toward the docks. Soon the Nazis were throwing themselves into every boat they could find, crowding upon pontoons they had brought with them. Suddenly a gun boomed from the flagship.

It was the signal—the order to sabotage all ships, to destroy port installations, to spike the guns of the coastal batteries. Aboard the seventy vessels moored or anchored in the harbor, commanders were at their posts; they gave the prearranged orders. Soon the old dock, the water front, the harbor and the roadstead—the anchorage where our ships had lived—were no more than cemeteries.

Fresh explosions came from the arsenal. Machines and workshops in the factories were being destroyed. To the south, flames and clouds of smoke from burning ammunition dumps rose high. All around the base at Cépet, at Sicié, over the Saron, at Cap Brun, at Carqueiranne, there were new explosions. Mortars, huge rifles, shells—all were destroyed. France's most powerful naval base, the work of twenty years, was a mass of smoking wreckage.

Blind with rage, the Germans stormed the arsenal, killed the sentinels and forced open the heavy gates. They were too late. There was hand-to-hand fighting in the workrooms between the Nazi soldiers and French workers, many of whom were killed or wounded. In their rage the invaders then turned against the cadet school, surrounded the youngsters and, by weight of numbers, manacled them, thrust them into trucks and rushed them to a concentration camp. Several times along the route, crowds tried to free the lads. There were more victims.

First reports after the tragedy said that crews had gone down with their ships. This was not so. The truth was simpler but no less fine: Officers and sailors, to a man, having done their work of destruction, remained at their posts to the last moment, and then in perfect order abandoned their ships and reached shore. A number of both officers and men were explosion victims; others were drowned.

When the crews got ashore, they met heavy German forces, and most of them were taken prisoner. In the confusion, however, many escaped. One of these was our corvette captain, Georges X. He had reached the city, hidden an hour in the cellar of a friend's house and then, with a raincoat over his uniform, escaped on the train to the country.

In the evening of this tragic day, the red sun of the Côte d'Azur set on a fiery furnace. A thick black blanket of smoke covered city and port. Burning oil made it hard to breathe.

Four submarines succeeded in escaping from this inferno and some days later entered Allied ports; all the other fleet units were at the bottom or hopelessly wrecked. According to competent opinion, not one can be floated and repaired by the Germans soon enough to see service in this war.

On the day of the tragedy, there were demands for an explanation from Vichy. According to the official version given out in response to this (carried by American wire services), Admiral de Laborde had had, since the armistice, standing orders to resist all attacks from whatever source and to sabotage the fleet rather than surrender.

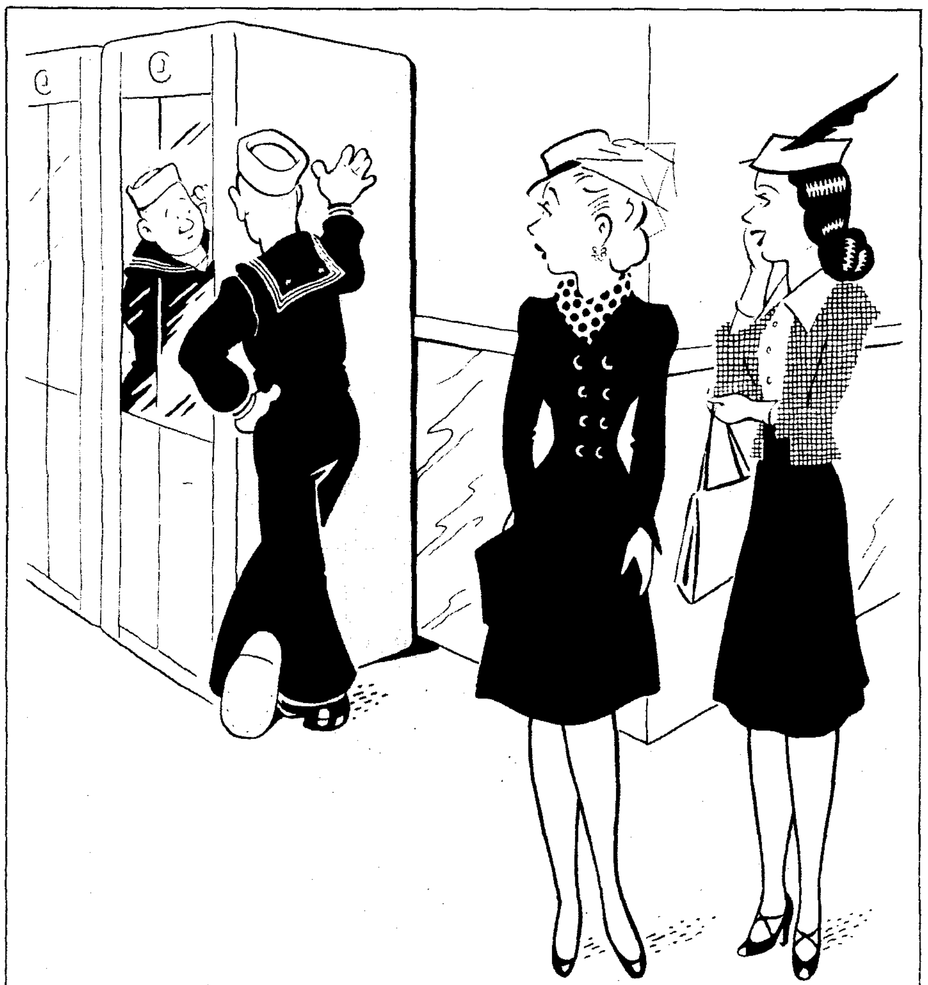
Truth—and Consequences

On the morning of November 27th, Admiral Paton, in the name of Marshal Pétain and as ordered from Berlin, tried to rescind this order by telephone from Vichy to Toulon. Being unable to reach Admiral de Laborde direct, he called the Maritime Prefecture, but could get hold of no one except a subaltern. He instructed this subaltern to carry the message to the fleet commanders. The message, briefly, rescinded the sabotage order and authorized a surrender of the fleet to the Germans. But when this subaltern was able to reach the commanders, it was too late. This was the version in a Vichy communiqué dated November 29th.

The truth is simpler: The German commanders at Toulon, having completed encirclement of the place and not wishing to be disturbed in carrying out their intentions, cut every telephone wire on the night of the 26th and jammed all radio transmission in order to isolate the naval base from the rest of France—including Vichy. It is for this reason alone that Vichy's orders to surrender the fleet never arrived—until too late to save the ships for Germany.

Justice: Self-administered.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Let's stick around—maybe they won't have any luck!" WILLIAM SPAAR

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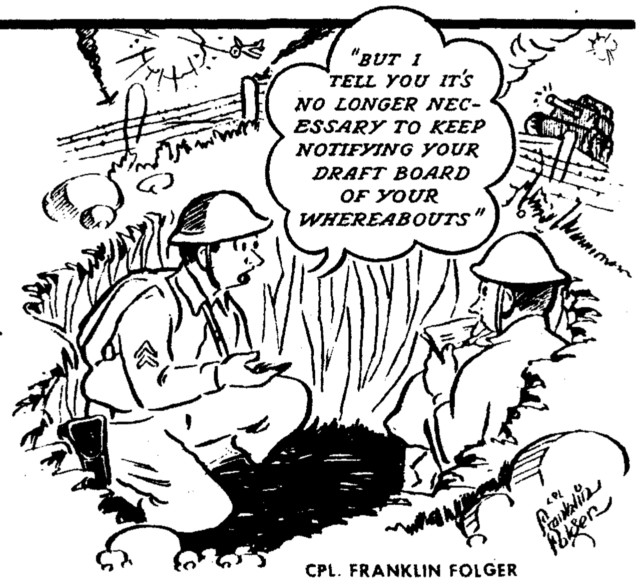
FRANCIS WATSON
Y 3/c U. S. N.


"BUT I TELL YOU IT'S NO LONGER NECESSARY TO KEEP NOTIFYING YOUR DRAFT BOARD OF YOUR WHEREABOUTS"
Franklin Folger

CPL. FRANKLIN FOLGER
A. U. S.

Hints for the home front

Don't send socks
That have clocks.
We like cakes
Mother bakes.
Towel kits
Sure are hits.
Checkers and chess
Are liked much less,
But smokes and books
Get jealous looks.
And there's always a cheer
When your letters appear!

O-C
NORMAN READER
A. A. F.

Here's how they say it in the Navy—

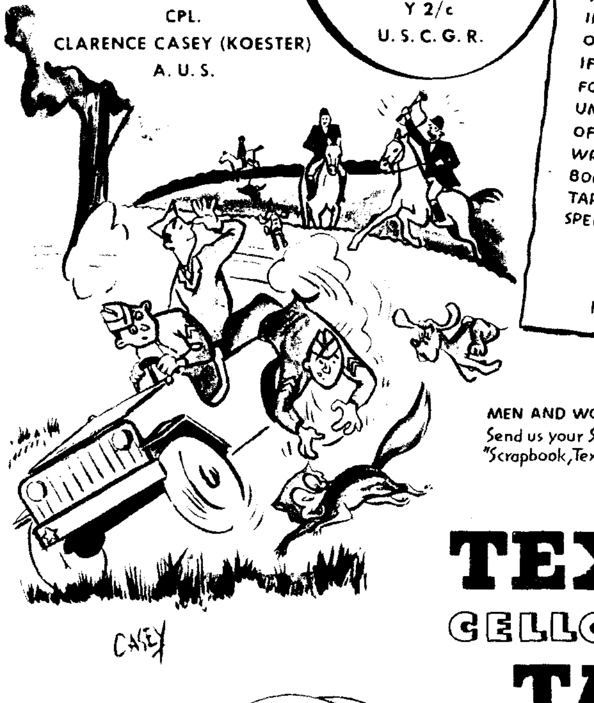
FLIVVER..SMALL DESTROYER
FOOFOO..PERFUME
GREASEPOT..THE COOK
COLLISION MATS..HOT CAKES
SWAMP SEED..RICE
SHIVERING LIZ..JELLO

RIXEY TAYLOR
Y 2/c
U. S. C. G. R.

Child: Daddy, what is the difference between an ordinary rifle and a Garand rifle?
Father: There's a big difference. It's just like I spoke and then your mother spoke.

BILLY REED, Y 2/c, U. S. N. R.

CPL.
CLARENCE CASEY (KOESTER)
A. U. S.



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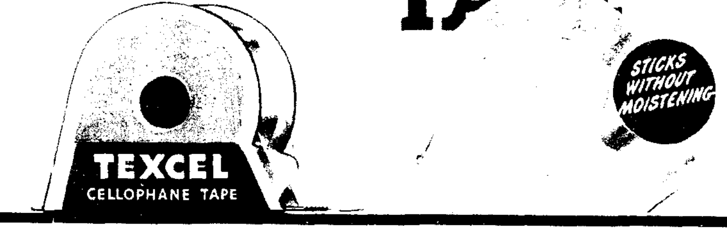

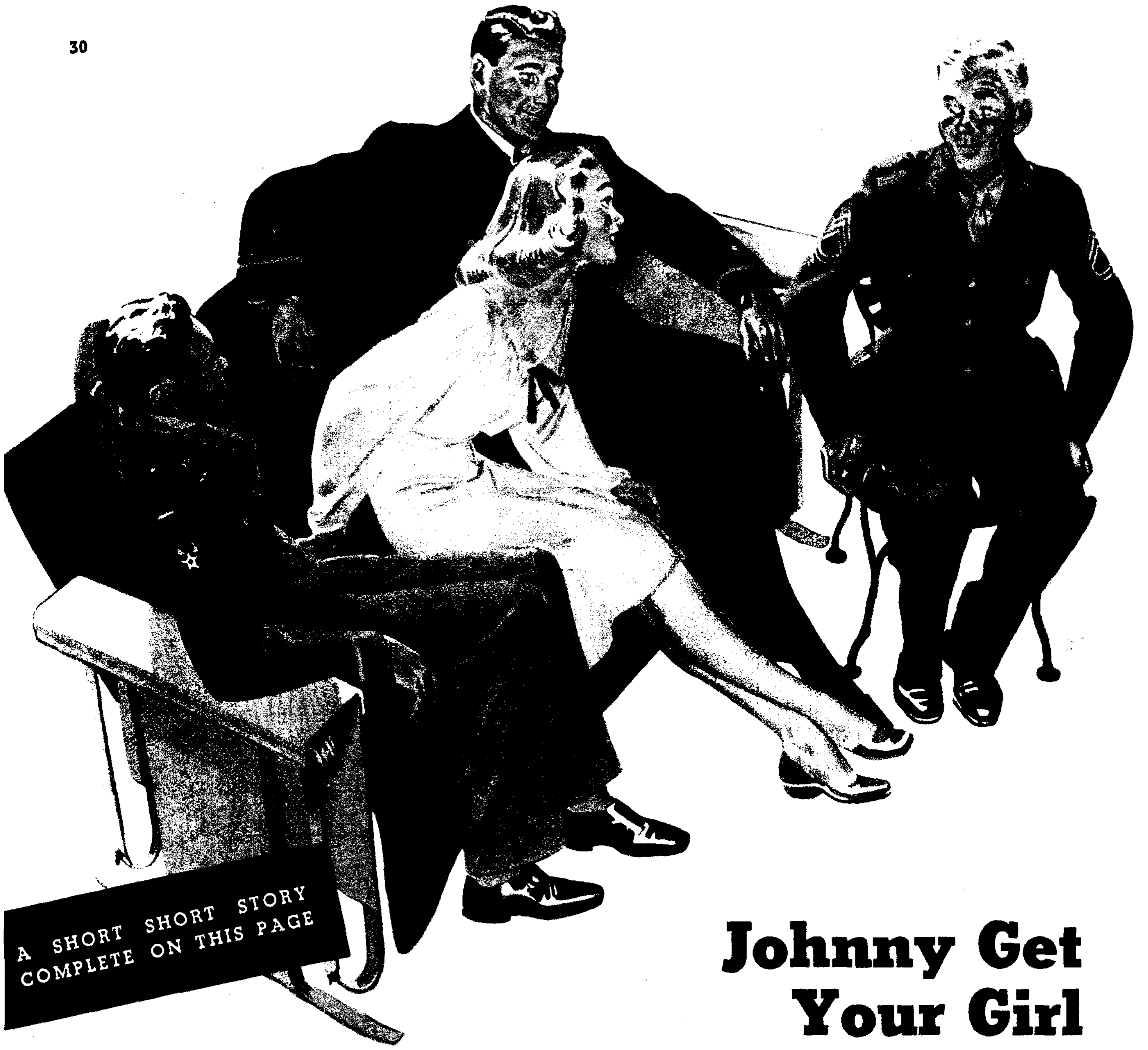

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Won't you join us for dinner?" Kay asked. The Navy seconded the motion, but the Air Corps looked annoyed

Johnny Get Your Girl

By George Harmon Coxe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

THE maid left him in the long beam-ceilinged drawing room, and then, before Johnny had a chance to look around, Kay was coming in from the terrace.

"Why—Johnny Warren." Her smile was radiant now and she gave him both hands. "How nice!"

"Hello, Kay."

Because she seemed so genuinely pleased to see him, his spirits soared and he dared hope that coming up here from camp might not be a wild-goose chase after all.

"My!" she said. "Let me see, Johnny." And she ran her fingers over his sergeant's stripes and drew him toward the terrace.

He heard the voices before he stepped out into the late-afternoon sunlight, and then, as the bottom fell quickly out of his stomach, he saw the two young officers—Air Corps and Navy.

"Hello, Sergeant," they said when Kay introduced them. "How's the war using you?"

Johnny gave them an answer and sat down—not with Kay. Kay had been maneuvered between the Air Corps and the Navy on the glider, and the easy familiarity of the three of them told him they had known one another a long time.

There was beer on the table, and glasses and cheese and crackers and a bowl of peanuts. Johnny poured beer and tried to grin and be a good guy, while he sized up the competition. The Navy had a stripe and a half on his sleeve and the insignia of the medical service above it, a big guy with a nice smile and perfect teeth. The other, with the pilot's wings on his blouse, wasn't so big, but what there was of him was nicely put together. It looked tough to Johnny, and the brightness of his anticipation was gone now.

He waited as the shadows lengthened; then he realized that the Air Corps and the Navy were also waiting. Finally Kay looked at him, sounding a little embarrassed when she spoke:

"We were going out to dinner, Johnny. Wouldn't you like to join us?"

The Navy seconded the motion, but the Air Corps looked annoyed.

Johnny gave them a twisted grin. "That would be swell," he said.

THEY had dinner at a downtown club. Each man danced in turn, and the three of them took Kay home.

"Some fun!" Johnny thought when he climbed into bed, but in the morning he felt better. He phoned Kay.

"I've got two more days," he said. "How about dinner tonight? Dinner for two?"

He was a proud guy that night going into the Berkeley with Kay. She wore a simple black dress with the flowers he had sent her that afternoon, and her hair was gold flame. She was lovely. She was the girl Johnny loved. She couldn't know that, but tonight he was going to tell her so. He was going to convince her it was not important that he hadn't known her long or seen much of her. What was important was the things he had carried in his heart these past four months.

The Air Corps and the Navy arrived with the coffee. Johnny stood up, his jaw set and pale at the corners. The Air Corps told him, "As you were."

"Sit down," Johnny said. "Sit down and I'll buy you a Mickey."

They let him have the third dance. "It must be nice to be an officer," Johnny said, when he had Kay in his arms. "I guess you told them where we'd be."

Kay said no; they must have found out from her home. "You're sore, aren't you?"

"A little . . . three days. Sunday I must go to Algiers or Eritrea or some lousy place."

"They have to go Sunday, too, Johnny. Alan goes back to his ship, and Bill doesn't know where he's being sent."

Johnny thought it over: One Sunday when he'd been at Camp Nossit about a month, Kay had come down to see her brother. That did it for Johnny. Something happened to him that had never happened before, and very quickly too. The few precious minutes in the moonlight he had been able to manage with her between dances told him what it was, but he could do nothing about it then and he had sense enough to know it. So he asked her if she would write, and she had—friendly letters once a week. Now he had come to tell her such letters weren't enough, before he took his chevrons some place to show men how American tanks should be repaired and serviced. He knew he had no right to expect too much; still he couldn't keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"Okay," he said. "Maybe I was out of line in hoping there would be some time for me—exclusively."

"Oh—" she said, and looked at him then, and there was no anger in her eyes, but something new, something he had never seen before. "I'm sorry, Johnny. I—well, I've known them a long time."

"Sure," Johnny said. "And you hardly know me at all."

The next morning Johnny Warren slept late. He awoke with a grouch and nursed it, thinking how the Air Corps and the Navy had stayed with him until Kay said good night. After lunch he went for a walk, and it wasn't until he was miles from the hotel that he realized the brand of thinking he had been using was strictly grammar school.

He stopped the cab three times on the way downtown to telephone, each time without luck. At the hotel, he found that Kay had phoned at twelve-thirty and at two, and suddenly it was a bright and happy world. He finally reached her at four. He asked about dinner and when she hesitated, something shriveled up inside him.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she said. "I tried to reach you . . . Alan and Bill asked me. I couldn't say I had a date with you."

"I guess you'd hurt their feelings if you stalled them," Johnny said.

"Please, Johnny—"

"All right." He sounded stiff in spite of himself. "Look, if it's just a question of being nice to the Armed Forces, how about saving something for a sergeant? I came up here because there's something I have to say to you. I don't know if you want to hear it and maybe there's no good reason why you should; but it's the most important thing in the world to me and somehow I hoped you'd listen."

"Oh," Kay said. "Oh." The next pause was so long it scared him, and then she said, "All right," and gave him a number on Walker Street. "As close to ten as I can make it."

THE address was only three blocks from the hotel, and that night Johnny walked it, his chin up, the uniform tight across his chest. He swung into Walker Street. Up ahead, a dimmed-out marquee suggested a night club of sorts, and he was about a hundred feet from the entrance and hurrying, when the taxi stopped and the Air Corps and the Navy got out.

For an instant then, black rage struck at him, but he shook it off and kept going, knowing what he had to do. He was going to get her alone if they court-martialed him for it.

They saw him coming and waited by the cab. His grin was tight, his voice controlled. "I guess she gave you the same number," he said. "Well, come on . . ."

The Navy shook his head, grinned ruefully and pointed.

"This is as far as we go, pal," the Air Corps said.

Johnny looked at them, not understanding. He followed the Navy's index finger, and then something very wonderful happened. Vaguely, he heard the Air Corps explain how Kay had given them the slip after dinner, but Johnny didn't get it all because he was staring at the signs on either side of the doorway. The signs said: The Canteen Club—Commissioned Officers Not Admitted.

Johnny didn't remember what he said then, or how he got inside, but in the dimly lighted foyer, Kay rose from a bench and came toward him. Then she was in front of him, and still he could not find any words to say, but stood there with his throat thick and a sudden trembling in his legs when he saw how altogether lovely she was.

"Well?" Her smile was soft and shy, and her eyes were dancing. "What was it you wanted to say, Sergeant?"

"Let's sit down," Johnny said. "Quick."

"Yes, Sergeant." Kay said, and something in her voice told him that everything was going to be all right.

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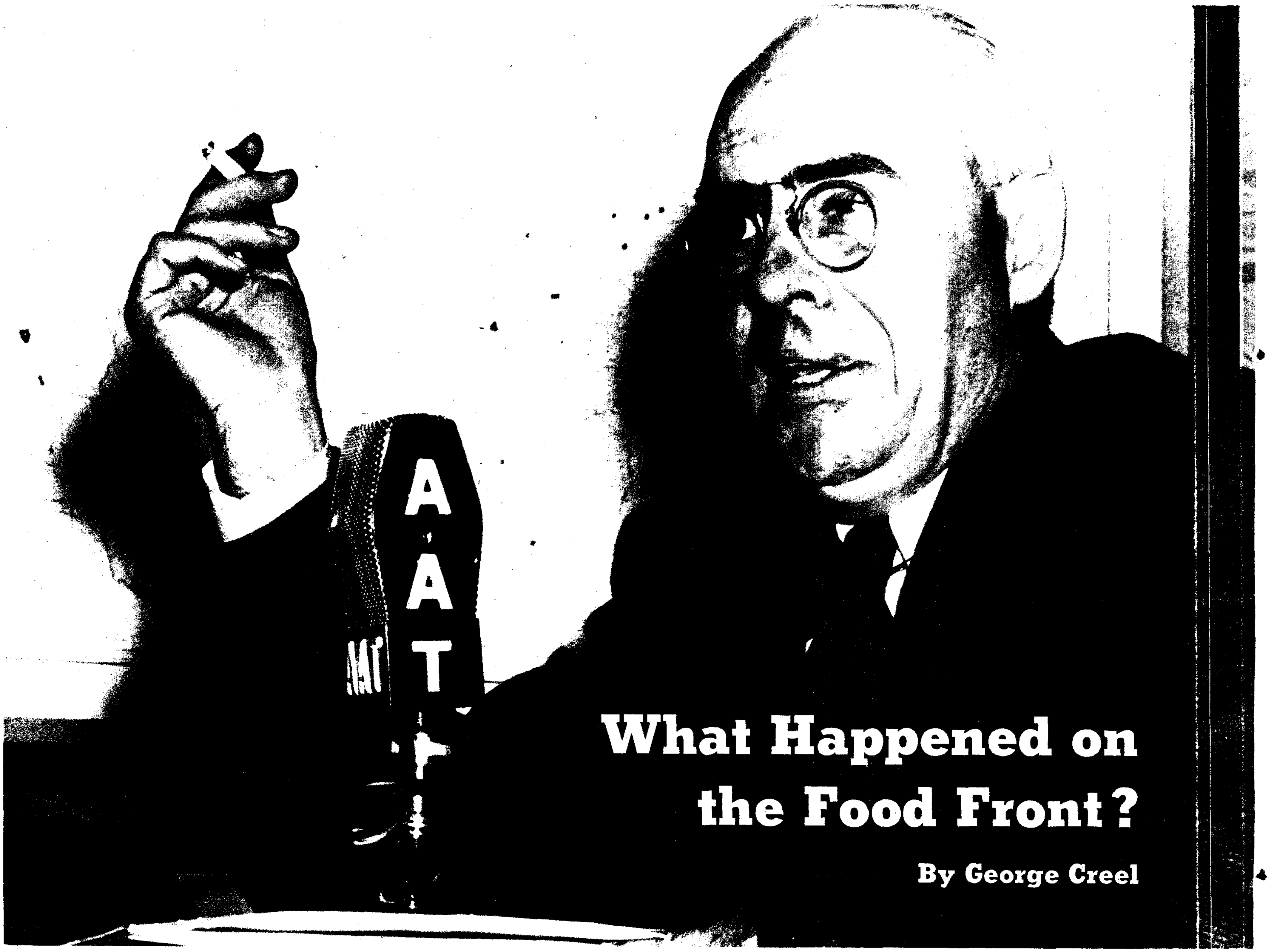

What Happened on the Food Front?

By George Creel

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Chester C. Davis, new Food Administrator, controls, among other things, production and distribution, the AAA and recruitment of farm labor

Look at the record and see for yourself why America's food supply is precariously low and getting lower—and why we're heading into a really dangerous situation unless heroic steps are taken promptly

PRESENT food shortages may seem acute, but by next winter, it is more than likely we will look back on today as a period of plenty. Chester C. Davis, the new food czar, faces a future that holds few gleams of light. Grains will hold up, but a sharp drop threatens in red meats, dairy products, eggs, poultry and the "pack" of fruits and vegetables. Talk of actual famine paints too black a picture, of course, but belt-tightening to the last notch does loom as a distinct probability for all except those rich enough to patronize black markets.

What can be done about it? Much of the damage is beyond repair, but agricultural authorities agree that the danger point can be avoided if Washington will face the realities of the situation. As they see it, the thing for Mr. Davis to do is *not* to do any of the things that *have* been done. The way out of the mess, they insist, is to quit the policies that got us into the mess.

When American farms increased their output by 13 per cent in 1942, it looked as if we were sitting on top of the world as far as food was concerned. Secretary Wickard himself felt that way, for he burst forth with the cheering announcement that an additional increase of 7 per cent could be expected in 1943. The men behind the plows, however, were less hopeful, pointing out that the Wickard goal could be reached only if several definite things were done quickly.

Inflationary wages had to be brought under control, they said. The draft must not be permitted to take essential labor away from agriculture. Farmers must be assured of an adequate supply of farm machinery and repair parts—at least two thirds of what had been bought in 1941. Prices of farm commodities must be flexible enough to keep pace with mounting costs.

The record proves that these demands were made, but it also shows that all were completely disregarded. Any control of industrial wages was specifically excluded from the first price-stabilization bill because of the threats of organized labor; as a result, plant pay soon shot up to an average of $6.77 a day as compared to the daily average of $2.49 on the farm. Workers in industry also had the 40-hour week with time and a half for overtime, while the farmer sweated from 60 to 70 hours a week. As if this was not enough, the President's Labor Day speech commanded Congress to restrict farm prices still further, even while ordering that industrial wages be left to take their course.

By way of aggravating the situation, the United States Employment Service ballyhooed the higher wages and short hours in industry until a million trained agricultural workers were lured into war plants and defense projects. Draft boards, ignoring the plain intent of the Selective Service Act, raided the farms of the country for 500,000 experienced laborers.

In November, an apprehensive Congress took the bit in its teeth and voted the deferment of all men engaged in *essential* farm labor. The Manpower Commission, however, straightway asserted the right to decide what constituted essentiality, and draft boards were eventually informed that for every sixteen "war units," a farmer would be entitled to the deferment of one worker.

Fractions for Farmers

Under this Mad Hatter scheme, a milch cow and a calf counted for a whole unit, a sow expected to farrow twice in 1943 counted two thirds of a unit, each beef-type cow one tenth, a laying hen one seventy-fifth, a ewe one thirtieth, each acre of corn one fifteenth, each acre of wheat one twentieth, and so on and on. When Senator Bankhead, in February, offered a bill to defer all persons engaged regularly in an agricultural occupation, the number of units was quietly reduced from 16 to 8, but the system itself remained unchanged.

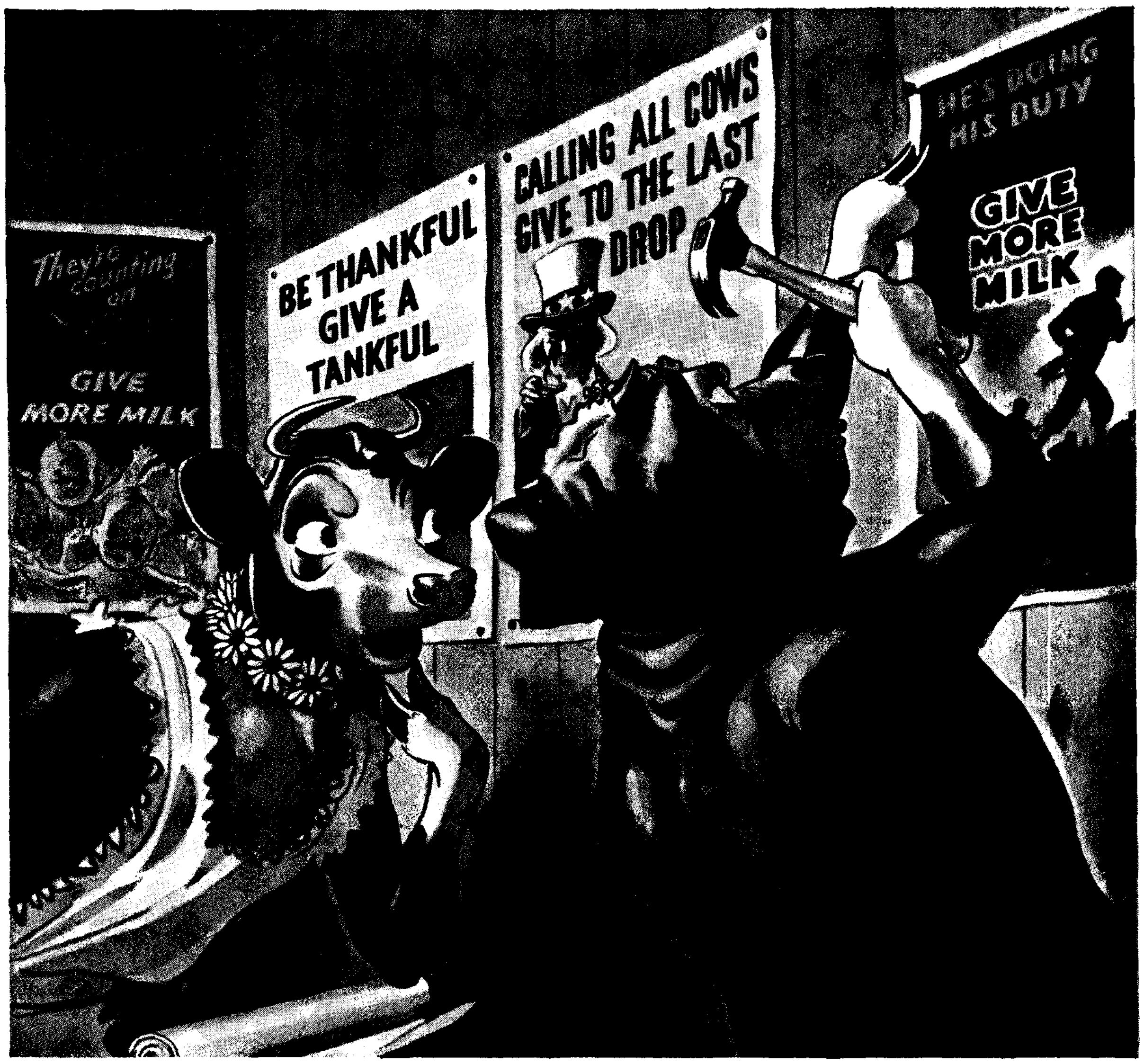
Now as to machinery and repair parts: The Office of Civilian Supply first turned Secretary Wickard down cold. Even when it was forced to realize that soldiers, sailors and defense workers had to be fed, there was only a grudging machinery allotment of 20 per cent of the 1941 purchases—one third of the actual need. The Truman Committee, barging in, forced a raise to 39 per cent, but red tape interfered with the delivery of even this inadequate amount. In one large, fertile Virginia county, only ten new implements were ready for distribution on March 10th.

Although it put farm prices under control without including wages, Congress did attempt to provide some protection for farmers by ordering that the Office of Price Administration could take no action on agricultural commodities without the advice and consent of Secretary Wickard. It was little enough, but even that little didn't last long. Leon Henderson wangled from the White House an assurance that the intent of Congress need not be heeded.

Freed from interference, OPA proceeded to fix farm prices and establish ceilings in much the manner that children play with picture puzzles. In California, New Jersey and other states, dairymen soon began to lose two and three cents a quart on milk, yet when the local authorities raised the price, Mr. Henderson promptly nullified the order. Higher wages for help and leaping prices for feed, together with stupid gas rationing—in some cases so drastic that dairy farmers could not get their trucks to the front gate—led inevitably to the slaughter or sale of dairy herds.

A ceiling on meat prices also failed to establish a differential between grass-fed steers and corn-fed steers. As a result cattle were rushed to market from the range or sold to black-market buyers. What point in feeding corn, when better

(Continued on page 68)


They're counting on
GIVE MORE MILK
BE THANKFUL GIVE A TANKFUL
CALLING ALL COWS GIVE TO THE LAST DROP
HE'S DOING HIS DUTY
GIVE MORE MILK

"Are you trying to say I'm a slacker?" gasped Elsie

"HARUMPH!" snorted Elmer, the bull. "Then, how do you explain this shortage of milk products that everyone's talking about?"

"Easily," retorted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "We cows aren't to blame at all. We're giving more milk than ever before. The shortage is due to the war."

"Sounds pretty thin to me," jeered Elmer. "You can't blame the war for everything."

"I'm not blaming," smiled Elsie, "I'm explaining. You see, it's hard for farmers to increase milk production because so many dairy hands have gone to war. On top of that, the men in our armed forces drink more milk now than they ever did as civilians. The way things are, it takes one quart of milk out of every four to supply our armed forces and Allies."

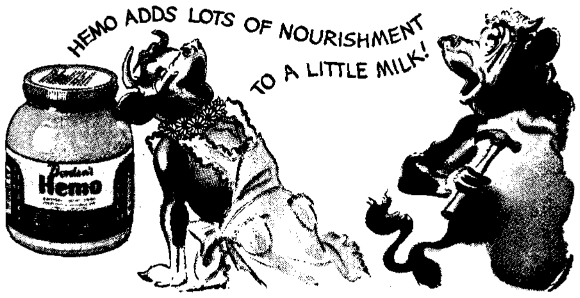
"That's all very well," bellowed Elmer, "but, war or no war, children must have milk. You cows will just have to work another shift."

"That's been suggested and we're going to try to do it," laughed Elsie. "But it isn't like making bullets. Every drop of milk requires the personal attention of a cow and the man who milks her. But don't worry. Children will get first call on all the pure, wholesome Borden's milk that's available."

CHILDREN WILL GET FIRST CALL ON BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"What about grownups?" roared Elmer. "Are they supposed to chew milkweed?"

"Of course not," replied Elsie. "In some sections, grownups may have to get along on less milk, and there won't be any milk to waste anywhere. But there's a lot of nourishment in a little milk when you add two heaping teaspoons of *Borden's Hemo* to each glass. Hemo is the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, you know."


HEMO ADDS LOTS OF NOURISHMENT TO A LITTLE MILK!
Borden's Hemo

"If there's one thing I do know," Elmer shouted, "it is that you can't help these shortages by talking about them!"

"Nothing of the kind," chided Elsie. "By talking, I can tell people the best way to use the Borden products they *can* get. For instance, I'll let them know that *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk* 'creams and sweetens' coffee at the same time."

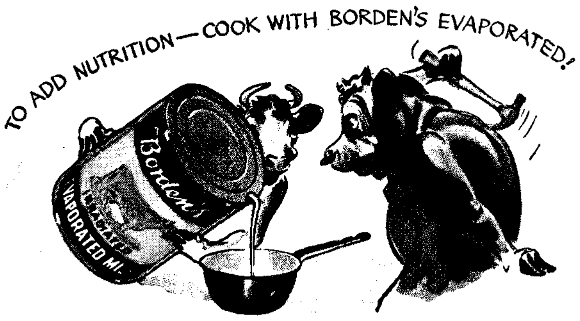
"A great idea," scoffed Elmer. "Only where can they get the coffee?"

"Don't embarrass me," giggled Elsie. "I have shortages of my own to worry about. Due to the shortage of *Borden's Ice Cream,* folks ought to use ice cream like any other nutritious food. For example, when ice cream is served for dessert, it should take the place of another milk dish in the meal."

"I suppose you expect that to end everybody's worries," sneered Elmer.

"Goodness, no," sighed Elsie. "That's just the beginning. There's going to be less *Borden's Evaporated Milk,* too. I only hope that what there is will be used first for the baby in the house. Any left over can be used in cooking to add flavor and nutritive value to those foods which *are* plentiful. That's what I call patriotic cooking!"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A REAL FOOD!


TO ADD NUTRITION—COOK WITH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"Huh," sniffed Elmer, "what's patriotic about cooking? Next, I suppose you'll be telling me that there's a patriotic way to eat."

"There is," beamed Elsie. "With cheese getting scarcer, it's certainly patriotic to eat *Borden's Fine Cheeses,* not as a side dish, but as part of a balanced one-dish meal, or in sandwiches for the lunch box. With *all* good dairy products—eat only those you need for food value. Don't eat any just to stuff yourself."

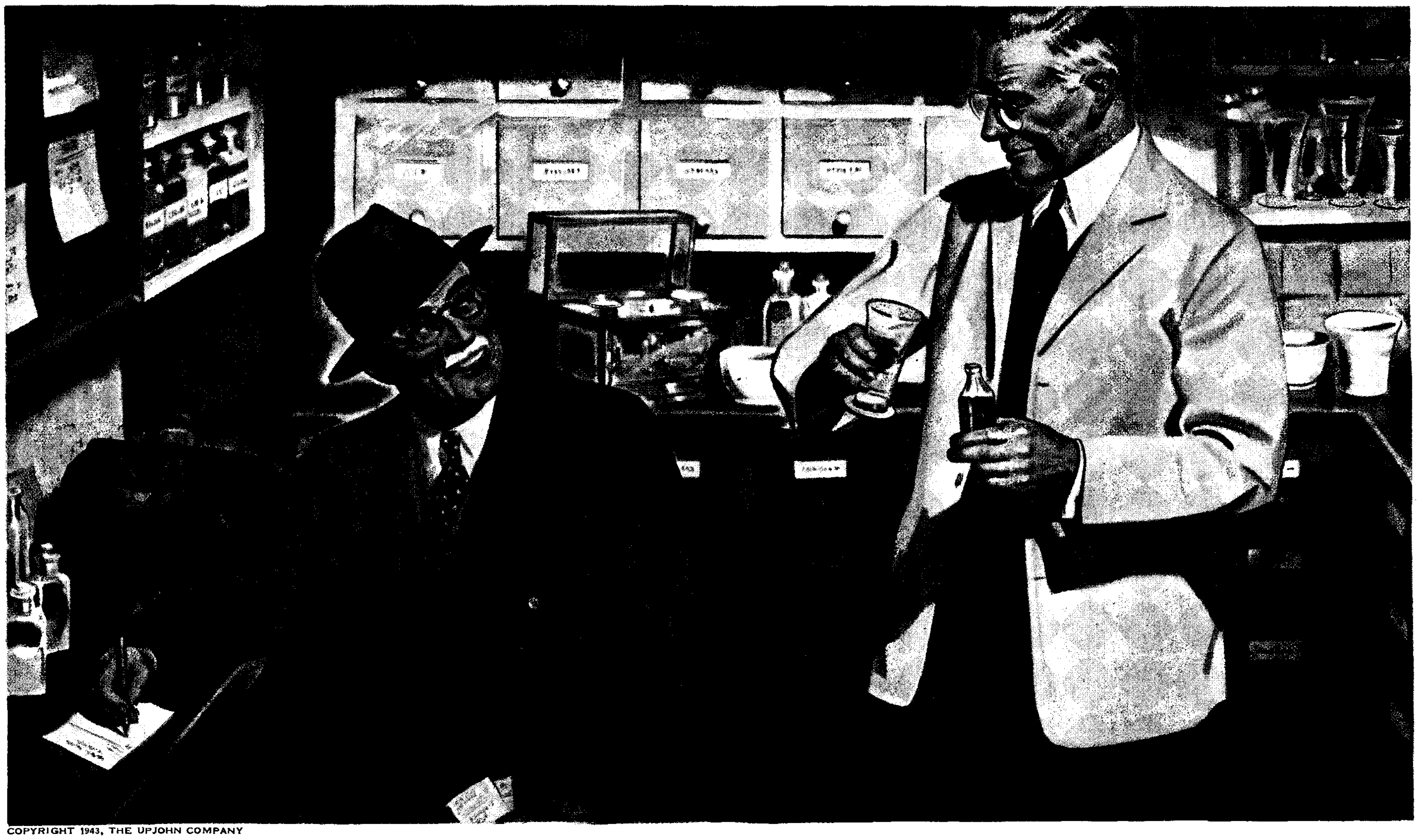
BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES HELP YOU SAVE MEAT!

"Don't look at my midriff that way," blustered Elmer: "that's not fat, that's muscle. And stop worrying me with your gloomy talk."

"Who's gloomy?" protested Elsie. "Milk producers and distributors will do everything they possibly can to see that people get the dairy products they really need. And I'm sure my friends will do their part by using dairy products carefully. I'll do my part, too. Every Borden product available will still be the kind that makes people say: *"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*

-if it's Bordens it's got to be good

© The Borden Company



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What Your Doctor Orders...

Filling a prescription is next in importance to writing it. For that reason there exists between pharmacist and doctor a close professional relationship.

And just as it takes something to be a doctor, so does it take something to be a pharmacist. It takes years of study to learn the properties and uses of drugs and medicines, and the scrupulously exact methods of compounding them. It takes a lifetime of study to keep abreast of the developments that are continually being made in the pharmaceutical field.

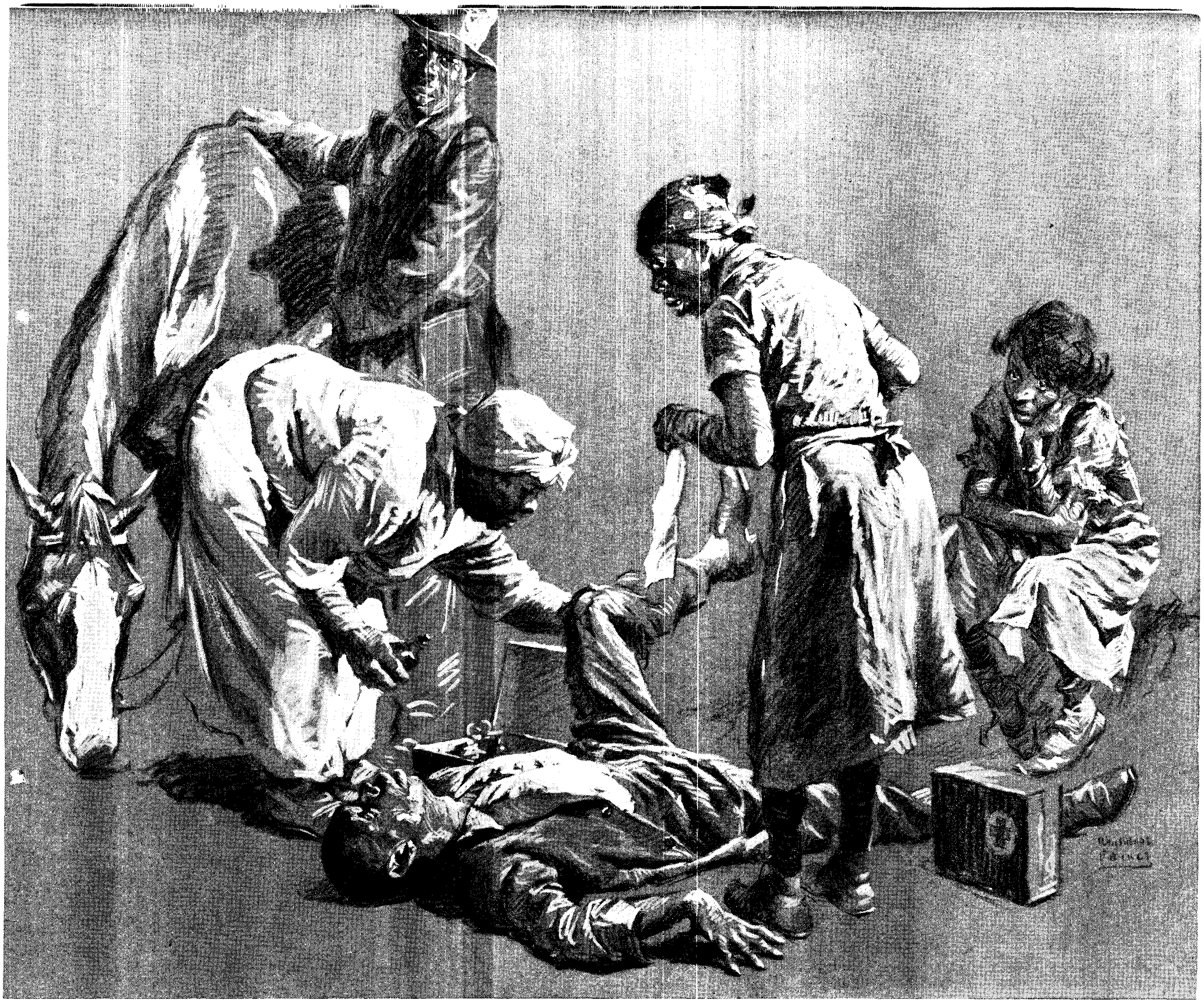
Because the pharmacist's services, like the doctor's, are vital to the health of the community, he is licensed by the State only after a searching examination into his educational background, his pharmaceutical knowledge and his integrity.

The confidence your doctor has in your pharmacist is a tribute both to the man and to the profession he serves. He merits from you the same degree of confidence that he has already earned from your doctor.

Upjohn
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

FINE PHARMACEUTICALS SINCE 1886

IT TAKES MONEY TO WIN — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Nud spread himself on the ground while the Widow Duck painted his cuts with iodine. Giles watched with curiosity

SOME CHANGES MADE

BY ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Civilian defense hits Little Bee, with dire results for Nud and Play-Mamma. They got so patriotic they forgot all about their crops

BAD luck had overtaken Giles. First trouble came at sunrise when Uncle Henry padlocked the lot gate. Plantation labor was scarce, everybody was behind in his plowing and Giles was driving hard to get the crop clean by June 'teenth. Yet, as soon as the sun broke the horizon the old lotman snapped the padlock on the gate and put the key in his pocket.

A long-standing custom on Little Bee Bend plantation, locking the gate at sunrise meant that if a man got to the barn after sunup he would lose the day's work in the field. In old times when there were more people than work, this plan had its merits. But with a war and public works high wages pulling away the men, and with good jobs in Shreveport attracting the women, Giles' labor situation was bad.

"Hit be's wrong for mens to git to de lot after sunup," Uncle Henry told Giles.

"Sho hit be's bad," Giles agreed. "But de plowin' in Nud's fiel' ain't good, too. I'd a heap druther he'd git to work after sunup den not git a-tall."

"Hit's de rule," the old lotman said.

"De rule done change," the foreman declared.

Uncle Henry shook his head mournfully. "Hit been de rule a mighty long time," he insisted.

At that moment an early-morning patrol of twin-engine bombers from Barksdale Field, five miles away, roared directly over the plantation. Giles indicated the planes with a jerk of his head.

"For a long time hit was a rule dat mankind couldn't fly," he pointed out, "but dat rule done been change."

"Yassuh," Uncle Henry admitted. "Mankind kin sho cleave de air, now."

"And de rule about not lettin' nobody git dey team outn de lot after sunup been change, too. Onlock dat gate."

"Hit be's bad to let Nud come to work late."

"I'll tend to Nud," Giles snapped. "You do like I tole you."

The weather being hot, Giles ordered a half-hour of "shading" for the mules during the morning. "And ev'ybody watch dem collars and traces, special," he said. "I don't want to see nary a collar scald on no mule's shoulder dis day."

Gaiting Prince to his fast plantation walk, Giles rode from field to field, observing the work, studying the crops and ordering such changes and adjustments as seemed good to him; the day grew hotter as the sun climbed higher.

At ten o'clock Giles rode by the barn and rang the big bell to signal the men in the field that it was time to let their teams stand in the shade.

"You spoke wid Nud, yit?" Uncle Henry asked.

Giles shook his head. "I'm too mad to speak wid him now," the plantation foreman said. "I might lose my tempers and run him off."

"What de matter wid runnin' a lot-come-later off?"

(Continued on page 43)

CRACKED WALLS
MEND'EM WITH
RUTLAND
PATCHING PLASTER
says Uncle Ned,
the How-to-fix-it man
RUTLAND
PATCHING
PLASTER

● You don't have to be an expert to repair walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes a smooth, firm patch that does not crack or fall out. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vermont.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Famous Athlete's Foot Prescription Now Compounded And Obtainable Everywhere

You can now obtain the original preparation for Athlete's Foot, which Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, prescribed for many years with such striking success. It is called Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

This remarkably effective relief acts five quick important ways: Allays intense itching; kills fungi of Athlete's Foot on contact; promotes healing of the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between toes and on feet; helps prevent infection from spreading; acts to render invasion of Athlete's Foot unfavorable. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX today. Liquid or Ointment, only 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

PREVENT ATHLETE'S FOOT

To help prevent reinfection of Athlete's Foot from shoes, spray inside with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Fungicide. Kills the fungi it reaches on insoles and shoe-linings; dispels odors caused by sweaty feet. Large bottle with sprayer 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

The All-Seeing "I"

Continued from page 13

expansion; (3) a businessman from Rostock is in Switzerland recruiting skilled workers on precision instruments; (4) a report from Latin America that a Rostock manufacturer has canceled an order for his goods; (5) special search of prisoners from Rostock shows letters saying that their women are getting jobs in "the new factories."

So if there are fixed-post spies in Rostock, they are told to send full information; if not, spies are sent there, also air photographers with telescopic equipment. The resulting map is supplied to bomber crews before they take off, together with all other information available about Rostock. When they come back, the same Intelligence officers pump them on what they saw and where—landmarks, camouflage, antiaircraft guns, searchlights, and new enemy tactics.

The radiotelephone, after airpower and photography, is the biggest Intelligence development of this war. The reports of fliers, coming in to carriers or land bases, enable Intelligence officers to keep on a big chart a running picture with notes and tables of an action being fought hundreds of miles away. One of the jeep's virtues is that it can take a radiotelephone to so many places so quickly.

Observers are trained to see through glasses from swaying treetop or fighting top, to report every tiniest detail that shows where the enemy is busiest and at what. Some catch the flash or sound of artillery fire and calculate the whereabouts of the guns. Still others intercept messages between enemy ships or ground forces which may, under the tender ministrations of the cryptanalysts, afford valuable information of enemy movements and plans. Intelligence taps enemy telephone conversations, if only because new voices mean new troops have arrived, which G-2 wants to know.

Every enemy division is indexed. What are they up to? To find out, especially trained officers just ask them. For the deepest "secret" in combat Intelligence in all armies is this common-sense fact: The most reliable news comes from the expert questioning and searching of prisoners. This information is fresher, more reliable, more easily checked than are spy reports.

Movies indicate that the Commando's foremost purpose is to stick a knife into a Nazi's back, but more often it is to bring that Nazi back alive to be searched and questioned. In 1917, our first German prisoner resisted, was bayoneted and died without telling that his comrades were then rehearsing the first German raid on American troops, which was a surprise—and a success.

In 1918, expertly handled prisoners told us virtually every major German move, offensive or defensive. They foretold, step by step, the German defense throughout our greatest battle, the Meuse-Argonne. The unique German-American Intelligence group who got these results frankly took advantage of the prisoners' shocked, depressed state; but they treated them as human beings, each with his peculiarities.

The Personal Touch

"Well, how's the beer in Munich now?" they might be asked.

A little more joking, and then, "Does Major Schmalz still stick down in that deep dugout?"

Ach! Himmel! thought the prisoner. He even knows about my battalion commander, the big *Lump!* This *Amerikaner's* pretty wise. Why not answer?

At first, three quarters of the captured officers refused to give information or just lied. But they yielded to the personal touch of former German officers who had joined forces with G-2. Most of these men were revolutionaries who had opposed the Kaiser's regime and deserted to the American Army. Others were American citizens of German birth or ancestry, who had returned to Germany when the war began, and had joined the American forces after the United States entered the war.

Unobtrusively they mingled with captured officers in the prisoners' quarters. A boy lieutenant had an entire German defense plan. Other papers gave antitank tactics, locations of battery positions. We are using the same methods today, with improvements based upon the latest psychological research.

The Japanese are no more immune to common-sense treatment. We have persuaded some to desert by loud-speaker promises of good food. A few are even willing to tell their comrades of this treatment by loud-speaker.

Air Intelligence services always ask: "Any new enemy kites today?" And if a new type of plane is reported, orders go out: "Knock one down, so we can take it apart." To prevent that, the Japanese for some time pursued every falling Zero to earth and bombed and machine-gunned it regardless of the crews. The Japs lost nearly a hundred Zeros in finding out we had put a tail gun on our Flying Fortress.

Our submarines that sink ships in Japanese harbors also report on enemy ship and convoy movements and shipyard activities. One submarine commander viewed a warship launching; many have transported Commandos on expeditions seeking information.

Thus from all sources, Army and Navy Intelligence constantly receive information—and misinformation. To find out which is which, the whole influx must always be "evaluated and interpreted."

Suppose a fixed-post spy at a German headquarters sends this report: "First panzer division moving via Y to X. Attacks in 10 days."

Finding Out in Time

Beside that report G-2 places another, in which a "train-watcher" reports as passing through Y, thirty-five trains of sixty-five cars—the number and type for a panzer division. But has the unit time to reach X, detrain, deploy and attack? Yes, perhaps it has. So our planes seek and bomb the trains and routes they are using, while ground reinforcements are moved toward X.

However sharply it may gaze into the crystal ball, can Intelligence predict the future? Yes, usually. Had O.N.I. been unhampered, it could have known more about how many aircraft carriers the Japs had, instead of being caught, as we were, flat-footed. It has foreseen many Japanese moves. But no American service has perpetrated a blunder equaling the Nazis' failure to know how wide open to invasion Britain was in 1940 or the Japs' failure to know that Hawaii was just as wide open after Pearl Harbor.

Counterespionage is also a function of the "I," but because the Army's appropriation for counterespionage was only a few thousand dollars, and large areas were covered by "one colonel, one sergeant, and one typewriter," Jap and German spies worked freely in this country before Pearl Harbor, and when war began, important Jap and German spies escaped.

Censorship on letters is important. It justifies itself if it succeeds only in curing the recruit's longing to tell his loved ones where he—and hence his unit—is. In 1942 the Army forbade using a string of X's for kisses. America was amused but it was a sensible regulation. The number and arrangement of "kisses" might constitute a code. Soldiers are taught not to write to or answer letters from people unknown to them, or to join "correspondence clubs"—an old spy trick.

And there *are* spies in the services. In January, one offered five hundred dollars for an Army code. One soldier received $3,400 for information on aviation; others received lesser sums for data on transport movements. Spies in the Army and Navy are usually arrested by the F.B.I., but largely on evidence unearthed by the Army's Counterintelligence Corps, or the Navy's similar unit. Those are the real secret services, and do not appear in court.

Whoever enters this "legion that never was 'listed' " becomes anonymous. He is chosen for initiative, toughness, and investigative experience. Nine applicants out of ten are rejected. The remainder are trained "to shoot, to shadow, to stick."

Spy hunting is mostly detail and drudgery, but there is danger, too. One operative, seeking saboteurs on an Army construction job, saw a shadow whizzing toward him, turned and ducked a heavy Stillson wrench dropped from above. Having been spotted, he was replaced by three other operatives. They got the man who had dropped the wrench.

An Invasion is Planned

G-2 and O.N.I. laid the groundwork for every offensive, including our North African expedition, the biggest overseas invasion in history. It was decided upon in July, 1942, but for a year previous, twenty-odd American observers had been in North Africa. In this country, libraries supplied books, maps, even city directories of North Africa. Nine volumes were prepared on resources, engineering problems, railroads, roads, water supply, capacity of ports and weather. Experts picked November 8th as the best day to land troops and equipment through the heavy ground swell.

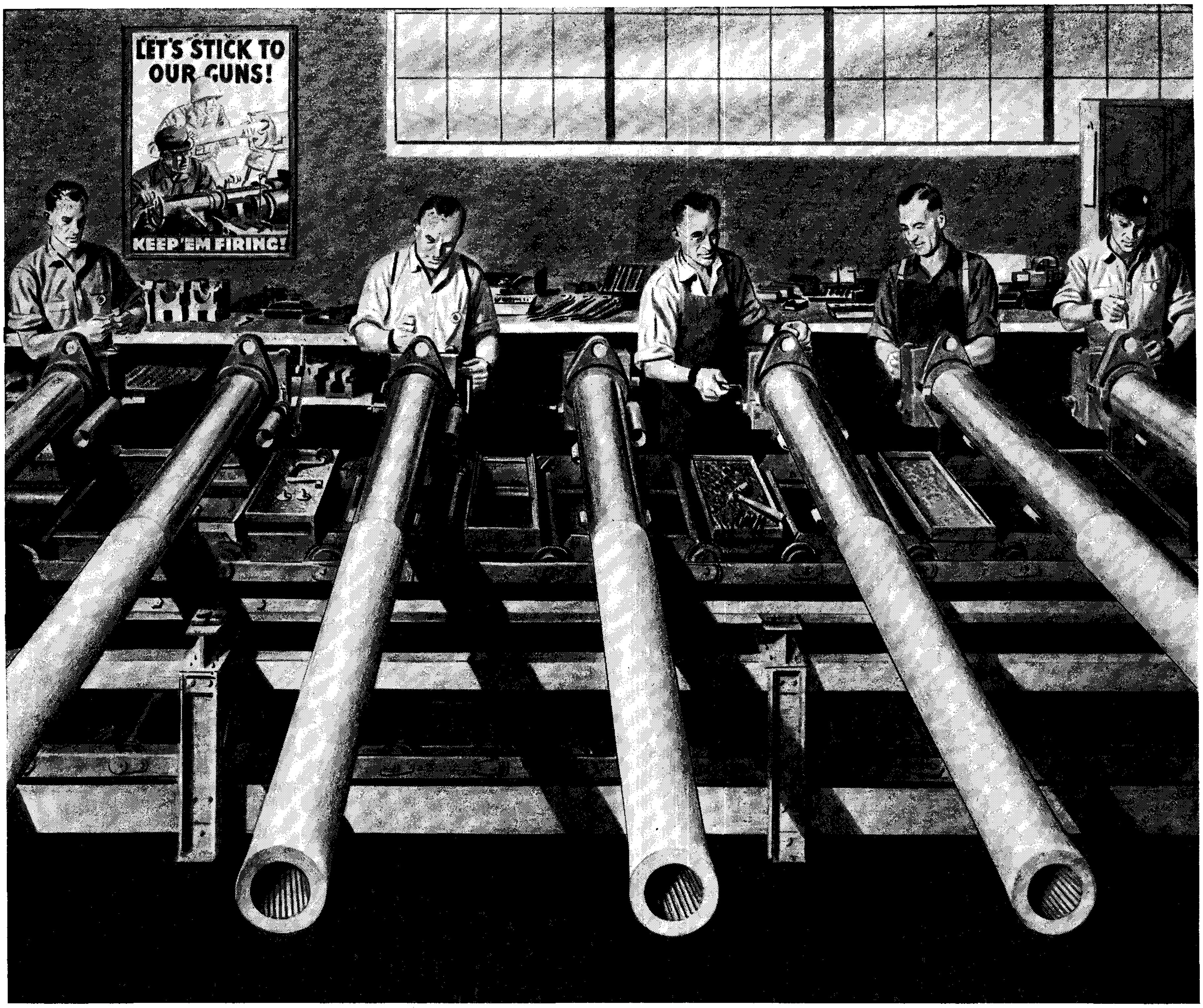
Then came the famous submarine expedition of Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark. When the invasion actually took place, our troops were guided directly to batteries and fortifications whose location was already marked on their maps. The Axis, though knowing an expedition was bound somewhere, did not know where. The reason was Allied counterespionage measures.

Four months earlier, American staff officers, discussing the plan, used, instead of place names, not even code words but gestures. G-2 set aside "Africa" offices where visitors, stenographers, even carbons, were forbidden. Lest news of large orders for supplies reach the enemy, they were spread among many purchasing offices and depots. Shipments were marked with code symbols; names of British ports meant African ports. Thousands of maps were printed of other and misleading objectives.

Staff officers were sent elsewhere to "arrange for American troop movements," and news of their movements was allowed to "leak" to that world spy center, Lisbon.

German Intelligence was furious. We had beaten them at a game at which they considered themselves masters; the co-ordination of all methods of warfare; conventional and unconventional. Which is pretty good for a bunch of amateurs at a game so complicated. In learning we are aided by our progress, by our wealth of recruits among the millions of loyal Americans born in every country on earth, including the Axis countries. Our relative inexperience is counterbalanced by imagination, initiative and adaptability and, above all, by just native horse sense. Guileless Uncle Sam can build the best Intelligence service in the world.

THE END


LET'S STICK TO OUR GUNS!
KEEP 'EM FIRING!

In the *"Shooting End"* of the Business!

Oldsmobile Specializes in "Fire-Power." Its Four Great Plants are Rolling Out Cannon and Shell—for Planes, Tanks, Artillery and Ships!

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

Fighting asset number one in modern warfare—whether it's fought in the air, on land, or at sea—is *"fire-power,"* the destructive power of cannon, guns, and shell of all sizes and calibers. Fighter planes basically are "wings" that fly "fire-power" to the spot where it will do the most good. Tanks are a specialized type of gun-carrier, designed to bring "fire-power" into the field of action. Warships, too, are floating "gun platforms" which carry their huge cannon within range of enemy ships or enemy shores. "Get there fustest with the mostest *fire-power*" might be called the cardinal rule of all modern strategy.

That's why Oldsmobile's job of producing "fire-power"—in great variety and even greater volume—is so important to the Allied war effort. Oldsmobile builds automatic cannon for our planes to carry into battle—long-range, hard-hitting cannon for our tanks—high explosive and armor-piercing shell for artillery, tanks and tank-destroyer units—plus shell for naval weapons. All of this equipment is being built right now—in quantity—and fast. We're in the "shooting end" of the business, and will be until the shooting ends . . . on the day when Victory is final!

You can help bring Victory closer by *lending*—not giving—your dollars. Buy a United States War Bond today!

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★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF *"FIRE-POWER"* FOR THE U. S. A. ★

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"The Blend of Experience"

A nation-wide symbol of Good Taste
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BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

INCIDENT AT KASBA-MEHDIA. A strange thing about American soldiers is that so many of them think—with reason—that they're Sergeant Yorks. Second Lieutenant Charles Dushane and Corporal Frank L. Czar, helped by three enlisted men, were on the prowl with the American invasion forces at Kasba-Mehdia, in French Morocco. They were assigned to do something about an old lighthouse from which the enemy was pouring out streams of machine-gun and rifle bullets. They snaked their way through the hail of enemy lead, cut through the heavy barbed wire, battered their way into the lighthouse and captured twelve of the enemy, together with an arsenal that could—and probably would—have killed scores of American soldiers.

Later the same day our troops were withdrawing from a near-by village. The situation was what the military experts call "unfavorable." When the retreat was on the verge of being a mess, Dushane and Czar found an antitank gun previously abandoned by the enemy, but now right in the path of their advance. Part of the breech had been removed, presumably so the weapon couldn't be used by the Americans—which was wishful thinking. In plain view of the Heinies, Dushane stuffed a shell into the muzzle, closed what was left of the breech, and fired the gun by shooting at the base of the shell with his submachine gun. Czar's job was to aim, and this he did so effectively that one enemy tank was destroyed and the German advance was delayed long enough to organize the American withdrawal. Dushane was killed by machine-gun bullets as he stood there loading the busted old gun. Czar survived.

TIME ON HIS HANDS. Second Lieutenant Arthur C. Edson was riding in a half-track truck toward Oran in the early days of the invasion. His platoon was supporting two medium tanks, one of which was destroyed by an enemy shell. Edson went on toward La Senia. Suddenly he saw that there was not another vehicle in sight. He learned by radio that the others had been ordered back. He turned around to do likewise, when his truck broke down—right beside a column of enemy trucks.

Figuring an offense is the best defense in an impossible situation, Edson and his men opened up on the column with everything they had. The upshot of the whole furious fracas was that Edson borrowed four of the enemy trucks and used them for two purposes—to tow his truck, and to carry fifty prisoners to La Senia.

He was now so far ahead of the rest of his force he had to wait for them to catch up. He whiled away the time making a truce with the local officers in charge, taking over some 300 prisoners and making it easy for the following task force to take a lot more prisoners with very little disturbance.

FIRE FIGHTER ALOFT. Staff Sergeant Vernon W. Ohland of Spokane, Washington, was one of the gunners of a bomber that was jumped by a Messerschmitt over Africa. A 20-mm. cannon shell collided with Sergeant Ohland's leg just about the time fire broke out on the plane. Ohland stayed with his gun until the fighter was driven off, then dragged his mangled leg the length of the fuselage, borrowed a fire extinguisher from up front, crawled back and put out the fire. "He may have" saved the ship and the lives of its crew, the War Department decided.

PERSISTENCE. Technician Fourth Grade Lemoyne R. Cunningham distinguished himself near Djedeida, Tunisia, by being stubborn. The tank he was driving was hit squarely by a German antitank gun and caught fire. Cunningham helped get the surviving crew members out, then went back in and tried to quench the fire with an extinguisher. When that didn't work, he climbed out and, with bullets splattering all around, began unloading all the inflammable material he could. Then he shoveled earth on the back end of the tank, thinking he might beat the fire that way. None of it worked, but nobody can say Cunningham didn't try.

FRIEND IN NEED. Staff Sergeant Kermit T. Skaggs introduced a note of chivalry near Mateur. A tank next to him was on fire, but the crew couldn't get out because German bullets were plastering it continuously. Skaggs wheeled his tank around so it caught all the bullets, and the trapped crew escaped.

SOUTH SEA MYSTERY. Lieutenant Gordon E. Firebaugh, a Navy flier, was on a routine patrol off a carrier in the South Pacific when a swarm of Zeros tackled him. After accounting for several of them, his own plane burst into flames. He tried to hit the silk but got fouled up and was dragged back into the flames. He was badly burned about the face, arms and legs, and dangerously close to the water by the time he got clear and got his chute open. He hit the water so hard he went out cold.

When he came to, he felt such pains in his back that he feared it was broken. He tried to inflate his Mae West, but the fire had burned leaks in it. There was an island several miles off. He discarded the Mae West and began to swim toward it, on his

Heroism and mystery, adventure and tragedy are written into the factual reports from our fighting fronts

ACME

back. Every stroke was torture. Darkness came, and rain. The rain tasted good but blotted out the stars, his only means of keeping on his course. Then it stopped. Before dawn, he made the island.

It was uninhabited. His burns were already beginning to fester and draw insects. He found the only food on the island—coconuts—but he couldn't open them. The one bright spot was that his back was only sprained, not broken.

In two days, he fashioned a makeshift raft and set out for a neighboring island. There he was met by natives whose appearance chilled him to the marrow. They carried spears and wore nose rings; their black skin bore strange designs in white paint. One, named Silas, spoke English. Firebaugh asked if there was a missionary on the island. There was. He turned out to be a fierce-looking black.

Late that day a native runner appeared from the jungle. He knew every detail of what had happened to the lieutenant. Yet the officer had not talked to a soul about the details of his experiences, and much of the time had been spent on the deserted island. How the runner had come into possession of the information, Firebaugh today cannot explain.

When the runner established the fact that Firebaugh was an enemy of the Japanese, the natives became friendly. They poured foul-smelling liquids on Firebaugh's festering burns—and the burns miraculously healed! After a fortnight, Firebaugh was returned, in a native canoe, to an island occupied by United States forces. He says he's going back some day to solve the mystery of the runner's knowledge and the miraculous cures.

RETURN OF PRIVATE WYNN. One night Marine Private Wallace E. Wynn and a buddy named Joe found themselves deep inside the enemy lines on Guadalcanal. They had been chased there when they had been cut off from their platoon during hard fighting that afternoon. "Play dead!" Wynn hissed at Joe as a Jap patrol neared. Three little yellow men stopped where Private Wynn and his buddy were stretched out. The Marines had made themselves deliberately taut, so that they would be deathly stiff to the touch. One of the Japs leaned down and touched Wynn, running his hand the length of the Marine's body. Joe's *rigor mortis* act was convincing. The patrol went on.

Wynn and Joe were awakened by shellfire; the Marines were blasting the territory. The two went deeper into the jungle. Wynn spotted several single Japs and beat them to the trigger-squeeze. About noon, six Japs saw the boys before the boys saw them. Three high-tailed it, and three rushed Wynn and Joe. Joe drew two of the three, and Wynn the other. Wynn's Jap was fast and clever. His bayonet was fixed, and he somehow managed to duck the American's bullets and close in. He knocked Wynn's rifle out of his hand and aimed his bayonet at the Marine's heart. As the point of the bayonet touched his chest, Wynn turned sideways and let his knees buckle. The bayonet went through *his flesh parallel to his chest instead* of through it.

When he hit the ground, Private Wynn grabbed his rifle. The Jap was poised for another thrust, but Wynn got him through the heart. On his feet again, his shirt crimson, Wynn spotted Joe being chased by two Japs. Joe had lost his rifle. Before Wynn could draw a bead, one of the Japs sank his bayonet through Joe's back. Wynn shot the two Japs, buried Joe, and walked deeper into the jungle, tears streaming down his face.

Just before dusk, Wynn found himself at the edge of a clearing where a dozen Japs were eating. They saw each other simultaneously. Wynn knew his number was up this time, unless he pulled a rabbit out of the hat.

He turned his back on the Nips, barked orders into the jungle, and moved his right arm in a "Come on!" gesture. The Nips didn't tarry to give the once-over to any of Wynn's imaginary comrades, and he found himself alone again. Having lost his ration kit, he ate the food that the Japs left.

That night the Japs, now wise to the ruse, began to hunt him down. All night long, he heard them, sometimes within a few feet. At dawn, when the Japs gathered for breakfast, he slipped away and continued his efforts to get back to Henderson Field. On the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth days, he got exactly nowhere. Never an hour passed during the day that he didn't flee from or kill a Jap. At night, he heard them talking and laughing in bivouac.

By this time he had lost all count of kills. He shot wildfowl for food, and ate the meat raw, afraid that fire smoke would betray him. When thirst became intolerable he sucked rain water from rotted tree bark. The bayonet wound in his chest worried him because of the noise it made. Every time he inhaled or exhaled, the air would make a whistling sound. By the thirteenth day he had lost fifty pounds.

On that thirteenth day he saw a helmeted figure crouched in some tall grass. He was drawing a bead when the figure removed its helmet. The hair under the helmet was blond! The Marines had broken through the Jap line, and another hero had come back to tell the tale. ★★★

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?

1. **SCRATCH YOUR HEAD** and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!

2. **YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS** with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin★. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

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contains LANOLIN★

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GROOMS THE HAIR
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Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage. Dampen hair with water and comb.
CONTAINS
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CONTENTS 5 FL. OZ.
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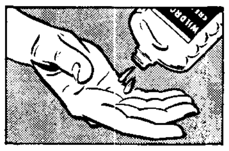
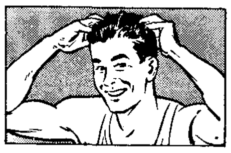
EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!

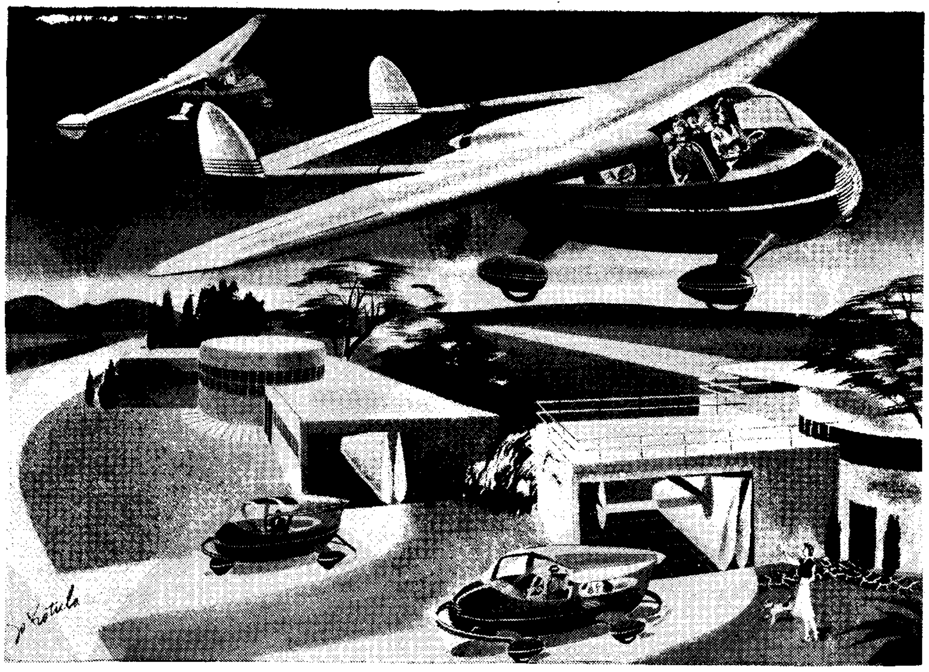


Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.



Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



JO KOTULA

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

An amazing new world is in the making in the plants and laboratories now devoted to war. A lifetime of progress in physics, chemistry, electricity and every other science has already been achieved in the few months of the emergency. Much more is on the way. When victory releases this great flood of new knowledge and new techniques, we shall suddenly begin to live in the twenty-first century. Through the fogs of military secrecy, the outlines of this new world are already to be seen. Collier's has asked Mr. Woodbury to report some of the startling changes you can expect in it

Glass, Glass, Glass

GLASS will serve you tomorrow in ways that today seem absurd. Because it will be almost perfectly elastic and unbreakable, it may be made into springs for watches and clocks. Because it will be resistant to corrosion, you will probably have a glass ruler in your tool chest, nonrustable and entirely insensitive to changes in temperature. Because it will be beautiful in its endless variety of colors, you will use it throughout your home—in furniture, in decorations, even in the walls and ceilings. You will probably own an all-glass bathroom with a glass tub and washbowl and toilet and colored glass piping. You will wonder then how you could ever have made out with the crude fixtures of a former day.

New Horsepower in Your Service

A highly technical laboratory test, carried on continuously for eleven years, has just ended—a test that will have a profound effect upon your life tomorrow. In that test, small pieces of special alloy were held under tension at red heat in a machine that measured their stretch or "creep." Metallurgists had succeeded in creating a new metal, a combination of chromium, nickel and molybdenum, for use in steam turbines and other power-generating machines such as Diesel engines and airplane motors—an alloy which would permit these giants to operate at temperatures heretofore impossible, because it does not fail even when red hot.

How will it affect you? In this way: The greater the temperature range over which power is derived from coal and oil, the greater the proportion that goes into useful work and not up the chimney or out of the exhaust pipe as lost heat. Even a few per cent better energy-recovery from fuel means enormous saving—enormous reduction in cost. An airplane engine that runs at red heat can be smaller, lighter, better streamlined for safer and faster air travel. An automobile motor whose cylinder heads can stand the heat of higher compression will burn less gas, be more flexible, cheaper to run.

As a consequence, you will benefit by paying less for many products. You will have cheap electricity to use for luxuries like heating and cooking, for new gadgets that will fill your future home. Your car will run sweeter and farther and be more agile for the same cost per mile.

Movable Rooms

Your apartment tomorrow will have an innovation no apartment ever had before. There will be movable walls in it, made of glass brick, that can be put up or taken down in a day. With these, you will be able to change a big bedroom into two small ones or to turn the end of the living room into a private study.

You can have a few spacious rooms for summer coolness and then snug down for the winter by cutting up the space with glass walls.

This will not be like a thin partition; it will be a solid, soundproof means of changing the design of your abode. The glass bricks will not be laid in mortar as formerly, but will be set together with wooden keys that will lock them tight. A few hours' work will set up the wall wherever you want it, and if it doesn't work out well, it can be taken down and moved. When not in use, the wall can be stored in the basement in boxes.

Such walls can be of great use in offices and in private homes too. They will be light enough so that no extra floor strength will be needed.

Buttons to Beat the Laundry

The case of the missing shirt button will be solved in your life tomorrow. A new plastic can be turned into buttons that are perfect imitations of real pearl—better than those made from vegetable pearl or the synthetics that we now use. Buttons today come off in the wash because they are built up of very thin laminations, which soon expose sharp edges and cut the thread holding them to the garment. Tomorrow's buttons will have no laminations or sharp edges to saw the thread, and since the button thread will outlast the fabric, they will stay on until the garment is in rags.

(This is the first of a series. Mr. Woodbury will keep Collier's readers abreast of such developments in future issues.)

Remember Dutch Harbor

Continued from page 17

severed the carbon dioxide fire-extinguisher line at the fire wall of the engine compartment. When this line opened, the fire was put out. His engine dead, his plane badly damaged by the blast, Lieutenant Thies nursed the ship back 300 miles to its base at Dutch Harbor. Repair crews changed the engine, repaired the wing and tail surfaces of the ship, and it departed on another bombing mission 36 hours later.

Fresh Japanese reinforcements were constantly arriving at Kiska under cover of the fog. On June 26th, Lieutenant J. E. Litsey, piloting a PBY, observed what appeared to him to be a new heavy cruiser inside Kiska Harbor, ten miles away. As he approached from the west to photograph this cruiser, he was jumped by a single-engined, single-float biplane appearing suddenly over the hill. Thinking this was the usual type of Jap observation plane, which had consistently refused to come within gun range even of the PBYs, he had no thought of danger until it was almost on top of him. Then he discovered that it was a brand-new type of float Zero, with a speed of at least 250 knots and four fixed guns.

A Narrow Escape

The Jap attacked savagely, and Litsey barely escaped into the overcast. On his return to Dutch Harbor, he found he had sixty bullet holes in his plane, and his starboard engine was badly damaged. Thereafter, all PBYs were released by the task force commander from further responsibility for attack missions, which were assigned to the more suitable bombers of the Army Air Forces.

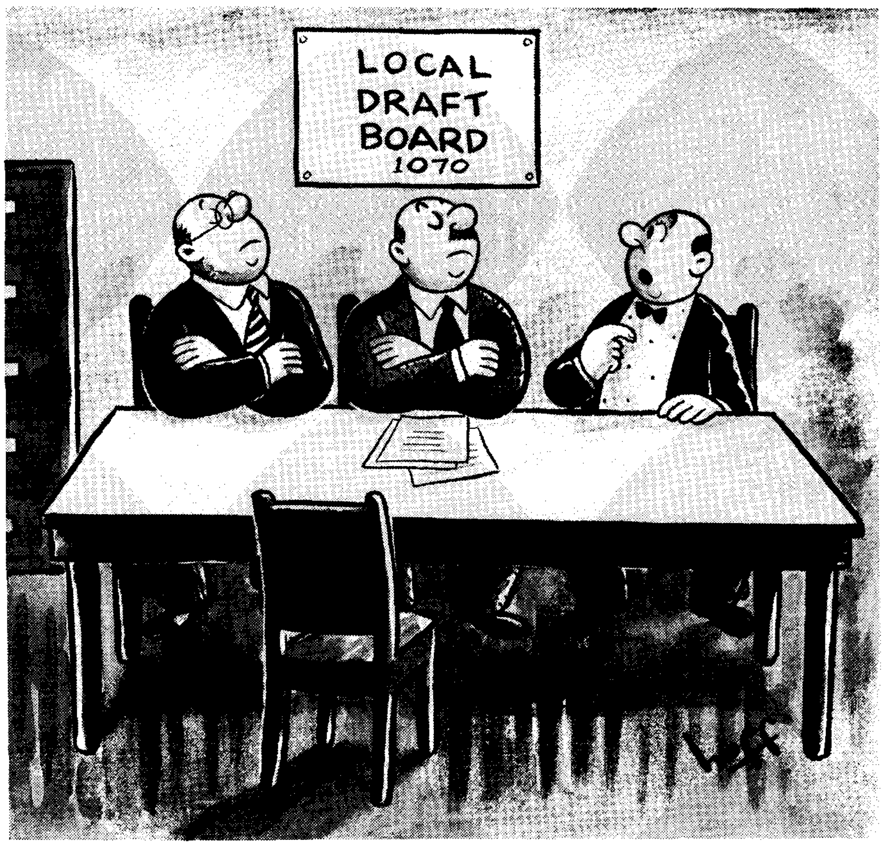
Week after week, the cloud banks hung low over the water, the visibility was zero-zero. During the first three months after Dutch Harbor, there were only six days when we could do successful high-altitude bombing. Whenever the storm abated sufficiently, our long-range Fortresses and Liberators would essay the hazardous 1,200-mile round-trip flight between Umnak and Kiska, struggling back to their base through fog and hurricane and icing clouds, barely missing uncharted mountain peaks that grazed their wings in the darkness, often arriving home with less than ten minutes' gas left in their tanks.

Bombing missions without fighter protection were perilous. Zeros were everywhere; perhaps a hundred of them were shot down during this period.

For six long weeks, the Jap fleet cowered in Kiska Harbor, evidently awaiting an avenging attack by our surface vessels. None ever came. The sole surface action occurred early in August, when a small unit crept westward under cover of fog, halted ten miles offshore, sent one terrific broadside thundering through the fog, and then turned and went back to wait for better weather.

Encouraged, the Japs decided about this time to unpack their bags and stay. Toward the middle of August, our pilots began bringing back reports of sudden and furious activity on Kiska. Road construction was started; two seaplane hangars and ramps were built; huts and camp buildings were hastily thrown up, sandbagged and revetted; a submarine base was constructed west of Salmon Lagoon. Telegraph poles, brought all the way from Japan, lined the company streets. New gun emplacements were dug on North and South Heads, underground passages were channeled beneath the rocks, and antiaircraft grew steadily more intense. With Oriental thoroughness, they even gave Kiska Island a new name: Narukima, which means Ringing of the Gods. What that means is anybody's guess.

But while the Japs were developing their own base, our Army engineers were not idle. On an island in the Andreanof group, only a fighter plane hop from Kiska, Intelligence scouts had secretly surveyed a site for a new landing field. Now, as August drew to a close, one of the most remarkable armadas of the war set sail from the Alaska mainland under the protecting cover of a Navy convoy and the ever vigilant PBYs. There were lumbering transports, a few old freighters, a fishing scow or two, several converted barges, a side-paddle river boat, even a little tug hauling a four-masted schooner



COLLIER'S "Who, me?" SIDNEY HOFF

SENTRIES On Motorized Life Lines

TANK OIL FILTER PANEL—built by AC since Pearl Harbor.

AUTOMOTIVE OIL FILTER — built by AC since 1926.

THERE is nothing heroic about that battery of oil filters clamped against the engines of General Sherman tanks. But, without them, those engines would shortly be wrecked.

To prevent this, the Army equips with Oil Filters built to exacting Army standards; tested for durability and efficiency at home—and now, in battle; these filters stand constant guard against dirt in lubricating and fuel oil,—life's blood of the power plants.

Except for size and certain details, these Army AC Oil Filters are identical with those which have kept engine and fuel oil clean, for years, for millions of American motorists. Both are scientifically engineered. Both are precision built.

Army mechanics and tank crews know that those filters *must* be kept functioning. So, the elements are changed in strict accordance with Army procedure.

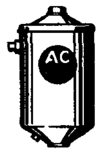
That's why *your* engines, too, need oil filter protection, and why the element should be replaced regularly.

Conservation is the order of today. And it is easy to get through the service which America's mechanics are now rendering. This is being augmented by contacts from AC, carrying to all service organizations the latest and most practical methods of diagnosis and repair for AC products. Details of this Service are given in the panel below. For your own sake, and to conserve America's precious gasoline, oil, and tires, we urge you to *use* that service.

When replacement is needed, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

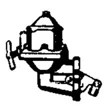
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, which causes increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.



FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once*.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

I SHARE MY CAR

"We aren't going anywhere. We just came along to enjoy your Sir Walter Raleigh"

WHEREVER YOU GO, you'll find you get more real pleasure from your pipe if you'll follow two simple rules. First—clean it regularly. And then—always fill 'er up with mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's the brand of *grand* aroma . . . *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

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Smokes as sweet as it smells

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OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Weather is a greater hazard in the Aleutians than Japs. Here a U. S. Navy ground crew dislodges a PBY stuck in the snow

loaded to the gunwales with gasoline. Every hold was crammed with guns, crates, construction gear; every inch of deck space was jammed with men.

Curtained by dense fog—and for once, everyone gave devout thanks for the foul weather—the strange flotilla headed westward. No Jap patrol plane marred the murky skies, no prowling submarine spotted them from the sea, as the convoy crept at a snail's pace past the dangerous reefs and shoals that mark the shores of the Andreanofs, breasted the mountainous tides, and anchored safely at last in the shelter of the island.

The rattle of chains in the hawsepipes had scarcely died away before our troops under full field equipment had clambered down the rope nets into the landing barges. Driving rain and icy seas soaked them to the skin; but at least the storm insured the landing operations against air attack. Artillery protection was quickly established. Jeeps, command cars, caterpillar tractors, trucks splashed toward the beach.

All Hands Pitch In

The members of the ground crews pitched in and carried on their backs the equipment for the base that was fast taking shape under the noisy activity of bulldozers and caterpillars. For ten days, they worked in sopping clothes, ate out of tin cans and snatched occasional hours of sleep in the mud and rain.

The expedition landed on Sunday, August 30th. On Friday, September 11th, the vanguard of a squadron of fighter planes dropped out of the gray skies onto a finished runway. Two days later, the first B-24s landed beside them. Although the Japs did not know it at the time, the mission that paid them a blasting visit on September 14th took off from an island airfield that had been a wasteland of tundra and volcanic slag only fifteen days before.

At last with a base only a couple of hundred miles from the enemy, we were able to cut down the worst of our weather losses and to put a striking force of fighters and medium bombers over Kiska. That initial visit was in the nature of a celebration. The mediums went in over Kiska Harbor at fifty feet—believed to be the first deck-level mission ever conducted by U. S. bombers—and destroyed three large transports. Fighter planes swarmed over the target like small boys raiding an apple orchard, shot up everything on the water and shot down everything in the air. At least five Zeros were accounted for that afternoon.

Our only casualty occurred when two P-38s, in their eagerness, collided on the tail of the same Zero. The high light of the day was when a fighter pilot, straying from the west, discovered a lone Jap far out on the tundra with his pants down, and chased him delightedly as he scrambled over the hummocks and boulders.

The Japs never returned our visits in force. Once or twice, a lone plane came over with a couple of bombs and dropped them in the vicinity of our base, usually about three or four in the morning.

"He'd always come around when the moon was full," one of the pilots recalled wistfully, "and we'd stand around and watch him. We all called him Good-Time Charlie. Radio Tokyo claimed that he blasted our base out of the Pacific, but actually he did no damage. A couple of weeks after his final raid, we found the wreckage of his plane on the beach. We sort of missed him."

Week after week, month after month, the aerial slugging match went on. All fall and winter and spring, amid the foulest flying conditions anywhere in the world, the Navy patrol planes would scout the lonely seas. Now and then, when the skies opened up for a few precious hours, Army bombers and fighters would take off to drop another lethal load on the enemy's well-bastioned fortress. They knew the staggering toll the weather was taking in ships and men; they knew the hopelessness of dislodging the enemy by intermittent bombing raids alone; but they knew that slowly, ever so slowly, we were inching westward closer and closer to the Kiska guns, and our forces were readying themselves during the spring for that all-out offensive which would drive the invader forever from our islands.

"There are many roads which lead right to Tokyo," President Roosevelt said recently, "and we shall neglect none of them."

Perhaps, when the time comes to strike at the heart of Japan, this ancient land bridge across the Pacific may prove once more a vital link between the Old World and the New. Perhaps one road of invasion will lead westward, across these snow-capped peaks and sullen seas, direct to Tokyo.

THE END

Some Changes Made

Continued from page 35

"He got a crop to make, and efn I runs him off, who gonter make hit?"

"Woods is full er croppers," said Uncle Henry.

"Not no mo'," said Giles. "De Army is full of 'em and de public works is full of 'em. But not de woods. Dat's another rule done been change."

"Hunh!" snorted the old lotman. "I spunt might' nigh fawty years on Little Bee learnin' de rules. Den, quick as I gits 'em learnt, somebody come along and change 'em. I won't put up wid hit."

"You won't?" demanded Giles. "What you aimin' to do?"

"Quit," Uncle Henry said patly. "I'm gonter run off and quit and git me a job in de public works."

"Dat'd jest about fix ev'ything," Giles said gloomily. "Hot weather and shawthanded and nobody to watch out for collar galls and sore shoulders and all. You ain't much account but you kin doctor de fire outn a sore shoulder. So you run off and dat'd jest about do us all up."

UNCLE HENRY chuckled. "Aw, go 'haid, Giles," he chided. "I ain't fixin' to do no setch. But I does git powerful tired er learnin' how to do things and den git de rules changed on me, right in de middle er plowin' season."

"I git de rules changed on me, too," Giles pointed out. He looked at his watch and pulled the bell rope. "Time to git ev'ybody plowin' agin," he announced.

"I bet ev'ybody hyared de fust bong er de git-in-de-shade bell," Uncle Henry laughed, "but I bet ain't hardly nobody hyared de git-back-to-work bell. Dat's somethin' nobody kin change de rules about."

Giles swung into the saddle. "Me and Prince is fixin' to do dat right now," he said as he rode off.

Nud, Giles found, was asleep in the shade.

Giles yelled, "You, Nud! Why ain't you plowin'?"

"I must 'a' drapped off," Nud apologized, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"You's mighty tootin' you drapped off," Giles growled. "Can't you git enough sleep at night?"

Nud stood up and stretched. "Well, Mist' Giles," he explained, "I'm so busy at night, dese days—"

"Yo' business is in de daytime."

"Yassuh," agreed Nud. "Only f'm what de man say, ev'body got to he'p out in de war. So I and Play-Mamma jined up in what dey calls de O.C.&D. Me, I'm fixin' to be de Senior Air Raid Warden and Play-Mamma, she got named as Block Leader."

Giles glared so fiercely Nud stopped talking. "Speak on," Giles ordered. "I ain't hyared a word about how come you can't git enough sleep ev'y night."

Nud hitched his belt and started again. "De lodge is over at Benton and hit don't costes no jues to jine. Hit's free."

"So you jined on account er hit's free?"

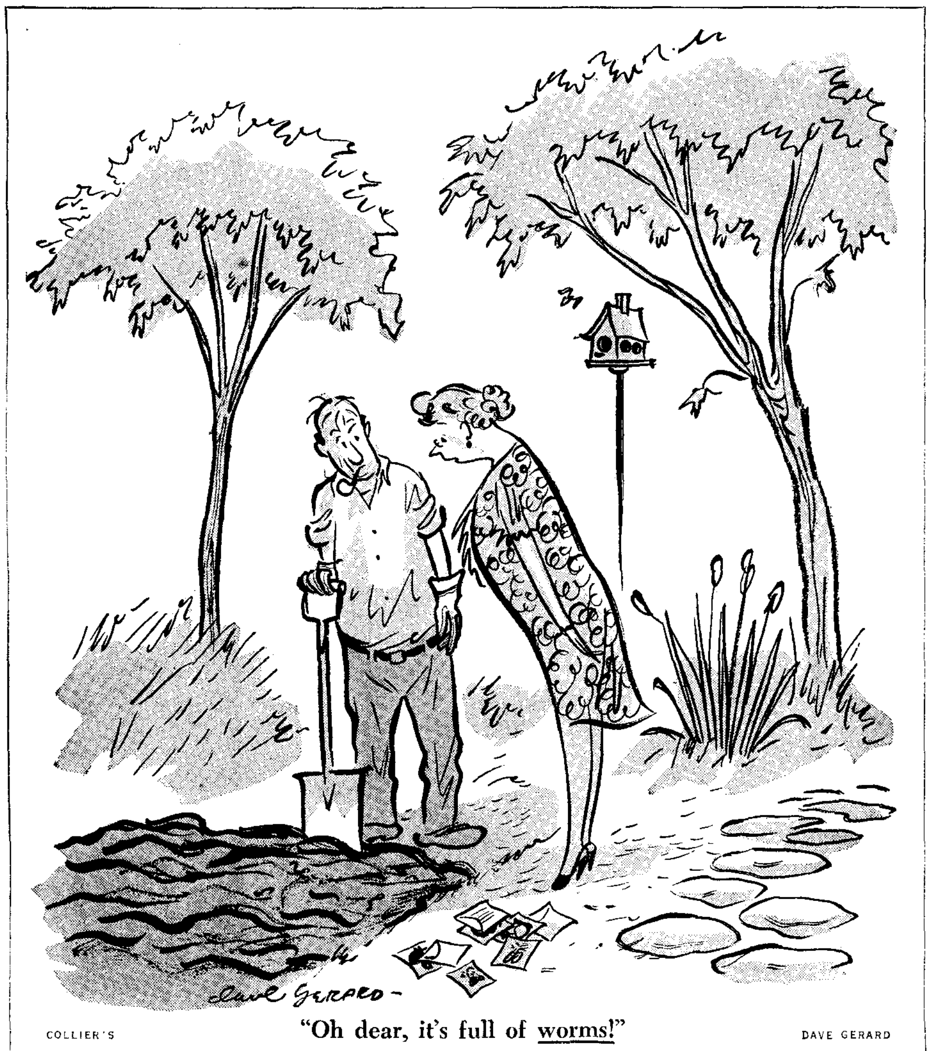
"We-e-ll, yassuh," Nud said. "Hit ain't no bennyfits neither. And I'm got to git me a shovel and a bucket and some sand. And Play-Mamma, she got to find out what ev'ybody eat and make 'em put out de lights when de bombin' start takin' place in de block."

"What block?" Giles demanded. "Who fixin' to start bombin'? What you talkin' 'bout, fool? Whyn't you make some sense?"

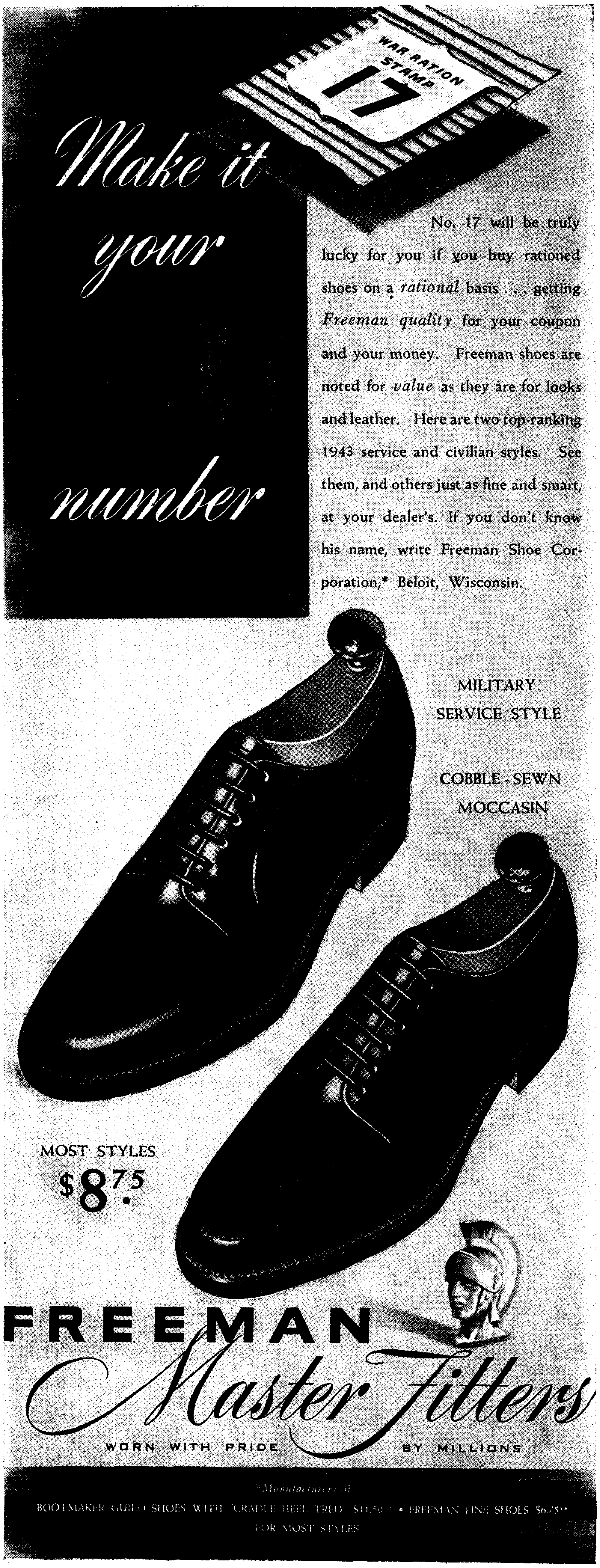
Nud blinked and shook his head trying to keep awake. "Mist' Giles," he said, "I 'on't know much about hit, yit. Hit's fixin' to be another meetin' tomorrow night—three meetin's a week."

"You sho fixin' to miss de next meetin'," Giles said.

"De man say hit was supposed to be he'pin' out in de war," Nud insisted. "And you knows good as me, you made a rule dat ev'ybody got to he'p out in de war all



COLLIER'S "Oh dear, it's full of worms!" DAVE GERARD



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**FOR MOST STYLES

JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!
SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES
LATER

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

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us kin. You 'members how you made us haul dat scrap iron all one Sunday?"

"Look, Nud," Giles said patiently. "You make dis crop er cotton and you'll be he'pin' out in de war, plenty. You see all er dem soldiers gittin' about ev'ywhar you looks? Well, ev'y one er dem boys is wearin' long cotton draws. And dat cotton got to come f'm somewhars. So hit's yo' business to make de cotton for dem underdraws, so's we's soldiers ain't got to run around bare-butted, like a hill nigger in de summertime."

"Yassuh," Nud agreed, "but what about Play-Mamma and her block-leadin'? F'm de way de man talked, hit sounded mighty special."

"Dat stuff is for folks which lives in de town. Us ain't got no blocks out hyar," Giles explained.

"Us c'd git," Nud speculated. "Play-Mamma sort er got her mind sot on hit."

"Fool!" Giles snorted, losing patience. "De kind er blocks de O.C.&D. is talkin' 'bout don't be's nowhar but in town, whar de houses is all jammed up close."

"Play-Mamma sort er got her mind sot."

"Betsy and de Widow Duck'll handle all we's O.C.& D. business. Efn dey needs Play-Mamma dey'll send her word."

"Yassuh," Nud said. "But hit ain't no harm in me gittin' me a shovel and a bucket er sand, is dey?"

Giles wheeled Prince and rode off at a gallop, muttering, "Lemme git away f'm Nud befo' I kills him and den runs him off." He rode by Nud's house down on the dredged ditch and found Play-Mamma sitting in the shade of a cottonwood tree, barefooted and at ease.

"Lawd, Mist' Giles," Play-Mamma greeted, "efn I knowed you was fixin' to ride by dis mawnin' I'd 'a' put on my Sunday dress."

"Hit ain't Sunday," Giles told her. "How come a Sunday dress?"

Play-Mamma giggled. "I'm gittin' up amongst de high, dese days," she explained. "So I ought to look my purtiest when comp'ny come."

Giles snorted. "Look, gal, I ain't comp'ny and you jest think you's gittin' up amongst de high. Efn I ketch you and Nud travelin' at night when hit's work to git done I'll run you bofe f'm hyar plumb to It'ly. Dat O.C.&D. stuff you was out at las' night, ain't no skin offn we's back, hyar on Little Bee. Dat's strickly town stuff for Benton. You is country."

Play-Mamma's face showed astonishment and pain.

"And you ain't fixin' to be no Block Leader," Giles went on, "'cause you ain't got no block to lead, onderstand?"

"I swear, Mist' Giles!" Play-Mamma exclaimed. "How'd you know I was fixin' to be de Block Leader?"

Giles glared. "Cause I kin set right hyar and read in yo' mind," he told her.

Play-Mamma brightened. "Am I gonter be one?"

"Nawp," Giles said flatly. "I'm gonter keep you at home ev'y night efn I'm got to hide yo' shoes and drap cucker-burrs all around yo' door. Now, you stay home and leave Nud git some sleep."

THE Widow Duck was rocking in her split-hickory chair lazily waving a palm-leaf fan when Giles stopped at her gate. He dismounted, led Prince under a chinaberry tree and dropped on the porch.

"Dis is one hot day," Giles observed.

"Is dat all de news you brung?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Nawp," stated Giles. "What I raley drapped by for is to git cammed down. Wid de weather so hot and hands so scarce, I don't want to git r'iled up at scalded shoulders and fiel'-sleepin' plow hands and run somebody offn de place."

"Who been doggin'?" she demanded.

"Nud. He come to work late and slept in de fiel'."

"H'mm." The Widow Duck looked thoughtful. "Nud don't gen'ally be's a no-good."

"He was gittin' about las' night, him and Play-Mamma bofe."

"Gittin' about endurin plowin' time?" the Widow Duck demanded. "Dey knows better'n dat."

Giles shrugged, and paused. "Ain't you and Betsy lookin' after we's O.C.&D.?" he asked abruptly.

"Well," the Widow Duck said judiciously, "we is and we ain't. Mis' Mildred come out and—"

"Mis' Mildred?" Giles demanded. "I thought she was Uncle Sam's W.P.&A. lady."

"Not no more," the Widow Duck told him. "Uncle Sam done adjourned de W.P.&A. and started out on de O.C.&D."

"How do hit go?" Giles wanted to know.

The Widow Duck pursed her lips. "Same thing," she said. "Mis' Mildred comed out and talked some about dis and dat and den she give I and Betsy some i-deen and bandages and say we know how to handle ev'ything anyhow, and us should go 'haid like we be's doin'. Cannin' snap beans, keepin' ev'body's chilluns straightened out, cyorin' de ailin', and stuff like dat."

"Didn't said nothin' 'bout makin' ev'y-body livin' in a block, like over in town?"

"Nary a word."

"Nor gittin' a shovel wid a bucket er sand to put de fire out?"

The Widow Duck snorted. "Who gonter start a fire, hot as it is now?"

Giles explained, "Nud and Play-Mamma got dey heart sot on hit. Dey aims to git out three nights a week."

"Hit's news to me," the Widow Duck said disparagingly.

Prince shot his ears forward and looked toward the general direction of Barksdale Field. Giles and the Widow Duck strained to hear. Presently the roar of motors sounded in the ears and a squadron of twin-fuselaged Lockheed Lightning fighters soared across the sky. In almost no time, they disappeared.

"Ah, Lawd," the Widow Duck sighed. "Dem chilluns is makin' time up yonder. I'll bet dey'll git to whar de Southern crosses de Dog befo' dinnertime."

"Dey was headin' twarge Texas," Giles said.

"I bet dey done passed Texas," the Widow Duck insisted. "Efn hit was dem one-tail airy-planes, maybe dey'd be headin' for Texas. But dem two-tail thaings ain't got no time for Texas. Dey *gits* about!"

Giles stretched and mopped perspiration from his face. "I bet dem boys is cool up yonder. I'd like to be up dar wid 'em."

The Widow Duck considered the idea to be pleasant enough to speculate on. Then she frowned. "Why, Giles, dat's a sin!" she exclaimed.

"A sin to want to git cooled off?"

"A sin to want to fly like a bird," she corrected. "Efn de Lawd was aimin' for mankind to fly, He'd 'a' give 'em feathers."

GILES felt good again. He had got the conversation to the point where he could enjoy it.

"You reckon de Lawd gi'ed dem boys up yonder wings like a bird?" he challenged.

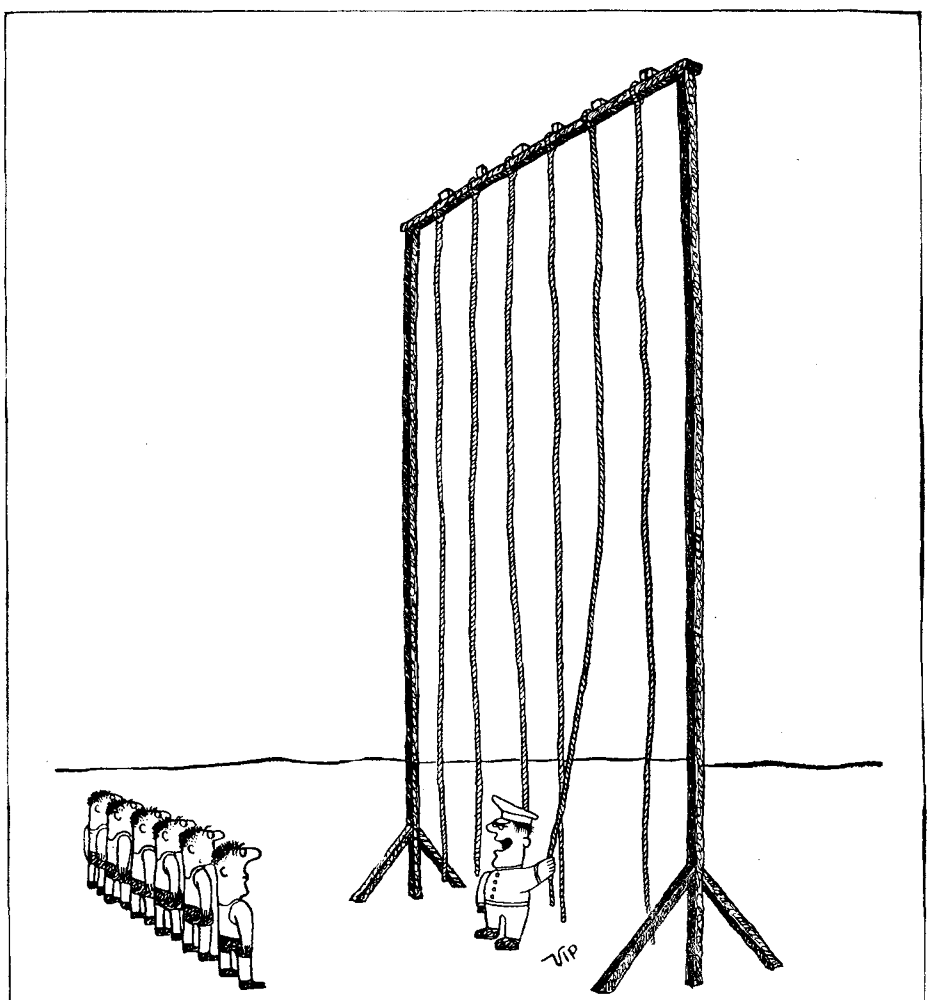
The Widow Duck glared haughtily. "How dem boys got dey business worked out wid de Lawd ain't no skin offn my back," she said. "All I knows it, de Book say, 'Wharfo' de righteous in death shall cleave de air like a dove on de wing, but de onholy shall sprout hawns like a goat and nip grass seven long years.' So say de Sperrit, Giles. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"Maybe dem boys up yonder is righteous daid," Giles said irritatingly. "Maybe dey ain't flesh and blood like me and you. Maybe dem's ha'nts up yonder flyin' dem two-tail sailers?"

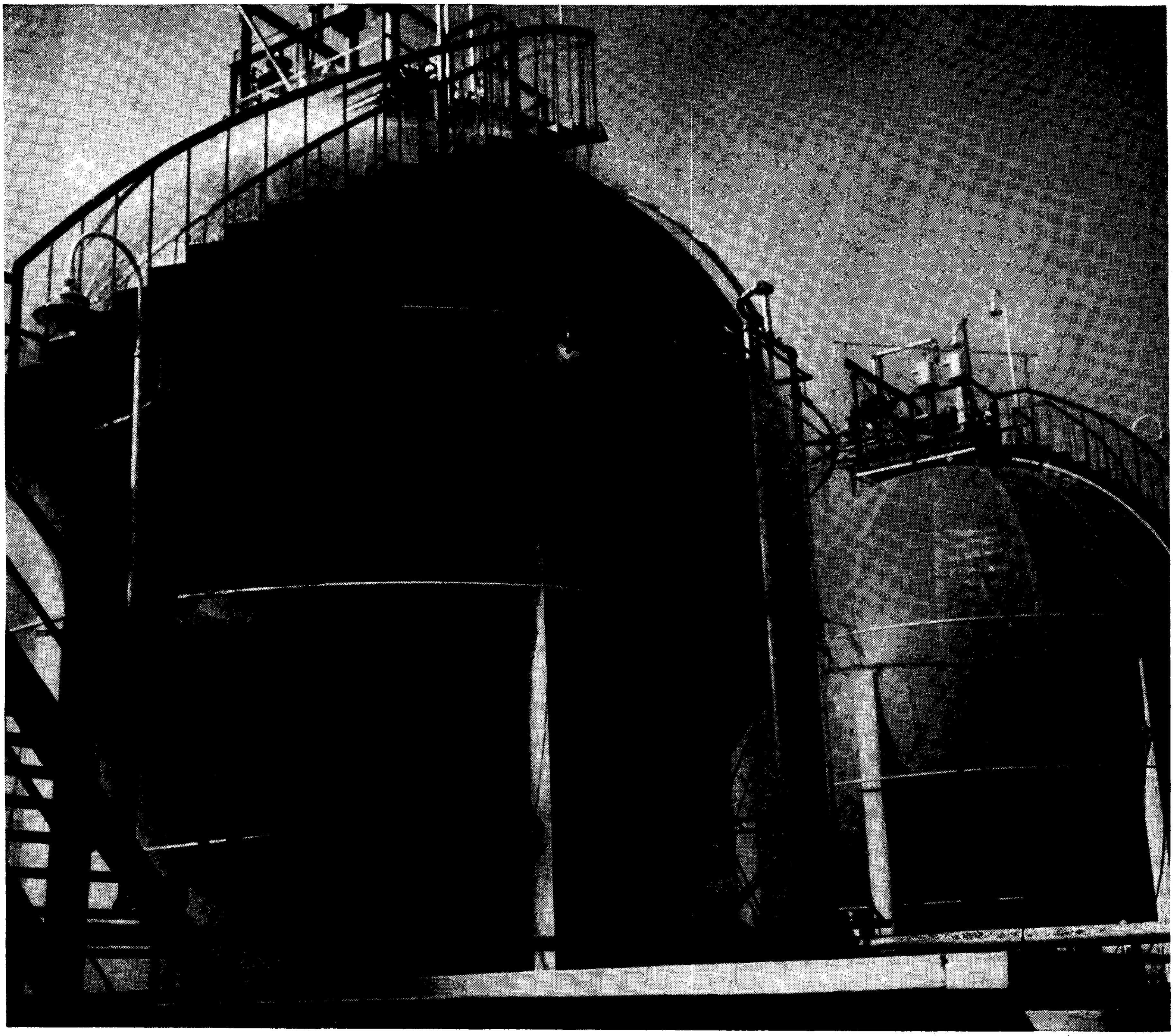
The Widow Duck pondered. "Maybe," she admitted. "And den agin, maybe hit ain't no setch thing as airy-planes."

"Foolish talk," Giles derided. "You kin see 'em and hear 'em."

"Maybe I might wake up in de mawnin'," the Widow Duck went on dreamily, "and find out all er dis stuff is jest a bad dream on account er I et too many spareribs for my supper and didn't take me no soda. Maybe hit might not even be any tractors and trucks and ot-



COLLIER'S "Remember, there's a goody at the top for each man" VIRGIL PARTCH



AMERICA'S WAR PRODUCTION DEPENDS ON TANKS LIKE THESE

Take a good look at the huge spherical tanks. They are where butadiene, an important ingredient of synthetic rubber, is stored.

Synthetic rubber is now being produced in steadily increasing tonnages. But there is not yet enough for civilian purposes. Before synthetic rubber can be used for such things as civilian tires, there are hundreds of ways it must be used for war production. After the needs of the Armed Forces have been met, synthetic rubber must first and foremost go into belts and hose, packings, mountings, scores of products essential to keep America's war production line moving.

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toes and all dat kind er stuff. Wid ev'y-body makin' dey cotton wid only jest a mule and a double shovel."

Giles leaned back comfortably. "Hit's mighty pleasant to ponder," he declared. "Jest mules and cotton."

"Hit might be, sho 'nuff," the Widow Duck said hopefully. "I been mentionin' hit in my prayers dat hit's all a bad dream. Giles, I bet dat's de way hit is, too."

After a long pause, Giles got up and stretched. "I bet yo' liver is out er whack," he chuckled. "You better take yo'se'f a round er calomel."

IT WAS noon and time for the dinner bell when Giles returned to the barn. The ring of the bell had scarcely died away when the air was suddenly filled with planes and the black-top plantation road dogged with tractors, tanks and jeeps, all carrying Uncle Sam's soldiers.

Giles did not know it, but General Ben Lear's Blue Army, in one of a series of maneuvers held in Louisiana, was bent on "capturing" the city of Shreveport, with its oil refineries, airfields and bridge crossings from General Kreuger's Red Army.

Four-motored Flying Fortresses, so high they were almost invisible in the sun, swift dive bombers at medium altitude in long even echelons began to peel off with a roaring whine, while long-nosed Airacobra fighters zoomed protectively. In no time, Barksdale Field sent up a swarm of the twin-fuselaged Lightning fighters and the air grew heavy with simulated dogfights.

Into this aerial melee, six heavy transports began to drop parachutists. The attack from land and sky was co-ordinated perfectly for striking at noon, and for thirty minutes all creation was filled with the roar of motors, the explosion of blank ammunition and the whine of planes. Giles watched as if mesmerized. Suddenly all was quiet. The road was cleared of tank and jeep and the blue sky was free of fliers, and a lone jay bird chattered in outraged impotence from a limb in a cottonwood tree. Giles grinned. "Dey kind of outdone you, Mister Jay Bird," he said. "I'd chatter too efn somethin' messed up my business like dem airy-planes messed up yo'n."

The plow hands came straggling into the lot. They, too, had watched the battle, thereby losing half their lunch hour for themselves and their teams.

"Git 'em ongeared," Giles ordered. "Us got us a crop er cotton to make and time's a-wastin'. Whar Nud at?"

"He ain't come in yit," Uncle Henry said. "He was plowin' ole Carrie and Jude—"

"He lef' his team in de field," Johnnie T volunteered. "He claim he had to go git a shovel and some sand."

Giles struck out at a gallop for Nud's house. He was getting too mad, now, and he knew it.

"Efn I don't cool down some befo' I finds Nud," he told himself, "I'm gonter kill him and den drag him off." He tried to think calming thoughts. He recalled what the Widow Duck had suggested an hour before. Maybe this airplane and tractor business might turn out to be all a bad dream.

"Le's see," he cogitated. "I et whuppoorwill peas and side meat for my supper, las' night. And a heap er blackberry pie. Maybe dem peas and pie—" He shook his head. "Nawp," he decided. "But hit's right pleasant to think about. Ev'y-body cuttin' hit down wid one mule and a double shovel, no war, no airy-planes, no tractors and no two-mule cultivators to git de tongue busted out when de mules runs away. Jest folks and mules and cotton. H'mm. Hit sho is mighty pleasant to ponder."

Nud's team was standing in the sun, but Nud himself was not to be seen. Giles called without result and then unhitched the mules and headed them toward the barn. "Git along twarge de feed trough, babies," he told them. "Somebody gonter let you in de lot and on-harness you. I ain't got de time."

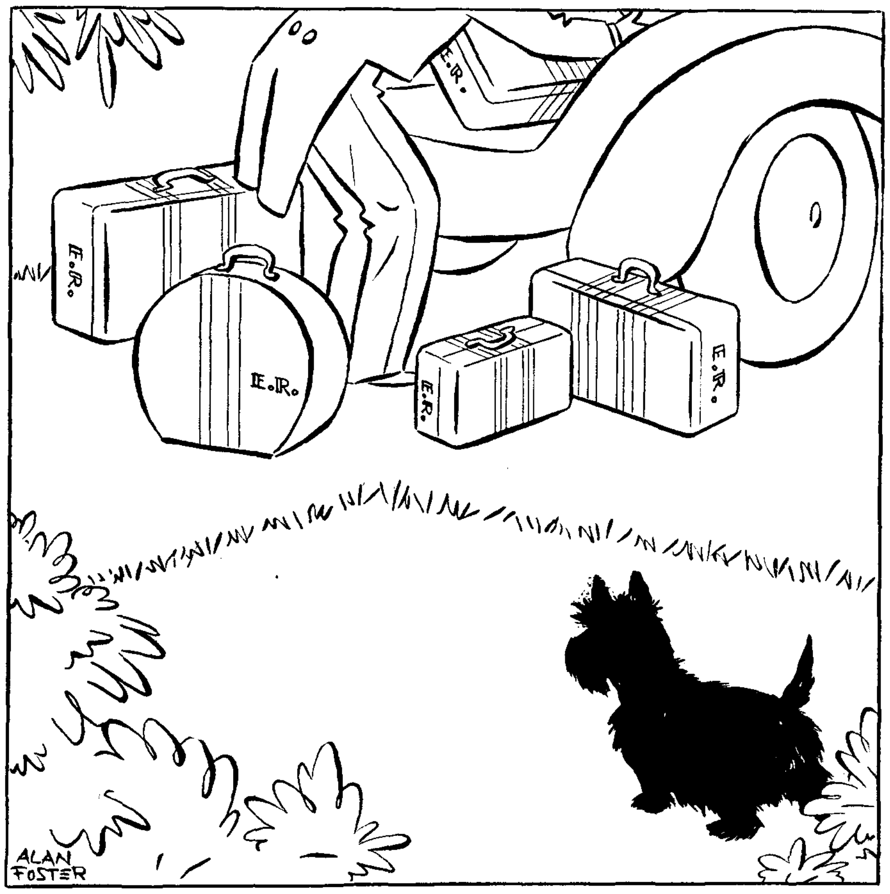
At Nud's house, Giles yelled again but got no answer. "Him and Play-Mamma bofe gone!" Giles growled. He dismounted and began to search for tracks. He circled wide until he cut the edge of the field where the dirt was soft.

"Nud got on his shoes, and I swear hit look like Play-Mamma got on her high heels!" Giles was outraged. "I bet dem no-goods is headin' for town," he thought angrily. "Dey sho is passin' wide away f'm de barn." By the time Giles had arrived at the banks of Willow Chute Bayou, a quarter-mile above the plantation bridge, his temper had not improved. On he trailed through the soft ground on the bank, right down to the bayou.

He found them at the bridge, close to the little sandy spit that projected into the "buffalo hole"— a wide, limpid pool in the bayou.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "A certain amount of absenteeism is to be expected"

Nud and Play-Mamma were in the shade of a big willow tree. Both were sound asleep, dressed in their Sunday clothes. At Nud's side was a bucket and a long-handled shovel. Play-Mamma was without special equipment.

"You, Nud! You, Play-Mamma!" Giles' voice carried threats of mayhem followed by swift, merciful death.

NUD and Play-Mamma jumped to their feet, running. Play-Mamma's high heels threw her on the second jump and she landed, Sunday dress and all, in a brier brake. Nud sailed through a barbed-wire fence, carrying with him broken strands of wire and staggered until he fell into a cotton middle.

"My eyeballs is scratched out!" Play-Mamma yelled.

"My th'oat is cut!" Nud bawled. "I'm done kilt off!"

"Shut up, bofe er you!" Giles thundered unsympathetically. "Ain't nobody kilt off yit, but you bofe is fixin' to git."

"Ya-a-ah!" Play-Mamma squalled. "My block-leadin' dress is done tored up befo' I c'd git me a block to lead!"

"My laig is cut off," Nud moaned, "and my arm is fixin' to drap smack off, too!"

Giles dragged Play-Mamma from the briers and went to Nud's rescue. His clothes were in shreds and he was scratched in several obvious places.

"HOW come you ain't plowin' 'stid er tangled up in bob wire?" Giles demanded.

"Aw, Mist' Giles," Nud began, "de man say—"

"What man say?"

"De O.C.&D. man," Nud explained.

"Him, agin, hunh?" Giles snorted. "Speak on whilst I tries to git my tempers back."

"De man say," Nud went on, "when de airy-planes comes in a bunch like dat, I'm got to git me a bucketful er sand and a shovel and put out de fires, and Play-Mamma got to lead de block around."

"Only I didn't had me no block to lead around," Play-Mamma mourned. "So when Nud had to come to de buffalo hole to git some sand, I figgered I'd come along and git me a block er dat cong-crete dat sets under de bridge timbers. Only dey was too heavy."

"I was jest fixin' to build me a fire to put de sand on," Nud added apologetically, "but I swear, Mist' Giles, soon as I set down to bresh up some dry stuff, I drapped off to sleep."

"Me, too," sniffed Play-Mamma. "De man said us had to move fast when de airy-planes swoomed over, and I and Nud got dressed and runned all de way. But I didn't git me no block to lead around and Nud he didn't git him no fire to chunk de sand on. I reckon I and Nud sort er made a mess outn de O.C.&D. stuff."

"Yep," Nud agreed sadly, "I and Play-Mamma sho didn't cut much ice."

Giles controlled himself with effort. When he spoke his words were low and deadly:

"Play-Mamma, you git home and stay dar. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," Play-Mamma promised penitently.

"And Nud, you ketch yo' mules and clean up yo' fiel'. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles."

"And I mean, stay awake and keep turnin' ontwell I can't see nothin' but good plowin'. Now git goin'!"

"Hold ev'ything!" shouted the Widow Duck, breaking through the briers. She was followed by Betsy, Giles' wife, and both were carrying a first-aid kit. "I and Betsy hyared dis racket down hyar, and I figgered you was learnin' Nud how to work in his fiel', so I and Betsy—"

"I don't need no he'p f'm you and Betsy," Giles interrupted. "I kin learn him how to tend to his business, all okay."

"Fo' true?" Betsy challenged. "You might be de big stuff in handlin' Nud, but when anybody git wounded and bleedin' like Nud is done got, hit's I and Mis' Duck's O.C.&D. business, straight f'm de guv'mer lady, and we ain't axin' you!"

"Speak on, Betsy," the Widow Duck agreed. "You git de bandages whilst I gits to work wid de i-deen. Lay down, Nud!"

Nud looked questioningly at Giles. The foreman hesitated and then nodded. Nud spread himself on the ground while the Widow Duck painted his cuts and scratches with iodine.

Giles watched with curiosity. "Ain't you fixin' to put no bandages on dat po chile?" Giles asked sarcastically. "Dat place on his neck might' nigh cut de skin. His haid is li'ble to fall off efn you don't tie hit on wid a bandage."

"Us don't put bandages over i-deen, fool," Betsy told her husband snappishly. "What you want us to do—burn him up?"

"Sho don't make me no diff'unce," Giles shrugged. "You kin burn him up hyar, or I'll keep him turnin' so fast in his fiel', de sun'll burn him up. Hit's all one and de same to me."

THE Widow Duck made a pronouncement. "Nud ain't goin' to no fiel' dis day."

"Which?" Giles demanded hoarsely.

"He gonter lay flat like he is, to de ambu-*lance* git hyar," his wife explained.

"De ambu-*lance?*" Giles repeated. "Is de ambu-*lance* fixin' to come hyar?"

"I 'on't know," the Widow Duck confessed. "All I know is de rule say, 'Him which git wounded shall lay thar-at to de ambu-*lance* come,' and Nud gonter lay hyar like de rule say, efn I'm got to tie him down and set on him."

"Now, look, ladies," Giles pleaded. "Rules is all okay and dis O.C.&D. stuff is mighty fine, and Mis' Mildred is got plenty brains in her haid, and all. But Nud's fiel' got to be plowed befo' June 'teenth, 'cause y'all know good as me hit's de rule on Little Bee Bend dat ev'ybody's fiel' got to be clean by June 'teenth."

"Who say hit's de rule?" Betsy asked.

Giles glared at his wife. "I say hit," he snapped. "And I'm still de he-coon about what take place in de fiel's. And hit ain't no spare hands to put in Nud's fiel'."

"Den you better hook up Nud's team and plow hit yo' ownse'f," Betsy told him. "You big and healthy and ain't nobody too fine to do plowin' in wartime."

"Yeah," seconded the Widow Duck. "You had a heap er practice tellin' folks how to plow and I bet you kin plow good."

"Nud ain't too crippled—" Giles began weakly.

"Nor you neither," Betsy put in. "And you ain't got to lay flat er yo' back to de ambu-*lance* git hyar, too."

Many thoughts whirled through the foreman's mind in a tangled jumble. Only one thing stood out sharp and clear. Handling either his wife or the Widow Duck singly might have been attempted but, together, the two women were too much for him.

As Giles rode slowly and thoughtfully to the lot to catch Nud's team, he sighed hopefully. "Maybe," he told himself, "maybe all er dat pie and whuppoorwill peas is makin' me dream dis stuff."

THE END

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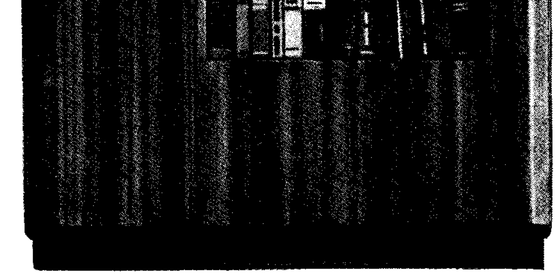
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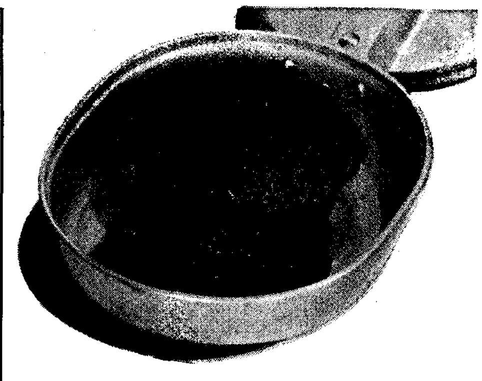
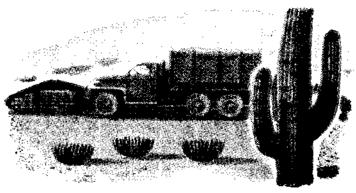
Steaks. Fighters overseas are fed fresh steaks like these—thanks to the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps' newly developed fresh-frozen *boneless* beef.

Pot Roast. Removal of bones from beef (by Armour and other packers) saves two-thirds in shipping space. Thus one ship does the work of three.

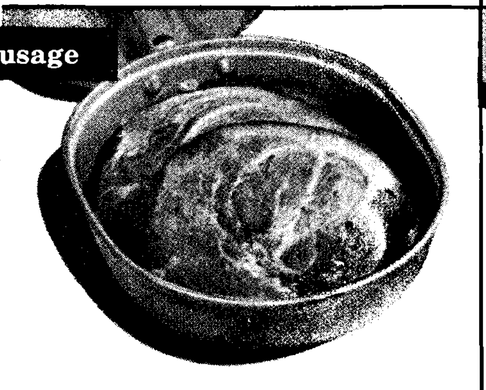


Hamburgers. This fine, fresh beef is packed for the Army three ways: 50% for steaks and roasts; 25% for stews; 25% for hamburgers and meat loaves.

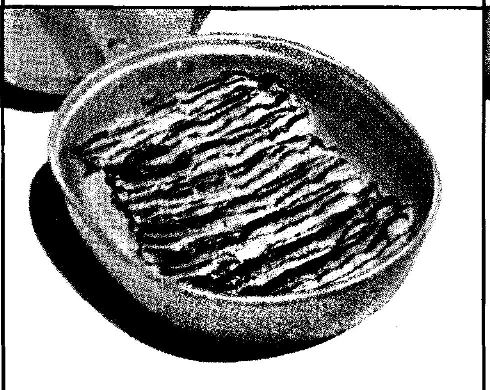
Cured Meats and Sausage



For desert warfare and other fronts where climates are extreme and meats are hard to keep, the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps uses specially cured meats and many varieties of sausage.



Overseas Ham—as fine in quality as the Armour Star Ham our soldiers ate at home . . . but smoked and cured longer to keep well on war fronts.

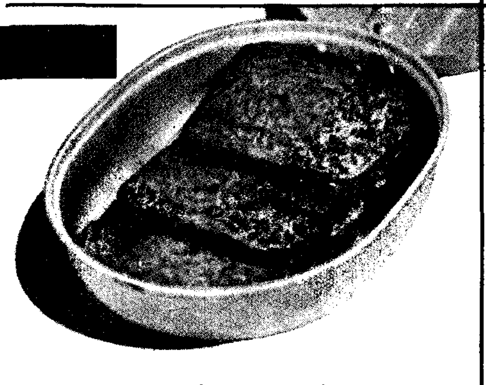


Overseas Bacon—is supplied in such vast quantities by Armour for overseas fighters, production of Star Bacon for home use had to be radically cut.

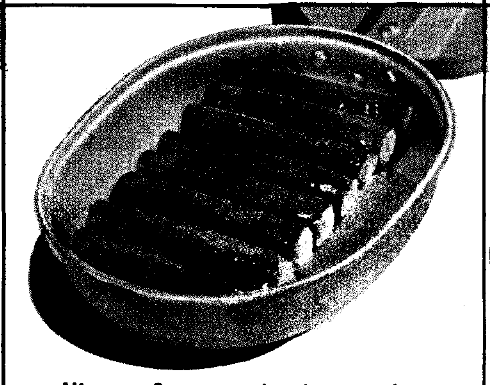
Sausage is so nourishing, keeps so well, it's an important meat in the soldier's ration. The Army orders huge quantities from Armour.

Canned Meats

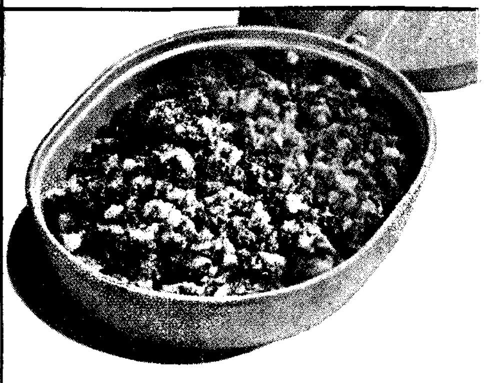
Even when fighting behind enemy lines, U. S. soldiers today eat better than in any previous war—thanks to compact canned meats they carry with them. Just a few of the varieties are shown here.



Pork Luncheon Meat is one of the meat components used in the new K Ration. This meat is also supplied by Armour in 6 lb. tins for regular Army messes.



Vienna Sausage. Another popular Armour Canned meat that's gone to war. Armour's entire output of this sausage now goes to our fighting forces.



Corned Beef Hash—used in several rations. Heated over a tank's motor, jeep radiator or open fire—it provides a nourishing, sustaining meat meal.

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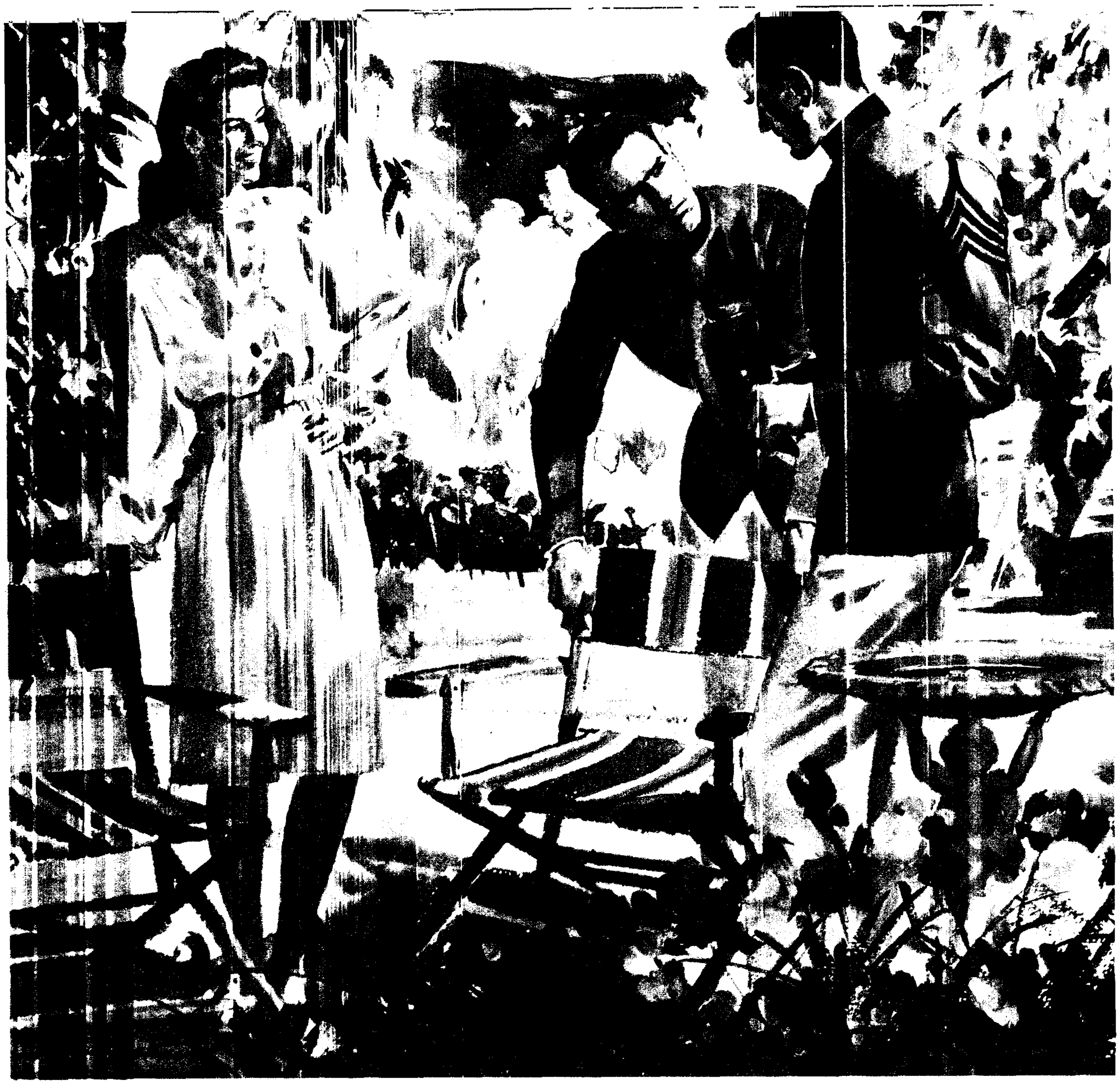
THE VIRGINIA MILE

BY BOB EUNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN BAUMGARTNER

When the girl told Gil Wade she had never seen him lose a race, they both had the same thought: He was losing ground in the only race of real importance to them



The third-classman was back bristling underneath. He brought the chair over, and Gil said, "Thanks, chum," and then waited for Millie to be seated before he sat down

GIL WADE stood by limit gates and watched evening parade. The platoons of "A" Company, leading the V.M.I. Corps, mechanically turned "by the left flank" and became gliding rows of plumes, white crossbelts and swinging white-trousered legs.

A stately row of new-leaved trees rimmed one side of parade ground from limit gates to the barracks that backdropped the scene.

Men in light suits and women in floppy hats mingled among the trees.

The reviewing officers were motionless, comfortable-looking in their tailored khaki. He noted his own gray blouse and snowy trousers. In a matter of days now, he'd trade for khaki.

Then there wouldn't be any more parading. It would be fighting. The sun would boil down and there wouldn't be any bands marching. Bullets would sing instead.

He wasn't in this parade because he was running tomorrow, a mile against Virginia, his last race for Virginia Military Institute. It was all winding up. There were those who regretted its ending, the sentimental ones.

Gil had but one regret that was even remotely connected with V.M.I. The regret was a girl, and her father was a professor at the Institute and so she had always been around, at dances and things. She had really meant a great deal to the four years, although Gil was sure she didn't have any suspicion that she had. Just seeing her now and then, even with another, provided some sort of satisfaction.

It was sappy being in love with a girl and not telling her, but Gil knew too many others had told her.

He was approaching the Bagby house, flower-banked, neoclassical. . . . Some of the other members of the team were already gathered on the porch. That meant Millie Bagby was home from Randolph-Macon for the week end.

Gil saw dark hair glisten in the sunlight and didn't have to be closer to know the bigness of her wide-set brown eyes, the short upper lip. He had memorized every detail of her features and entertained himself with the picture of her face innumerable times. He'd carry the same thought to Africa or Australia or wherever they sent him after graduation.

Maybe someday when he had gone away fighting he would write to her: *Dear Millie: I just killed fifty-seven Japs and knocked out their teeth. Please accept this necklace.* An uncontrollable desire to talk to her, to be near her welled up inside him.

He walked casually along the path that led to the porch, glazed red bricks shiny against the white walls of the big frame house.

Jug Corbett, the track captain, was there, and Biff Matson, Boots Randolph, Sonny Byrd and a third-classman named Williams.

"Sorry," the third-classman said, "all seats are taken for the afternoon."

The others laughed and Gil's eyes quickly sought Millie Bagby's. She didn't laugh. Her eyes came to his, apologizing.

"Jack Williams," her voice was soft, drawling, scolding, "shame on you. Now run in the house this very minute and fetch a chair for Mr. Wade."

"Don't bother," Gil said, feeling the hotness come to the back of his neck. "I just wanted to say hello."

"Hello," the third-classman named Williams said.

Millie ignored the remark. She motioned Williams into the house. Turning to Gil she said, "Don't always be so afraid you'll bother." She walked toward him, bringing a rich fragrance with her. He took her hand, feeling the softness and the strength in the delicate fingers. She was saying, "This is so seldom."

The third-classman was back, bristling underneath. He put the chair on the bricks. Gil said, "Thanks, chum," and waited for Millie to sit in her chair. Then he sat down, perching the leather-visored cap on his knee.

"How does the running go this year?" She was looking at him.

"I'll know better after tomorrow. Winning the Virginia Mile always makes for a hot year."

Jug Corbett grunted then, a guttural sound. "You're going to beat Kostansik. I certify you will."

"He's undefeated."

"So are you, for two years."

"I'll certify one thing," Randolph said. "If you get ahead he won't haul you down."

GIL was trying to be matter of fact, outwardly. Inside he felt confident, sure of himself, his experience. He hadn't seen Kostansik, but he'd heard of him. The Virginia miler was a sophomore from New York. They said he had a driving finish, a kick in the last two hundred yards that would be hard to stave off. "It would be nice to win the last one."

Millie said, "I never saw you lose."

Yes, you did. I lost one to you, Millie Bagby, the only one really worth taking.

Sitting and looking at her, you couldn't help thinking that other men before had fought and come home to someone like Millie Bagby and you wondered why you couldn't. The awful feeling of regret was inside again. Somehow he always associated disappointment with her because she was the only deep disappointment he had known.

She talked of the war. She hated to see them going, but it was the thing they had to face. "Where do you want to go, Gil?"

"It doesn't matter. Europe may put on the biggest show."

"Jug just said he wants it Down Under." Her eyes were sparkling now.

"Me, too," Randolph said.

Byrd put in, "I'd like to see England."

"Random Harvest is set in England," Millie said. "It's playing now at the State."

"Would you care to go?" Gil knew it was on every tongue, but his words came first, rushing out of his mouth.

"Love to, but I wasn't hinting. Really I wasn't." Her words were casual enough, but her eyes betrayed surprise at his suddenness.

"And dinner first at the Dutch Inn? My permit is good until nine-thirty."

"That would be grand, Gil. I'll tell Mother so she won't expect me."

He was aware of the others' fierce stares. He found himself being startled at his own boldness. . . .

The Dutch Inn at Lexington was as quaint as a little old maid aunt and quite as tony. Inside a dozen or so tables were set. Picture plates that glinted from

(Continued on page 71)

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Bait

Continued from page 12

down her soggy skirt quickly, whereupon he raised his eyes and winked at her. The other two men were staring at the submarine and did not see this little play.

It didn't go away, then or later. Sometimes it drifted two or three miles away; sometimes it came within a hundred yards of the Sea Rose's lifeboat. It went through exercises like an athletic-minded seal; it crash-dived, surfaced, circled. At night it drifted so close they could hear the clinking of cutlery and dishes, could make out the laughter and foreign voices.

The lifeboat had been provisioned and watered for twenty-two persons, so the four did not suffer for want of these, but the sun was a curse. It blazed hot and strong all the first day, until Mrs. Dillworth felt her face puffing up fiercely. She'd always been proud of her delicate white skin; she was going to pay for it now. It seared all day, warningly. It puffed until she could see her own cheeks.

SHE dozed during the evening, and when she woke, she could not force her eyes open; the flesh had risen around them and sealed them. She lay in the dark, listening to the lap of the water, fighting down the screams she felt tearing inside her throat. She was burning and freezing at the same time, her body was a torment all over, and she was blind. She lay in the bow of the boat—her domain by silent agreement—and prayed she wouldn't make a fool of herself.

She won the fight. After a while, she was able to lie still in a sort of bath of fiery pain, a little detached from it. She heard Mr. Longwater griping, griping, griping. He was griping about the Sea Rose's owners, the U. S. Navy, Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt. She heard Binns arguing hotly; there was whisky in the boat's stores, but Jerrold wouldn't let him have it.

She had been in the lifeboat, she figured, about fifteen hours. How in the world could people stand weeks of this? She couldn't stand it very long. There was one thing, though—if it got any worse, she'd faint; it would be nice to faint.

But it got worse and she didn't faint. A wind came up during the night, ruffled the sea and made her seasick. The wind sent salt water slatting over the rail. The salt caked on her face and when the sun came up, it was as though her face was being pot-roasted—with salt.

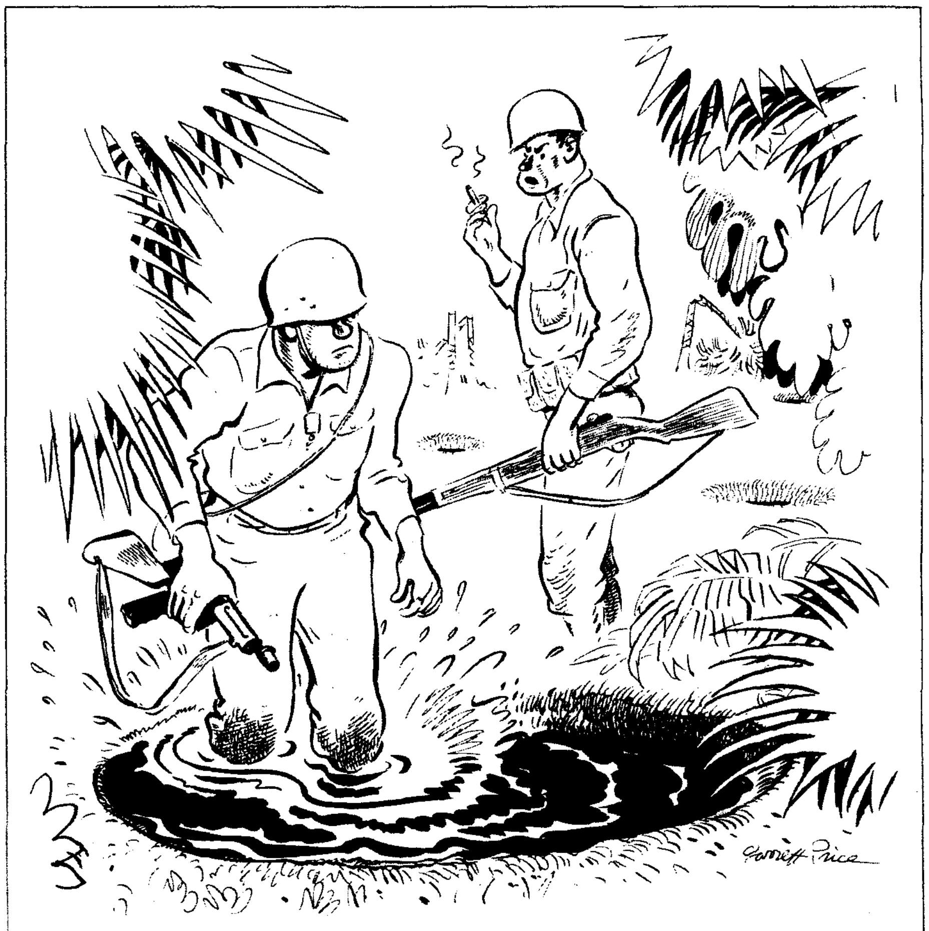
She could see a little now, in a hazy, distorted sort of way. She could make out the periscope a hundred yards off, could even see the ripple of froth around it. Curiously, she didn't hate it. Not nearly as much as she hated the nagging, everlasting griping of Mr. Longwater. He was at it now, of course, in a whiny, irritating voice. She hated Binns, because, whenever he caught her eye, he gave the immemorial invitation. Though she must be a sight, he nevertheless found reasons to come forward, to brush against her.

It occurred to her, and it gave her a whimsical moment even in her misery, that if Binns ever got to heaven—an exceedingly remote possibility—he would make a pass at the first angel to cross his path.

On the other hand, if he went to hell, he'd have a fine time, providing Satan didn't practice sex segregation. The thought made her start to smile; that made her lips crack, and she tasted blood. She hated Jerrold because he was so ineffectual. He was in command, and all he was doing was whittling. He had the boat's toolbox open and was whittling a little boat from a block of wood.

She hated them all with the hatred which springs so lushly from misery. She was almost glad to see that the sun was as hard on Jerrold and Mr. Longwater as on herself. Neither of them was a sailor in the weather-beaten feel of the word. They saw no more sun than a bank clerk at their jobs. Neither did Binns, but he stood it better. She hated him the more because he suffered the least.

On the second night out, while the older men were sleeping, Binns got his hands on the whisky. He drank a good deal of it,



"Get out of there with your dirty shoes! That's where I sleep"

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then he crawled forward and wakened her.

"How about a drink, sis?" he whispered. "Here, I'll help you up."

When he slipped his arm around her to raise her to a sitting position, she slapped him. It was an ineffectual slap, but the sound of it wakened Jerrold who ordered Binns back; and that wakened Mr. Longwater, who began to gripe—about sailors this time, what scum they were!

On the third night, they tried to get away from the U-boat. Mrs. Dillworth wakened to find they had put out the oars and were pulling, Binns swearing at the effort involved, Mr. Longwater griping that it was hopeless, little Jerrold hardly able to make the back sweep. They labored all night. In the morning, the submarine was less than two miles away. Jerrold dropped his oar and let it float away. He fell in the bottom of the boat, and went to sleep where he fell.

ON THE afternoon of the fourth day, Binns saw it. She heard him say something in a low tone, and saw the two older men slowly turn their heads to the east. She saw it then—an infinitesimal wisp of smoke—and her heart started thudding wildly. For the first time, she really almost fainted; she felt the blood rush from her head. After all this, it just had to be a destroyer—or a flock of them with a convoy. Lean-flanked, deadly gray things—she could see them rushing in, hungry for the kill, splitting the rolling sea; she could see the depth charges rolling down the chute, flying clumsily into the air and splashing in the sea, the ocean quake that followed.

Mr. Longwater was, of course, griping. She became aware of it. "Even money," he was saying, "it'll be a freighter and alone. Those nitwits in Washington—"

It couldn't be that, not after all this they'd gone through. But it made her remember that they were bait, a magnet to draw any unsuspecting merchantman into torpedo range.

She glanced at the submarine. It was at periscope depth. It couldn't have seen the wisp of smoke—not yet.

The minutes dragged. They didn't talk. Just stared. Not constantly. In case there were eyes watching them, through the periscope, they didn't want to call attention to that wisp. They stared surreptitiously, like very bad actors in a very bad, obvious play. The wisp grew. After a long year that might have been an hour or so by mortal clocks, "It's one," said Binns, shortly.

Just one ship! Well, one was enough, if it was a destroyer.

Another long year as her brain measured time . . .

"Freighter," said Binns.

"I knew it," griped Mr. Longwater. "Those nit—"

"Coming toward us?" asked Jerrold.

THE man with the youngest eyes said, "It'll pass seven, eight miles away."

She thought: Just right—for the U-boat. Just right. Just close enough for its lookout to spot a lifeboat drifting—just one lone lifeboat with a few figures in it. Nothing more innocent-looking than a lifeboat. She'd turn and come toward them—and toward the waiting U-boat—with her thousands of tons of tanks and shells and food and guns; with her crew, and maybe a wife or two who'd wangled official permission to join her husband in Africa. She'd come charging, with her crew and the passenger or two at the rails, with the steward getting hot coffee and food ready, and the ship's ladder ready to be tossed down, with a passenger or two focusing his camera to get a real action shot. And then the torpedo would go crashing into her vitals!

Mrs. Dillworth looked at the three men in the lifeboat, and something burned inside her. There was Mr. Longwater, griping. The blood was rushing so in her ears, she couldn't hear what he was griping about, but he was griping. And there was Jerrold, looking mousy and scared, and there was Binns, husky, glowering—Binns, who'd make a pass at any girl. For this miserable bait, a ship would sink.

Mrs. Dillworth got up shakily, uncertainly. Nobody paid any attention to her as she fumbled in the toolbox. Nobody noticed her until she found the short-handled ax, lifted it and sent it against the bottom boards. It made only a small impression—she was that weak. It was maddening that she'd thought this all out a long time before, had pictured the ax sinking easily through rotten board, and now, in reality, it bounced back, like a rubber ax on steel. It was maddening to hear the three men growl and jump at her.

Binns tore the ax from her hand. Jerrold pushed her back in her seat. Mr. Longwater griped at her, something uncomplimentary about women.

For a moment afterward, it seemed that her brain ran confusedly in reverse. For Mr. Longwater, still griping, picked up a cold chisel and a hammer and started methodically to punch holes in the airtight tanks, making that nonsinkable device sinkable. In a feeble sort of way, Jerrold was boring holes, and Binns, as he started to chop the boat in half with the short-handled ax, was saying, "This ain't no job for a lady."

She knew, by the way each man fell to his job, that they'd worked this plan out long ago; Mr. Longwater to handle the cold chisel and hammer, Jerrold to take the bit and auger, Binns, the youngest and strongest, to handle the ax.

The water spurted through the first hole that Jerrold made, and he struggled ineffectually to free the bit; Mr. Longwater was griping about the air tanks. They were, he said, so rusty they wouldn't have kept the boat afloat at all; and the port gunwale parted under Binns' ax. Binns wasn't too busy not to grin at her and say, "Funny, we thought you'd kick up a fuss."

Binns, she thought, would never be too busy to talk to a girl.

Her cracked lips moved, and she thought sounds came out. But Binns said, "What?" as his ax bit to the water line.

She said, "I just said, 'God help the angels!' "

THERE was no excitement aboard the G. W. Howell, and the two pretty Army nurses, idly leaning on the rail, watching the split blue water coiling frothily away from the Howell's prow, nearly missed it altogether.

There was just the insistent, vibrating voice of a gong—but gongs and bells were forever sounding on the Howell. Just that, and a slight increase in the quiver of the deck as the engines urged the Howell a little faster.

"I wonder," said Edna, "what that gong is."

She glanced at the two gunners at the midship gun, but for once the two of them weren't eying the nurses approvingly, inviting a conversation. They were standing at their guns, staring out to sea.

"Oh, sailor," said Edna to the nearest gunner, "what does that gong mean?"

He didn't shift his gaze from the sea. "Battle stations," he said quietly.

Edna and her friend scanned an empty, sunny blue sea. "What for?"

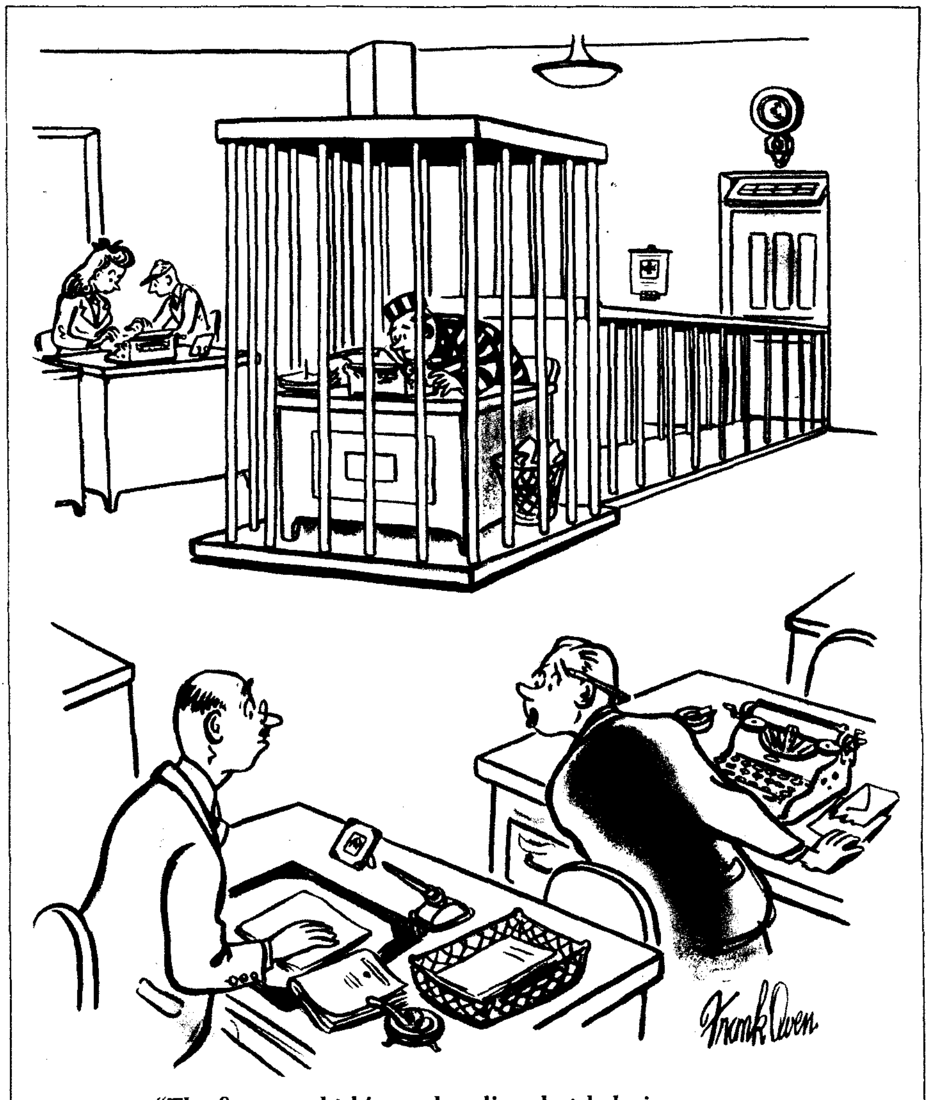
The sailor nodded. "Torpedo over there."

They saw it then, a slender white plume in the wash-blue sea, a quarter-mile away. For all her training, Edna let out a little squeal.

"It's all right," said the gunner. "See, it's missed us a mile. Just some sorehead in a sub—sore because he can't catch up with us. Must have let it go from three, four miles away. Just a going-away shot, too. They practically never hit with that kind, sis."

He spared a moment to look at her. He had bold, inviting eyes.

THE END



"The firm caught him embezzling, but help is so scarce they decided to handle the situation their own way!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

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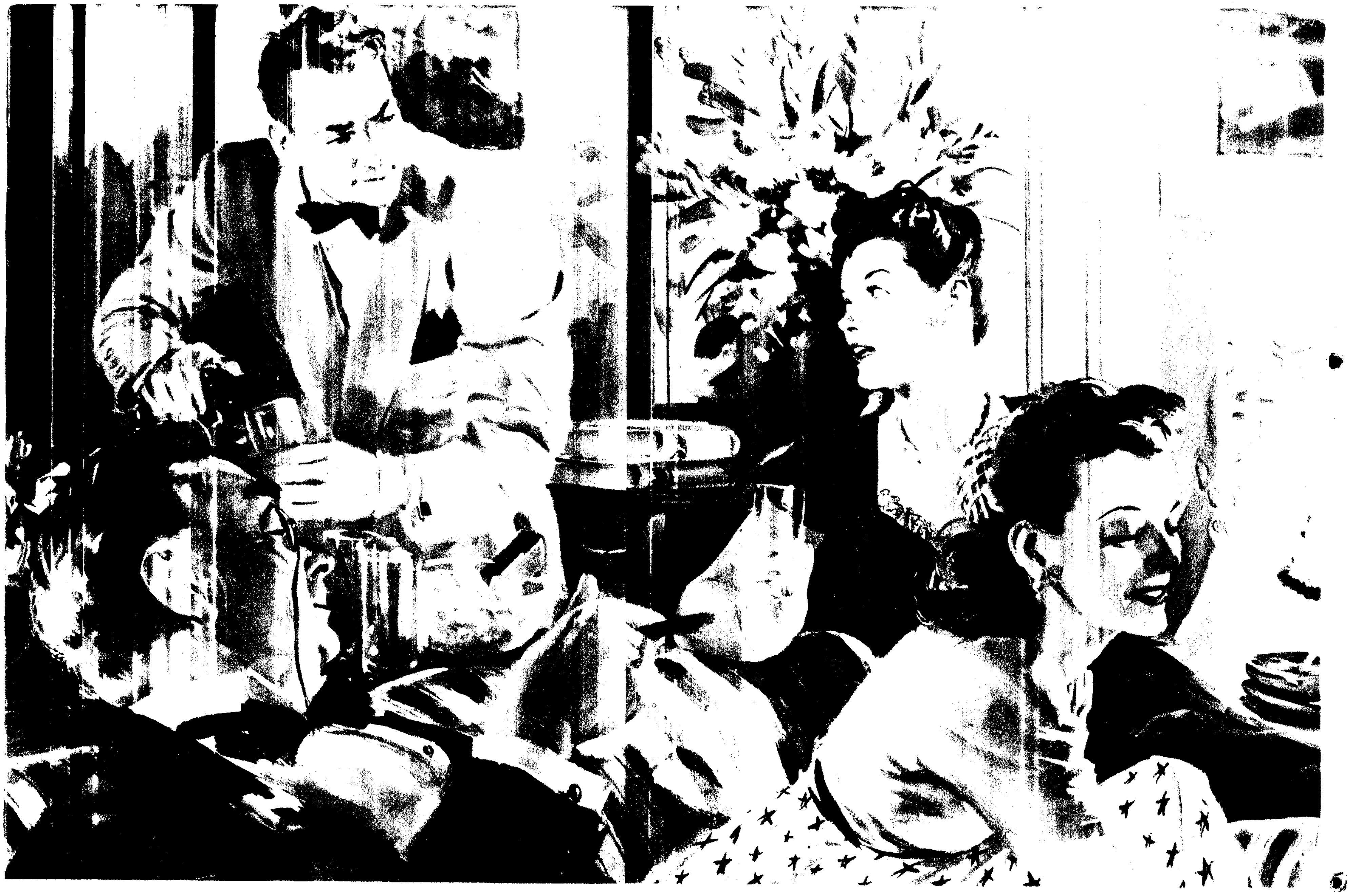


Alec filled his glass. "I didn't know Kip was staying at her place," he remarked. "I forgot to tell you, Alec," Pam said

THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story Thus Far:

"KIP" GALLOWAY, a bombardier in our Air Forces, is on the verge of marrying Pamela ("Pam") Neill in New York City when he is ordered to fly to England. To please a superior officer he promises to postpone the wedding until he returns to this country.

Kip's cousin, Alec Fraser, is one of the big men in an airplane plant near New York. Pam is the plant's personnel director—for women and girls. One evening, Alec and a very important official from Washington—Jerome Hayes, co-ordinator of airplane production—meet Kip and Pam and a number of their friends in a night spot. Hayes is tremendously impressed by Pam's beauty and personality.

Jinx Buchanan, a vivacious glamor girl, is a member of Kip's party. In love with Kip, engaged or not engaged, she yields to a sudden uncontrollable impulse and kisses him, while Pam looks on, astounded. Instantly Pam rises. "Let's go, Kip," she says. . . .

The following day, Kip goes to Baltimore, where he is to take a clipper bound for England. The clipper does not start on schedule—it is held, awaiting the arrival of an important British official. To kill time, Kip goes the rounds of the fine old Maryland city—and loses most of his money!

Alec, loyal as always, goes to Baltimore and lends Kip enough cash to see him through to his destination. By this time, Alec is beginning to realize, reluctantly, that he is in love with his cousin's fiancée! At the flying field, he and Kip see the British official arrive, board the giant plane with a young woman: Eve Kennedy, who, socially prominent, wealthy, has been singing in American night clubs. Then Kip climbs aboard and the clipper roars away.

Jerome Hayes is an extremely busy man. But in moments of leisure, he often finds his mind drifting to Pamela Neill. He sees her again, in New York; then he tips off a reporter who writes an article in which he is quoted, and Pam is featured as a great woman war worker.

Back at home, Hayes' wife Julia, who is no longer young, hears about the article, which has appeared in a magazine called The Hour. Securing a copy of the magazine, she turns to the article. A picture of her husband stares straight at her. Near it is a picture of Pam. "She's pretty," Julia thinks, with a queer feeling of depression. "She's quite young. And the man she is engaged to is away."

IV

IT HAD not been a pleasant journey. *For years Julia Hayes had gone to* New York several times a year but she had never had a trip like this one before. From the time she took the train out of the station in her home city and saw the last of her chauffeur, standing respectfully on the platform, she had been aware of an indifference to her comfort that seemed to her almost insulting.

The bedroom which she had engaged on the train from home had been sold twice, apparently—once to her and once to a couple of Army officers. Though the major and his companion yielded the accommodation to her quite courteously, after talking to the conductor, Julia was conscious of a withheld criticism in the manner of the conductor and even of the porter, and it seemed to be directed at herself. It implied that, even though she was Mrs. Jerome Hayes and had not traveled in an ordinary Pullman berth for fifteen years, she should have given the officers her space.

"Things is different in war," the porter kept muttering, not quite under his breath.

Julia took refuge in dignity and let the porter mutter. But she hadn't slept well that night.

In the Chicago station next morning she waited twenty-five minutes for a taxi. Finally she secured one, but the driver, after hearing the name of her hotel, didn't start at once.

"Maybe somebody else is going your way, lady," he said and called, "Anybody else going out north?"

"I'd like to have the taxi for myself," said Julia.

"We don't do that no more," said the cab driver, quite cheerfully, and he opened the door again for a fat man who got in beside Julia. The man was smoking a cigar and it didn't seem to occur to him to throw it away. But he wanted to talk, and he did talk in spite of Julia's lack of response. He said that he had just read what our boys were doing in the Pacific and that he hadn't felt so good in weeks. He said that he had a nephew in the Solomons, his brother's boy.

"Have you?" Julia was polite but not encouraging, glad that it wasn't too far to the hotel.

But the hotel where she and Jerome had stayed so often was no shelter this time. She had reserved a suite for the day by the usual method of having someone in Jerome's office write and notify the management that she was coming. So there was no excuse, she felt angrily, when the clerk said, "I haven't anything open right now, Mrs. Hayes. But I can give you something before long. Maybe you'd like to check your bags and have breakfast."

"But I have a reservation!" she insisted.

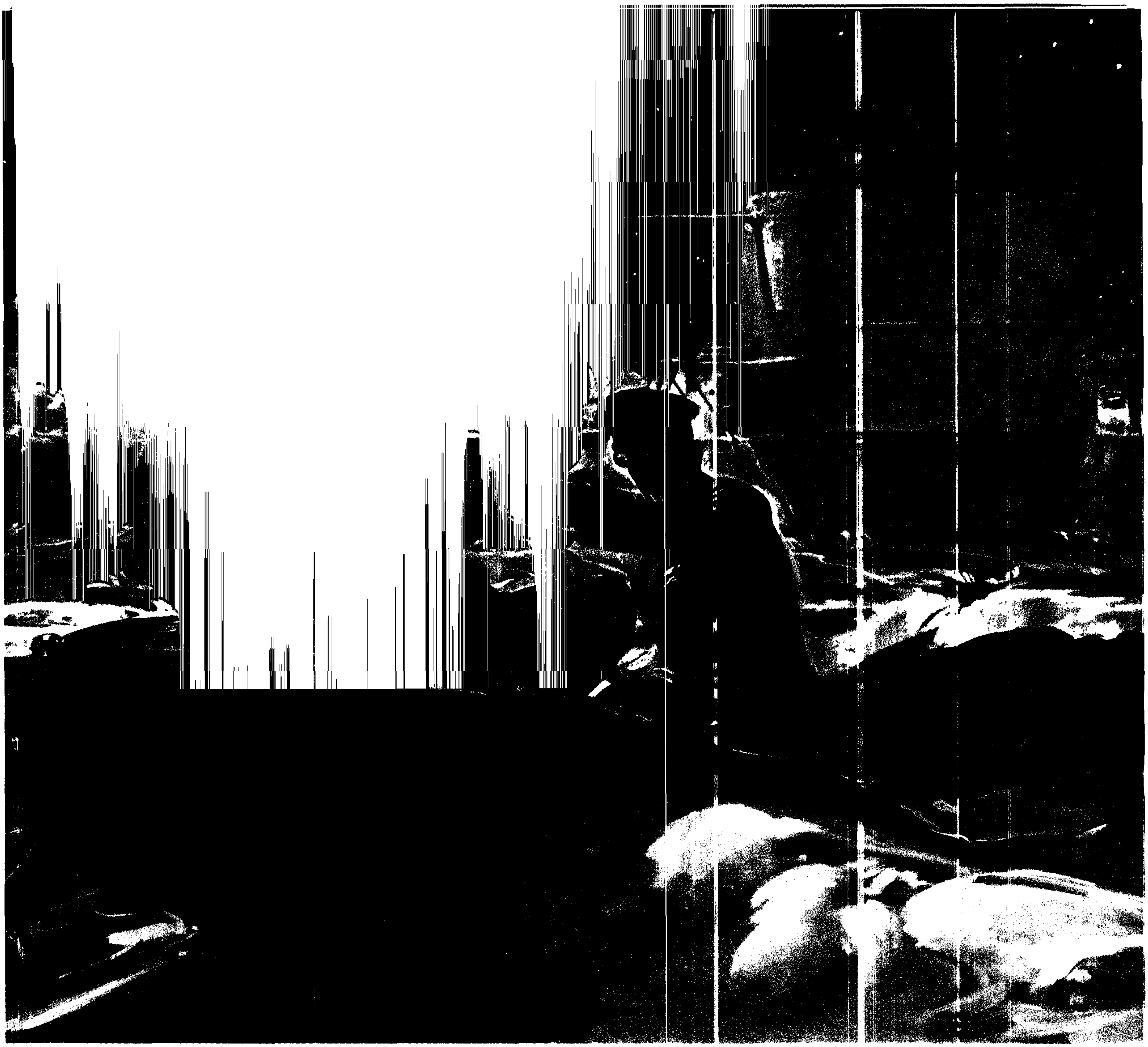
"We're awfully crowded, Mrs. Hayes. I'm sorry. The Army has taken over some of the hotels in the city and that makes it difficult for us to handle the crowd. We can't always hold reservations."

"I've never had anything like this happen before," she protested.

Her words seemed only to deepen the patient expression on the face of the room clerk. But she heard a little chuckle from one of the men who were waiting to register and she felt her cheeks grow hot.

She waited an hour for a room and was finally shown into a bedroom which had no adjoining sitting room, which looked blindly out on a court and in which the beds were still unmade. The housekeeper said she was sorry, when Julia telephoned the linen room, and that a party had just checked out. She would send a maid at once. But "at once" meant three quarters of an hour.

Julia sat for a while amid the disorder



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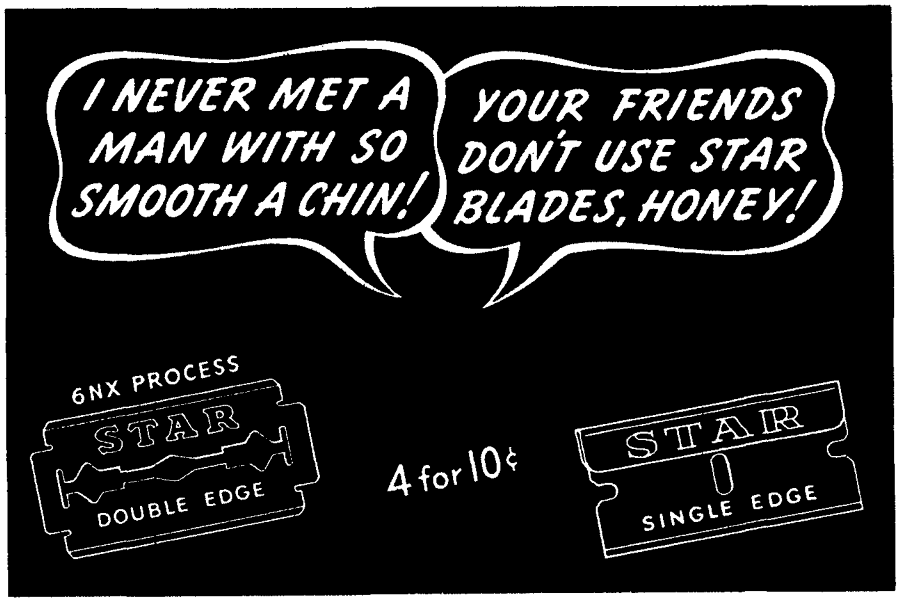
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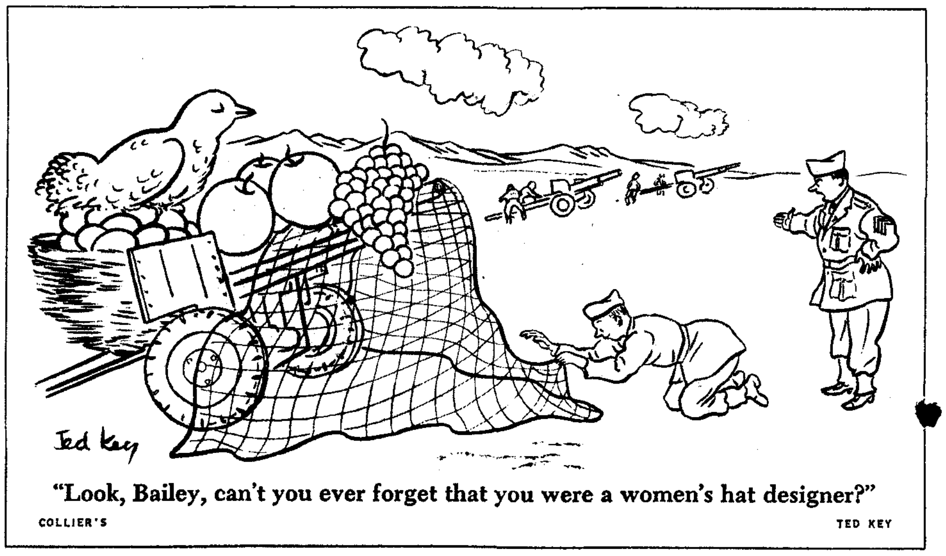


"Look, Bailey, can't you ever forget that you were a women's hat designer?"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

created by the last guests, trying not to touch anything. The desk was covered with ash trays and torn envelopes. There was powder on the dressing table, and a crumpled slip on the bureau verified the fact that the room had been last occupied by Lieutenant Albert G. Masefield and his wife, and that the price was $6.50 for the day.

Julia Hayes was a fastidious woman. She usually turned her mind away from the fact that other people had recently stayed in the rooms she occupied in hotels. She didn't like to think of it. But she couldn't help thinking of it now, with the tousled beds and used towels and cigarette stubs to make it real. It was much too real. She was tired and she wanted a bath but instead she went out and walked up the windy avenue.

In her new gray suit and feathered hat she looked very chic, but for once she hadn't felt the admiring stares that it was a pleasure to ignore. There were hatless girls everywhere, girls who moved swiftly in their low-heeled shoes, who were carelessly pretty and seemed to be sure that the city and the world had been turned over to them. The soldiers and sailors and airmen who gave the streets a look of wartime were very young and their glances were all for the hatless girls, not for a fashionable woman. Not that Julia wanted to catch anyone's eye. But she had again a sense of being ignored, of being on the outside of what was going on, and that was ridiculous because her husband was one of the most important men in war production in the country.

She had more than done her share. As her friends said at home, she was making a real sacrifice in giving up Jerome.

ON THE metropolitan express which took her to New York, there had been the familiar luxurious surroundings, but even on that train Julia had felt pushed around. She had to stand in line for her meals and was hurried through them. There were no seats in the club car to be had even when her room was being made up for the night. Again and again she told herself, in a grasp at serenity, that this was wartime and that conditions were worse everywhere else. But she felt battered by the time she reached New York, and was very glad to see Jerome standing just behind the barrier waiting for her and looking competent and full of energy. And as if he were having a good time, she thought involuntarily.

"Hello, dear." He waved and was with her in an instant. "Have a good trip?"

"It was pretty messy."

"That's wartime. You have to expect it. You look wonderful!"

"I'm a wreck."

"It certainly doesn't show. I've never seen that outfit before."

"I thought I'd better buy something while there was something to choose from. Do you like it?"

"It's fine," he said and she knew he would have praised anything, old or new, that she was wearing. "Now look, dear, I'm going to take you over to the hotel and I know you'll want to get a rest. It just happens that I have a pretty crowded day."

"You don't have to bother about me," Julia told him. "I have a lot of things to do. I have to clean up and get my hair done."

HE HAD her in a taxi by this time and leaned forward to say to the driver, "Keep your flag down, boy, when you get to the Waldorf. I'm going on."

"Right away? You aren't even coming in?" asked Julia.

"I had a nine-o'clock appointment. They're waiting for me now. These men came over from Washington."

"Well, don't let me be in the way at all. That wasn't why I came."

"You're pretty sweet to come on in this hot weather."

They were a little ill at ease. He wasn't quite sure why she had come. Julia wasn't sure that he had wanted her.

"When will you be back?" she asked.

"I was just going to tell you what's lined up," said Jerome. "There's a dinner here at the hotel tonight for a couple of men who've come over from England. Production men. I have to go. They'll expect me to say something, I suppose."

"Stag dinner?"

"No. It's mixed. They felt it had better be a dinner for both men and women because of the things British women are doing. There'll be a talk on that too by one of the Englishmen. Anyway, I thought it would be nice to get a little gang together and have a few cocktails beforehand. Nothing overdone, because it isn't that kind of a dinner. But we'll have a table for our own party, though I may have to sit at the speakers' table. I suppose I will."

"Who will I sit with, then?"

"Well, I'll tell you who I asked. For cocktails and to sit with us: There's Bill Caulfield—he's from San Francisco—and Jennings, who's my New York man here, and a young man called Fraser, who's doing very good work out at Metallo."

"Aren't any women coming?"

"I suppose Jennings will bring his wife. And there's you. And there's a girl who's a friend of Alec Fraser's, a girl you'll like. I asked her. Her name is Pamela Neill."

"Oh—the one who was written up—the one you gave such a boost in The Hour."

"You saw that?"

"Of course. Everyone did."

"What did you think of it?"

"I don't know. I wondered why one person should be featured when so many girls are doing good work, if it's fair."

"She didn't seek it, of course."

"She didn't seem to turn her back on the photographers," said Julia.

"You've got that all wrong. You'll realize that when you meet her. She's a hard worker. And just crazy about that boy she's engaged to."

"Did you meet him?"

"Yes, I saw them at a restaurant one night."

"She doesn't work all the time apparently," Julia remarked.

"You'll like her," repeated her husband confidently, "and she wants to meet you."

"What time are these people coming?"

"Seven all right?"

"It's your party, dear," said Julia.

Hayes didn't like the way she said that. He knew the tone and, in spite of the fact that it sounded sweet and compliant, it usually meant that he had done something that he would be sorry for and that things were piling up against him. He'd hurt Julia or disappointed her.

"I wish we could have had the evening to ourselves," said Hayes, "but I got let in for this dinner and didn't think I should back down."

"Of course not. Why should you?"

"I could still duck it if you want. I'll tell my secretary to call off these people for cocktails and make some excuse to get out of speaking."

"Don't talk nonsense, Jerry!"

But Julia was disappointed. She hated the effort that the evening would mean. The fragility which had attracted Hayes to her when she was a slim girl had become a lack of vitality now. Julia had always been lazy and she didn't want to meet new people tonight.

What she had hoped for and intended was an evening with Jerome at some of the night clubs. The fashion magazines said that New York had never been gayer. She was planning to wear her new short-length dinner dress and vaguely she had imagined strangers staring and their comments: "Who's that stunning woman?" "Oh, the wife of Jerome Hayes!" And her picture might be snapped in a night club—you couldn't always help those things—to appear later on some page read by the worldly and fashionable, captioned: "Jerome Hayes relaxes from war work with his beautiful wife."

Instead he had let her in for this public dinner and she would have to listen to a lot of speeches, with this pushing working girl for company. All day she brooded over the injustice of it.

HAYES gave the evening no more thought until it came around. He had a hard day and a busy one, for representatives of the West Coast Council were in the city, and the spread and the intensity of the aircraft production plans kept them in conference hour after hour. They would have worked through the evening if it had not been for the necessity of honoring the British men and women who were to be guests at the dinner.

Just before the conference broke up, Hayes suggested to a couple of other men that he would be delighted if they too would join him and Julia for cocktails and one of them asked if he might bring his wife. It was nearly seven o'clock when Jerome got back to his hotel but his spirits were high, for it had been a day of significant accomplishment. The manuscript of his talk was in his pocket, and he figured that since Julia was there to handle arrangements and to greet the guests, he could manage a shower and a change of clothes.

HE HAD forgotten that she had told him stubbornly that it was his party. When he went in, the big living room of his suite was set up with a couple of small white-robed tables covered with glasses and bowls of ice, and a waiter was already in attendance. The roses he had ordered for Julia's coming stood high and formal in a thick glass hotel vase. But Julia was not to be seen. He found her in the bedroom, not quite dressed.

"Look, darling, can you hold the fort while I clean up?" he asked.

"But I don't know who's coming," she protested. "I don't know any of these people!"

"It doesn't matter. They all know who you are. Just make them feel at home. Ask them their names."

"You might have come back before this time!"

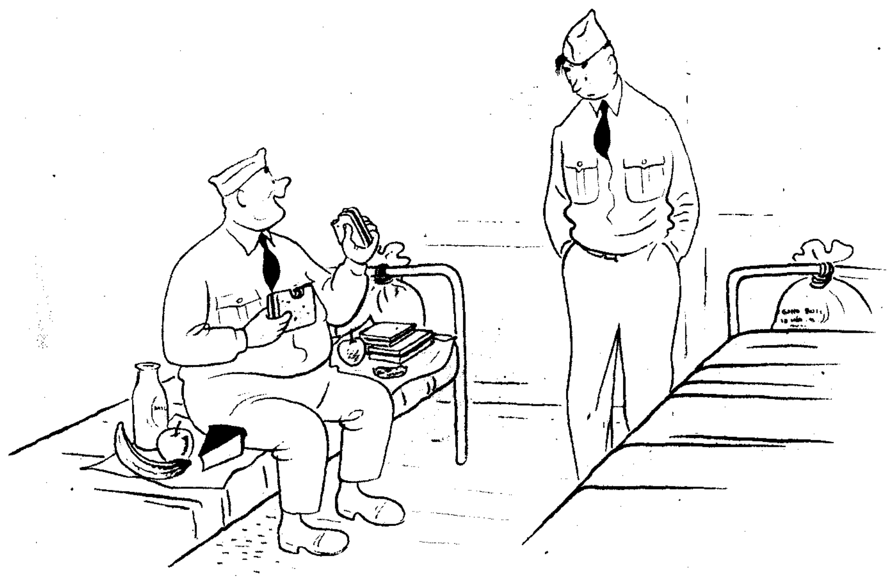
"I couldn't to save my neck. But we've certainly whipped things into shape today. We can't lose this war now, not with what's coming up. It's going to take all we've got, though."

"Other people aren't giving all they've got," she exclaimed with sudden petulance. "They say that Dick Falkner is absolutely coining money! He's just given Liza the most magnificent new diamond bracelet for their anniversary. Everyone says that, no matter what happens, diamonds are an investment."

The remark stopped Hayes short. Down here he had forgotten about people like the Falkners, well as he knew them both. They didn't matter just now. They had ceased to count. But he had a vivid imaginary picture of Liza Falkner holding out her wrist with the new diamond bracelet, making the other girls jealous. He could guess at the kind of sharp deal Dick was putting over. Money could still be made if all you thought of was feathering your own nest. Hayes could have done it himself, as he knew very well.

"The hell with them," he said, "and their diamonds. What we want to do is to win this war."

"I want to win it just as much as any-



"My girl friend invited me to supper tonight and I don't want to make a pig of myself"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

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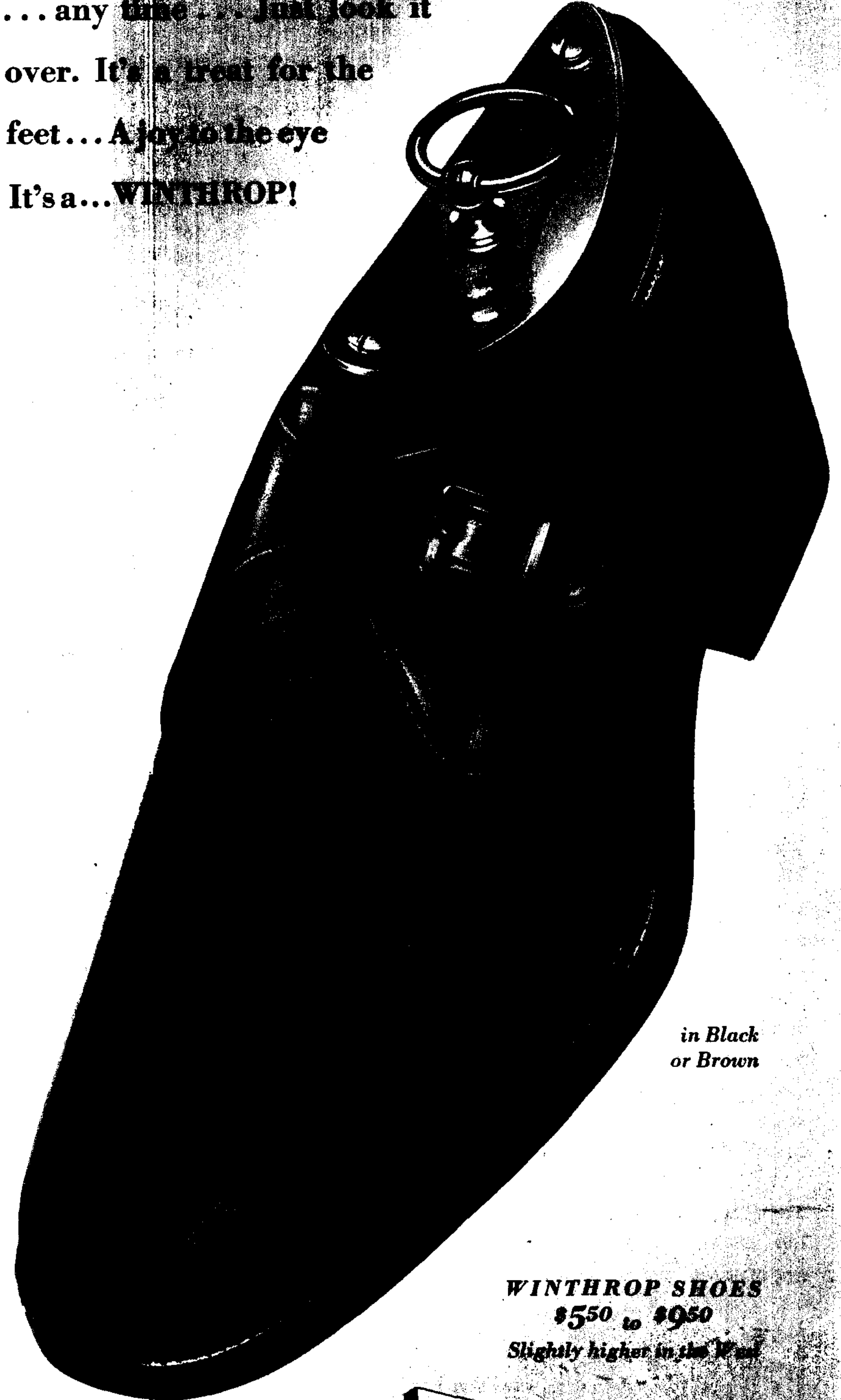

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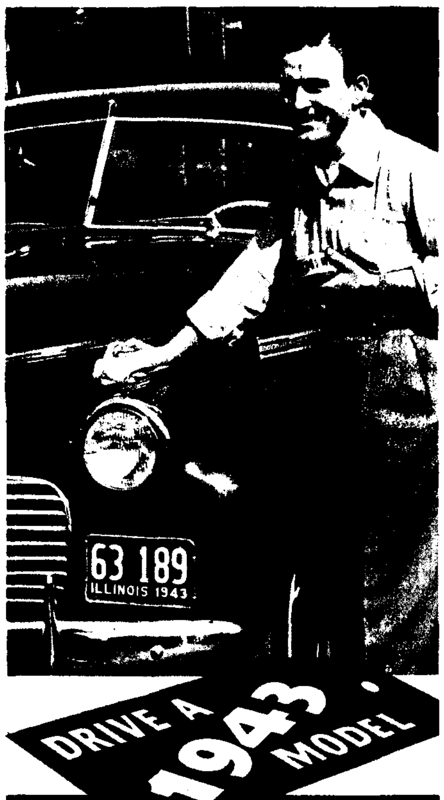

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one else! But there's no use in being hysterical about it. Or in this country being made into a cat's-paw!"

He wondered where she had picked that up.

"It won't be," he assured her drily.

"You think I don't know anything, Jerry," she said bitterly.

Jerome, pulling off his soiled collar, glanced at her. He didn't want her to get worked up. Not that, above all things, at the moment. He felt rather guilty because he didn't think she knew very much but he must not admit it. He dropped a kiss on her neck, an old familiar gesture that suddenly filled him with nostalgic tenderness.

"I think you know plenty," he said. "What's that—the telephone? Somebody's here already. I'll skip the shower and be right there."

"Jerry—"

He turned again.

"How do I look?"

Her eyes were greedy for flattery. Jerome knew his job.

"Lovely—wonderful!"

"It's the new ankle-length," she told him eagerly. "I think I'll wear a hat with it."

She poised a green hat on her head. Her face, a little too thin now for the figure that would not be denied maturity any longer, was pretty, even with the nervous lines about her mouth.

"You'll knock them cold," he said.

HE WASN'T so sure of that when he joined his guests ten minutes later. For it was a stiff company in spite of the drinks that were being passed around. Julia, thought her husband, looked more like a guest than a hostess, especially wearing that hat, which made her seem on her way somewhere. Claude Jennings had brought his wife, a plump, shy young woman who seemed very hot in her dark blue dress. The wife of the man from the Coast appeared in a violently printed dinner dress. The women clung closely to the company of their lawful husbands, and Julia, so expertly gowned in beige crepe with its odd green ruffle and stranger green hat, seemed to be unable or unwilling to blend the conversation of the guests.

The room looked more like a rented sitting room than ever. Bill Caulfield stood drinking, giving ready-made answers to Julia's remarks, being polite and remote. Then Pamela Neill came in with Alec and almost everything was different immediately.

She wore the same dress that Hayes had always seen her in out of working hours, the black one. She had no hat and her hair looked cool and brushed, almost free from curl and high on her head. Caulfield's eyebrows went up with interest.

"How are you?" she asked warmly, as Jerome Hayes met her halfway across the room. "I'm so thrilled to be here at this dinner. You keep on doing the nicest things for me!"

"I want you to meet my wife," he said.

Pamela turned radiantly. "I'm so glad to meet you, Mrs. Hayes."

Julia wasn't glad. She didn't even pretend to be pleased as Jerome said to her, "This is Miss Neill, Julia. Of the Metallo Company. You've heard about her work."

"How do you do," said Julia. "Oh, yes, I've seen the publicity."

It was the wrong word, and Jerome suspected it of being deliberate.

"Your husband has been awfully good to us at Metallo," said Pamela.

Julia smiled, but hardly at Pam. "He's always like that. All the people who work for him adore him."

Pam's face changed a little. She didn't hurry her answer. She seemed to be deciding about Julia Hayes as they stood confronting each other.

"They should. He makes things move and that's what's going to win the war," she said at length.

"Yes, if we get enough competent women," said Jerome, laughing.

"This seems to be an admiration society. I feel terribly out of it, not being competent." Julia's high laugh was not amused. It scared her husband. He didn't know what might come next. Quickly he introduced Alec and hoped that Julia would behave.

Alec took care of that.

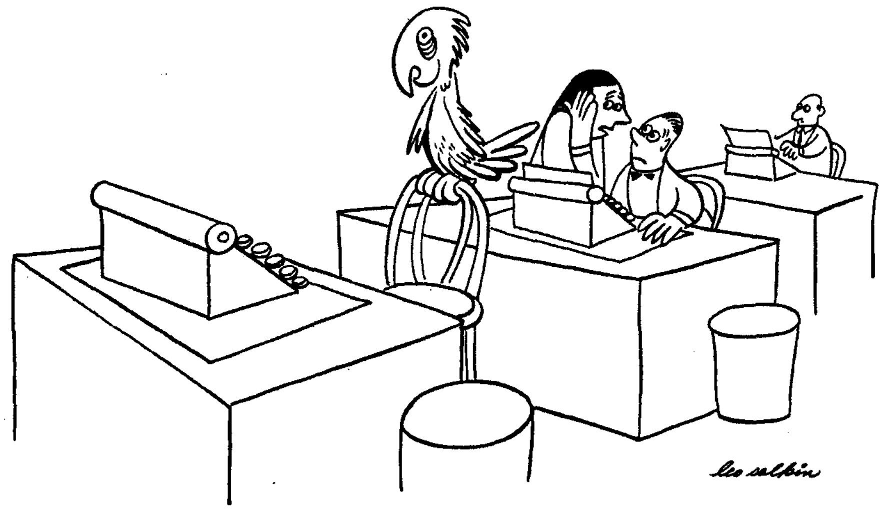
"I'm sorry we're late, Mrs. Hayes. You'll think manners are rationed in New York too."

He was flattering her with his glance before he said anything else and he had the easy confidence of a gentleman, unmistakable even to Julia.

"It doesn't matter at all," she said.

"It does to me. I've been looking forward to meeting you so much. And every minute here is going to be a treat. Especially after looking at girls in overalls all day long."

Without mentioning her appearance he was complimenting her clothes, her style, her provocativeness. He did that just right, thought Hayes with relief. That fixes it. Once more he was struck by the fact that this young man was clever and intuitive. Alec Fraser seemed to know what was needed before the minute of actual need had come and he didn't fumble, either with his hands in his workshop or with his words on an occasion like this. He'll go places, Hayes said to himself.



COLLIER'S "He got the job by telephone!" LEO SALKIN

Pamela was now preoccupying Caulfield, who had come to life and was obviously feeling that the party wasn't going to be the bore he had believed it would be. Jerome Hayes saw that, and as Caulfield devoted himself to Pam, he wanted to tell his friend that the girl was already engaged, not there for the picking. And she shouldn't waste any time on Caulfield, who was smart as a steel trap in business but whose wife had divorced him for good reasons.

HIS own reaction warned Hayes of something. What's it to me, he thought, and tried to give his attention to his other guests. But all the time he was aware of Pamela, of what had happened when she came into the room, of how life and emotion had come with her. When he was close enough to hear what she was talking about with Bill Caulfield, he discovered that it was about types of planes. Perhaps she herself had told him that she was engaged to a bombardier.

"What are you going to talk about tonight?" she asked Hayes.

"The only thing I know anything about: Production."

"Will it be broadcast?"

He nodded. "I guess so. There's a British hookup too."

"Wonderful! You're in a position to tell people what they really ought to know," said Pam.

"I hope I can put it over," Hayes said.

"Jerome always makes an excellent talk," said his wife.

Jerome wished that Julia wouldn't take possession of him like that, or act as if he were going to recite a piece. She missed the point. What Pamela meant was that this was a chance to get the public back of the production program, even if it meant sacrifice. He was going to try to do just that tonight. Suddenly he wished he could go over the speech again before he delivered it. Pam would be listening to every word. Maybe it wasn't good enough.

THE dinner was far less dreary than Julia had expected, more, in fact, like her hopes for the evening, if she hadn't been burdened with most of the company. Jerome had to leave them to meet the rest of the honor guests who were to sit on the dais at dinner, but the table reserved for his party was in the very front of the great ballroom, close to the raised platform, central and noticeable. Seating the guests, Julia put Pamela with her back to the room. She didn't intend to let the girl show off. But she kept Alec Fraser on her left and Bill Caulfield, for display if not for conversation, on her right.

People stared, as she had anticipated with pleasure. The names of the guests were printed, in accordance with the tables at which they sat, on a page of the menu and she was aware that she must be identified.

There were camera men flashing their lights at celebrities here and there, and as two of them approached her table Julia assumed a look of distaste for publicity and tried in vain to control a desire to look in the mirror in her purse.

When she lifted her eyes she saw that the reporter who was going along with the cameraman was speaking to Pamela.

"You're Miss Neill, aren't you? May we have a picture of your party?"

"It's not my party," said Pamela hastily.

Alec said to Julia, "You probably hate this sort of thing and you must be awfully fed up with it."

"It's so cheap," remarked Julia.

"Wouldn't you let them have just one picture? To be rid of them?" he asked in a low voice.

"Well, if I have to—"

Alec's head was turned away when the picture was taken. The camera was focused directly on Julia and the boredom of Bill Caulfield.

Looking down from the platform, Jerome Hayes saw his party, and observed that by luck Pamela was seated where he could watch her. He liked having her there. It made him feel warm to think that she was in the company by his invitation, that he was buying her dinner, that it was all regular and that he could look at her. He gave her a wink and she laughed back at him. Was that fellow Galloway good

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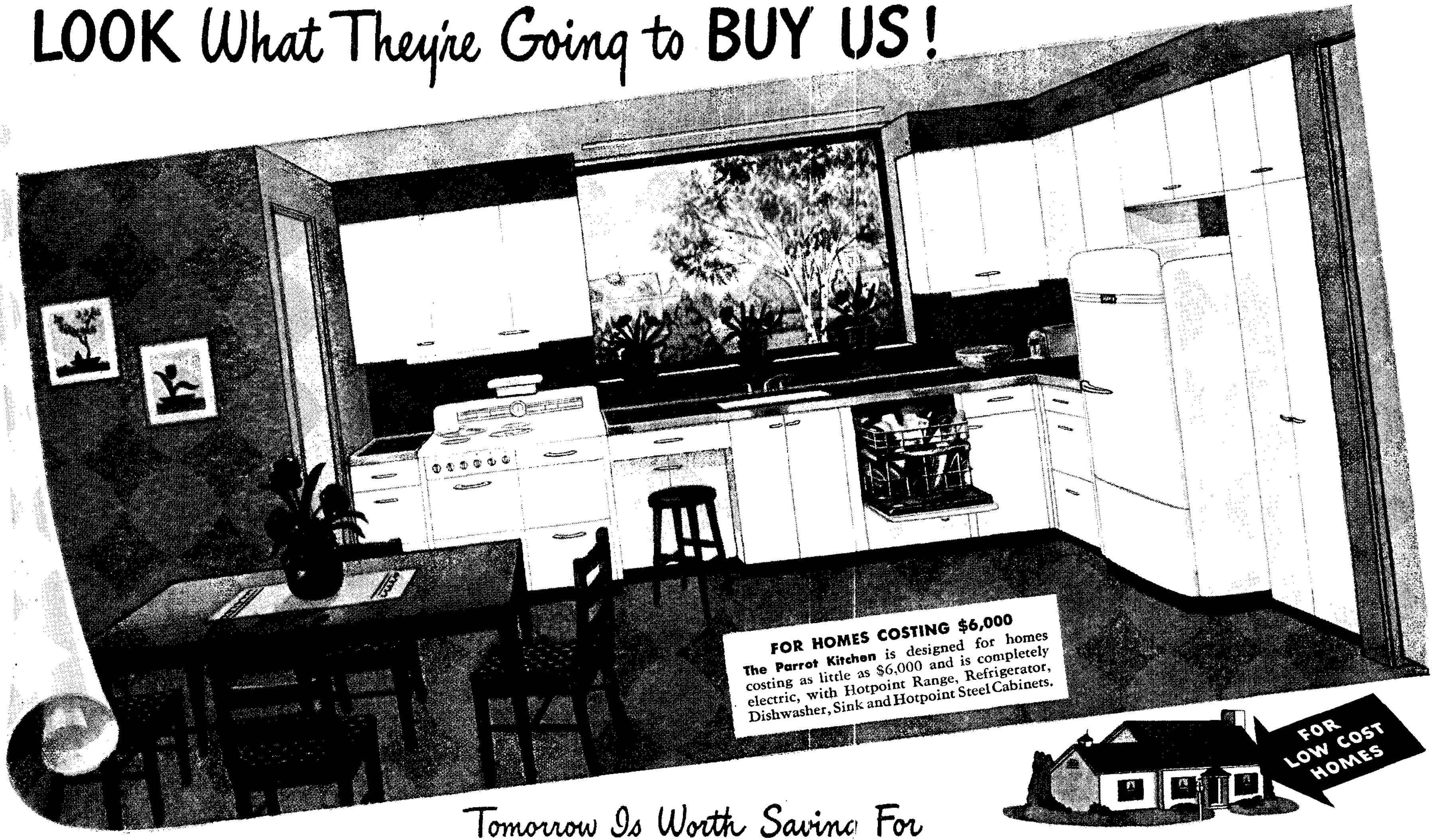

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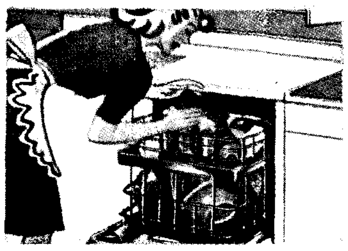

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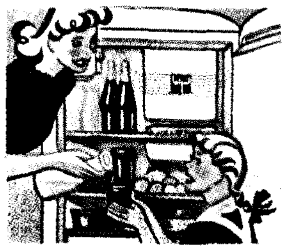

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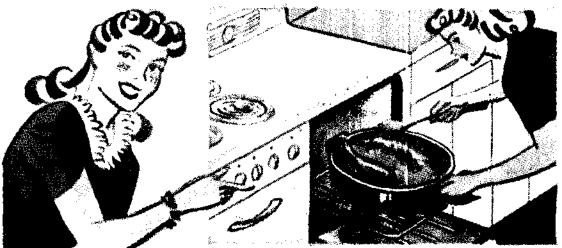

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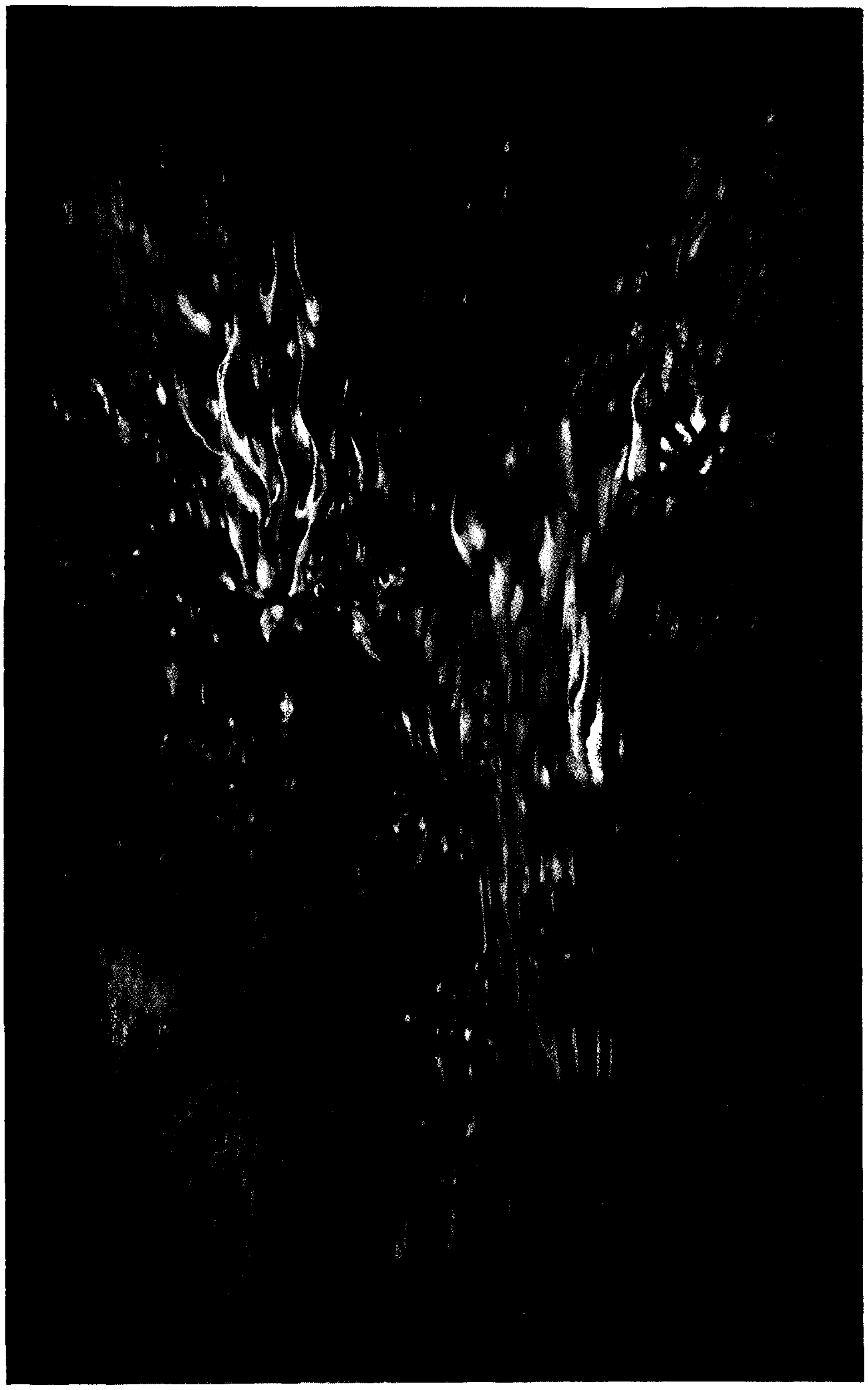

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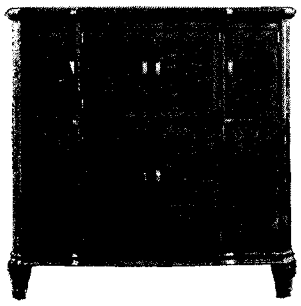


CAPEHART - PANAMUSE - FARNSWORTH

GREAT NAMES IN ELECTRONICS — MUSICAL REPRODUCTION — TELEVISION enough for her? What if he was killed? She was very thin—no weight to her at all. She probably worried about her man a lot, though she was so game about it.

The feathers on the back of Julia's green hat trembled a little in the breeze from an electric fan, and appeared to be ruffled indignantly. She gets the craziest outfits, thought Hayes with indulgent amusement. But I suppose they're stylish. She certainly gets a kick out of them.

He turned to the Englishman beside him and said, "From all I hear, you've had to solve your production problem by employing women."

Mr. Wardlaw-Leake said, "We have. And they've done very well."

"There's a girl down there in front of you who would like to hear all about that. She's doing a job along those lines over here."

"We should be exchanging ideas. She should know Miss Denham," remarked Wardlaw-Leake.

"Well," said Hayes, "if you and Miss Denham aren't tied up after this is over, perhaps you'd care to come up to my apartment in the hotel here and I'll get Miss Neill and we'll talk it over. I'm living here in the hotel while I'm in the city."

And he met the hardly perceptible hesitation of Wardlaw-Leake, who was a worldly gentleman and cautious about women, by adding, "I'd like you to meet my wife too."

MR. WARDLAW-LEAKE accepted with pleasure and leaned across his neighbor on the other side to speak to Miss Denham about it. Miss Denham was also British and was going to make a talk tonight about the women of her own country. The waiters were swiftly removing dessert plates, and Jerome Hayes took out his manuscript as the microphones were adjusted before the honor guests. He was not thinking of Pamela now. He thought only of the work that had to be done and that he was about to explain to a tremendous invisible public. He looked cool and hardheaded and capable but he never told anyone, not even Julia, of the tremors of surprise that ran through him at such a time as this because he had been singled out for such importance that over two continents people would hear his voice speaking with authority.

He made a fine talk and a deep impression. While presses were printing his words all over the country and newscasters quoting him, Hayes sat in his apartment sitting room going into the facts more deeply with Wardlaw-Leake and Miss Denham and Alec Fraser and Pamela. And Julia. After a pressing congratulatory crowd, the company had been whittled down to this group. There had been more pictures taken after his speech, some of Julia and Hayes together. With her claim fully established and about to be spread to the world, Julia was complacent. If only the pictures would turn out all right, she would send them home. Her imagination was playing with that idea as the others were talking about war and the work to keep it going.

"You almost have to see it to realize what is happening," Miss Denham said.

"Don't I wish I could!" Pam exclaimed.

"Why don't you make a quick trip over?"

Pamela laughed. "It's not so easy. If wishes were passports, I'd be there now."

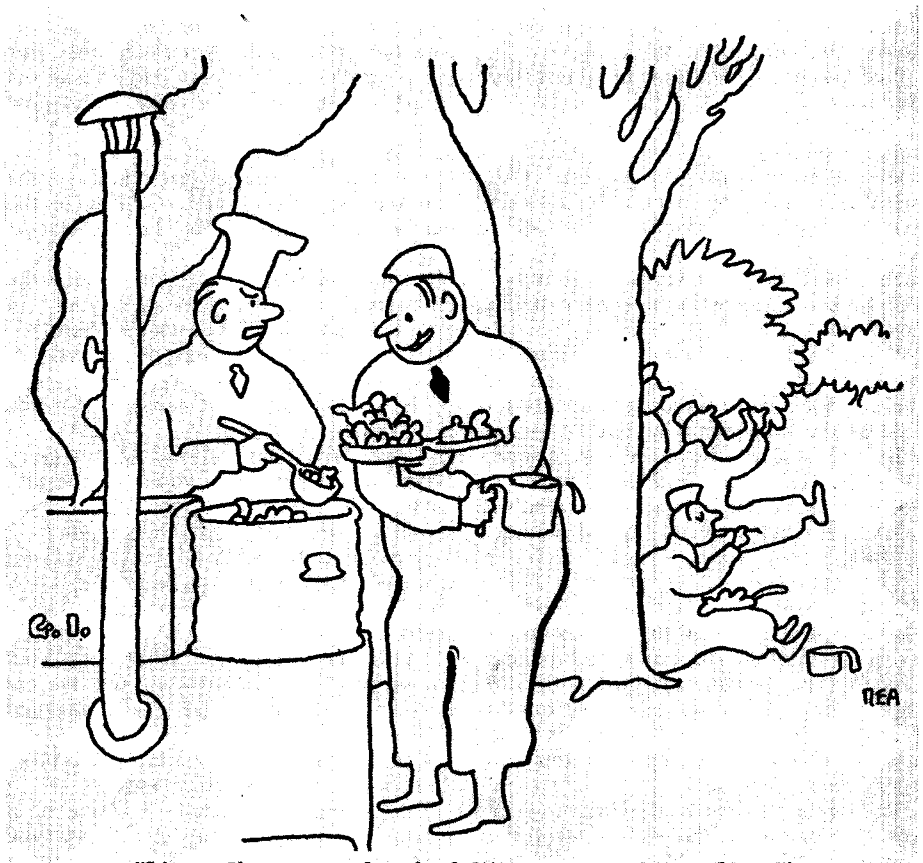
"But surely you could get a passport. I mean, it's really important, isn't it? You might get some ideas that would be useful to women in industry over here and you could bring us many suggestions, I'm sure."

"I wouldn't be the person."

Hayes said, "I don't know why not. You've got all the dope."

"I'm not important enough."

"You've had a lot of publicity. Your name is beginning to mean something."



"Listen, I'm supposed to feed 250 men—not 249 and you!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"I was so interested in the article about you in The Hour," Miss Denham said, "and I'm quite in earnest about wishing you could go over and see for yourself. Couldn't it be arranged, Mr. Hayes?"

"Why, I'm sure of it," he said. "If the invitation came from your side of the water, it might be a good idea."

"That's as good as done now," answered Wardlaw-Leake.

"Am I dreaming?" Pam turned to Alec and said, "Alec, don't let them kid me."

"Maybe they aren't."

"We could give you a great many introductions. Do you know England?"

"I used to go over with my family nearly every summer."

I wonder if that's true, doubted Julia. She said, changing the subject, "That's one of the things we all miss so much, not being able to go abroad now. And I suppose that when we do go things will be changed beyond recognition. I wonder if Paris will ever be the same again."

Hayes said abruptly, "If such a trip could be put across for Miss Neill, I'm inclined to think it would be a good thing all around."

"Shall I talk to our embassy?" asked Miss Denham.

"You'd fly, of course," said Alec.

"It's the only way to go," Hayes agreed.

Pamela said nothing. Her face was alight with excitement. Hayes thought: That's the way she looked on the day she came rushing into the machine shop at Metallo, when she and I had a run-in. She was all excited about that man of hers.

"You might get a glimpse of your bombardier too, you know," he said. "Is he still in England?"

"I think so. It's a friend of mine," she explained to Miss Denham and the Englishman. "He's with the Air Forces. The man I'm engaged to."

"You don't know where he's stationed, I suppose?"

"No. He can't tell me much of anything, because of the censorship. I had a letter yesterday. He was staying in the country with some people that Sunday. They were terribly nice to him. You may know them? Eve Kennedy—the one who does songs and monologues."

"Of course I do. Eve's an extraordinary person," said Miss Denham.

"Had hard luck," said Wardlaw-Leake, and under the influence of his second highball added indiscreetly, "Doesn't justify everything though."

Alec filled his own glass. "I didn't know Kip was staying at her place," he remarked.

"I forgot to tell you that, Alec."

"Of course he might not be there when you get to England."

"Don't say it as if it's so definite that I might go. It gives me such hopes. Of course there's hardly a chance that he'd be there."

"You can't tell. He might be," said Hayes, watching her face because even if the feeling in it was for a man who wasn't there, it made her more lovely.

"You're growing very romantic, Jerry," said his wife, icily.

"If I should go, it wouldn't be to see Kip. But it would be so useful in helping us plan the work here."

Pamela was saying that to Alec, as if she wanted his reassurance.

"The thing about Eve Kennedy," Wardlaw-Leake remarked to Hayes, for his mind had stayed on the familiar name, "is that nobody ever had any control over her. There was a lot of money. Not much left now, I suppose. Young Kennedy had some too. He crashed in Greece. All those airmen go sooner or later. Just a question of time. The finest of the lot too."

HE WAS talking into a hush and became aware of it, breaking off his last abrupt sentence with an embarrassed growl of apology. Pam's hands were held together tightly but she smiled as she stood up.

"Tomorrow really is a working day," she said. "It's been wonderful to meet you, Miss Denham."

"I shall really see what I can do about the trip. Could you go any time?"

"I think I could get a few weeks off for anything so important. Maybe Mr. Hayes would say a word for me to the boss."

The glance she sent toward Hayes was intercepted by his wife. Julia's farewell to Pamela was icy. She told the others that she hoped she would see them again.

"He's too nice to have drawn a bitter dose like that," said Pam to Alec as the elevator shot down with them from the tower, "he's much too nice. He's a darling."

"I think she's very attractive too," answered Alec.

"You're a hypocrite."

"Well, I turned away the hand that held the dagger more than once tonight."

"What's she got against me?"

"Ten years of extra life. Twenty pounds of extra flesh. And you constitute a threat," said Alec.

"Threat to what?"

"To her husband's appreciation of green hats and snaky dresses."

Pam laughed aloud. "It was funny."

"It's not so funny."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe it would be a good thing if you do go to England."

"On that account?"

They walked through the vast, softly furnished lobby before he answered. He swung through the revolving doors behind her, signaled the doorman for a cab. On my account too, said his thought. On my account, so that every time I see you I won't wonder why I was fool enough to ever introduce Kip to you, and wonder what he's going to do to you, and wonder if that's really what you want of life, and know that I can't do anything about it.

"That would be quite a trip," he told her.

"Think of flying the Atlantic. In wartime!"

HE WAS thinking of it. She shouldn't be allowed to do it. There was too much danger involved. One of these days a clipper would go down. He mustn't let her chance it. England was in a war area. Nobody knew when the next blitz might come along. Thousands of people had already been killed and the next great attack might be more merciless. She wouldn't have any protection over there. She'd be an alien in a country at war and there was no time to look after aliens in emergencies. Here at least she would be safe. He'd manage to say a word to Hayes, point out the dangers, stop this project before it got under way.

"I think *it* would be crazy for you to go," he said.

"Why?"

"Because it's not safe."

"That's no reason. Who is safe today?"

"You're reasonably so if you stay where you are in this country and look both ways crossing streets."

"It's not very important whether I'm safe or not."

"You know better than that," said Alec roughly. "It's very important. It isn't as if nobody cares about you. You mean a lot. You mean more than you know. Or can understand."

"How dear of you to say that," she answered, slipping her hand gratefully in his. "Do you know, Alec, sometimes I've doubted it. Whether I'm necessary to Kip or not. That's not disloyalty. You know how I feel about him. When I thought tonight that if I did go to England maybe I might see him, I felt my heart race along as if I were already on the way there. And yet I was a little scared that he *might* not want me. When you're separated from a man it isn't that you doubt yourself. You don't let that happen for a minute. But you can't help wondering if it's all still true with the other person, if *he* feels as he did. I couldn't talk to anyone else like this. But you know Kip so well. And me. And if you think I mean so much to him, I believe it."

He started to speak and stopped. He hadn't been talking of Kip a moment before. He had been talking of himself.

"Of course I'll go if I get the chance. For the sake of the job. It's a wonderful opportunity. And if I do catch up with Kip, that's just luck. Do you think I'll really get a passport?"

"You probably will," said Alec. He knew that he would not speak to Hayes.

(To be continued next week)

Detour to Persepolis

Continued from page 23

Again, he surprised her. "You might find this radio rigger for us."

"Me?"

He was watching her, carefully. "Yes. You're one hundred per cent American tourist, as you stand."

"And—"

"All you have to do is act natural. See the sights of the bazaar. Buy a gadget. Then, if anyone in the bazaar tries to thumb a ride with you, take him along where he wants to go. That's all."

Lee felt that she was being ribbed by this amateur archaeologist.

"I may be a tourist," she told him, "but I like to listen to a straight story. Yours doesn't make sense."

"I know." He was listening to the rasp of the radio. "It wouldn't make sense in New York." He hesitated, as if trying to decide something. "You might want to know—that shipment of lorries—trucks—can't be cleared from Shiraz until we get *hold of that chap in the bazaar.*"

Lee laughed. "Tell that to Major Max Henderson."

"I have." He nodded stubbornly. "The major would lift the hide off me, if he knew what I'm putting up to you." Over the pipe his eyes met hers, and Lee knew that he was really worried. "It will be tough, and not at all safe." He paused, then added, "Suit yourself about doing it," and walked away without even a thanks, or goodby.

With head high, Lee moved into the shadow of the arcaded bazaar. Definitely, she did not mean to keep any such blind date as the man Schuyler had proposed. Why, he'd put it to her as if it were something she *had* to do. As if she'd be a dog, not to do it. Unequivocally, Lee resolved to shop for her souvenir, and drive back to the major.

THE openings on either side of the vaulted way offered to her eyes no rarity of Oriental charm, and that Japanese-Chinese-type beggar, shining with dirt, kept getting in her way, holding out his hand. When she dropped some shahis into it, he ran to a booth where mutton balls were brewing.

With relief Lee saw the bright gleam of silk in one of the holes-in-the-wall that answered for shops. Here at least were shawls. A pock-marked man without a collar on his shirt shoved one at her, chattering: *"Soie de Yazd, khanum—jolie, jolie."*

"Speak English," Lee demanded crossly. Beside her, the beggar was munching his meat, greasily and noisily.

The seller of silk nodded vigorously, and held back the curtain at the rear of the shop, waving to her. To escape the beggar, Lee went in, and found herself in a better room, with lacquer work and embroideries piled on the chairs. The radio ceased its blatting.

A tall young gentleman in a white coat greeted her with an air. "American, Miss?" he asked in English. "And you desire—what?"

Lee knew what she wanted instantly. A silk jacket hanging over a chair had a design of birds against a bright blue field. The very bed jacket for her mother. It was old brocade and appealed to her mutely when she fingered it. She would get it, leave the bazaar, and forget Grant Schuyler.

"Ah, that," observed the youth with the floorwalker manners, "is from a palace. It belongs—how do you say?—to a personage. Really, I do not think it is for sale."

Lee had read how Orientals bargained in bazaars. And Emil—he told her his name readily enough—was an Oriental. "How much?" she asked bluntly.

Emil's smooth, manicured hands fluttered about the jacket. He assured her that only connoisseurs would pay its price; he ended by quoting fifty dollars.

"I have only twenty dollars American on me," Lee lied.

Emil shrugged; by marvelous good chance the owner of the jacket was sitting in the back office. He had brought the brocade and lingered for a glass of wine. Emil would speak to him.

Behind another curtain he did speak, in a language unknown to Lee. Then he ushered in another Oriental, this one, gray-haired, heavy as a bear, with queer black hanging clothes and a black skullcap.

"The Effendi himself," Emil whispered. "A very honored religious personage."

THE Effendi eyed Lee askance and sat down heavily in a plush chair that creaked under him. Finally he waved his hand, and Emil fairly vibrated. Great fortune had come to the American miss. For twenty dollars, the Effendi had agreed, she could have the brocade jacket—and now they would all have wine of Shiraz, to seal the bargain.

Lee felt her cheeks grow hot, as she counted out the money. Of course the heavyweight person was Emil's stooge, but she had a real bargain in the jacket. She took one of the three cups which the collarless one called Hassan brought in on a tray, and drank her wine of Shiraz—after watching the others drink first. It was good, but raw and heavy. Hassan tied up the jacket in an old newspaper, while Emil rattled on. . . .

The American miss should see the glory of Shiraz, the *Tang-i-Allah-akbar*, the gate of Praise the Lord. She should see Persepolis before returning to her steamer.

Something ticked loud in Lee's brain while she fingered her second glass. How had Emil known she was going back to a steamer?

"You have a car," Emil suggested smoothly. "In Persepolis you will see the Persia tourists do not see. Veiled women —camels."

Lee told him that she hadn't much time, that she should be starting back.

Emil's hands protested. A drive of a quarter of an hour would take her to the marvels of Persepolis. It was on the main road north—he himself would go along to guide her. For no money at all.

Lee shook her head and picked up the newspaper package.

"My dear Miss," Emil said, "of course you would not think about going with me alone. But the Effendi himself is most sympathetic of you. He also will go to Persepolis, to escort you."

So there it was. Grant Schuyler had said: *"If anyone tries to thumb a ride, take him where he wants to go."*

Lee took stock of the Effendi. His eyes bored into her, hard and suspicious. If this was sympathy, Lee did not enjoy it.

This will be tough, she thought, and not at all safe. Grant Schuyler exasperated her, but she was growing very curious. She wanted to find out why the Effendi desired her for a chauffeur to Persepolis.

Emil looked really pleased when she said she would go with them right away to Persepolis. But it wasn't right away. Hassan, it seemed, had to go too. And he lugged out a big box of the Effendi's, wrapped in a carpet. Then, when they were stowed in the back seat of the station wagon, that greasy beggar appeared again, and squatted on the running board, clutching the spare tire when Emil tried to kick him off. Chattering, the beggar pointed at Lee.

"He says his name is Chen," Emil protested. "He says you fed him, so he has a claim on you, and he is going where you go."

"Why not?" Lee said.

Plainly, Emil did not like it. But Chen hung on happily outside in the dust, while Emil directed her out of town up a canyon road to a kind of gatehouse, where he motioned her to stop, because a British Tommy stood in front of them holding a rifle at port.

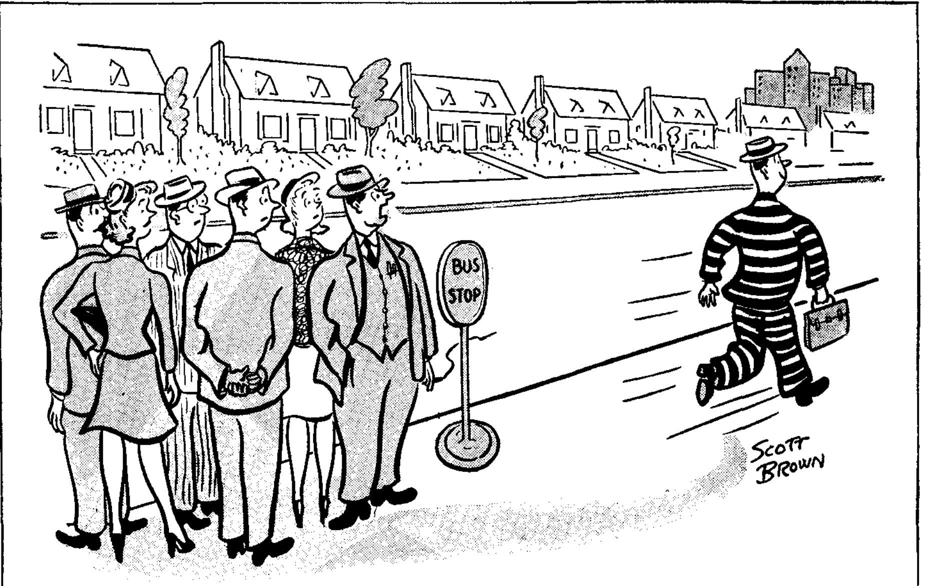
"The *Tang-i-Allah-akbar,*" Emil whispered. "The gate of Praise the Lord. Because here the weary traveler gains his first sight of Shiraz. Now a control point."

MORE Tommies manned a machine gun on the roof of the gate, and Lee wasn't surprised when a British major in shorts stepped out to inspect the station wagon and her passport. He had neat blond hair and eyes so screwed up into slits against the afternoon sun that Lee couldn't tell what he was thinking.

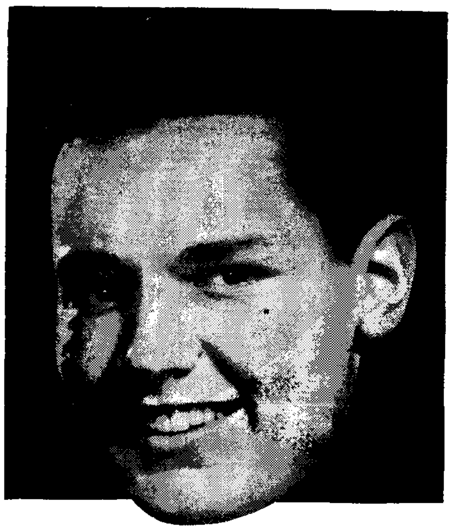
"Friends of yours, Miss Lee?" the major inquired, nodding at the Effendi and Hassan and the covered box, squeezed into the back seat.

The Orientals sat without a word while Lee explained that they were only acquaintances, driving out for a few minutes to see Persepolis.

"Quite," said the major, knocking out his pipe on the spare tire under Chen's nose. "Please be back by sundown. An hour after sunset, military lorries will be out on this road—without lights of



COLLIER'S "Smart idea, that suit of Humphrey's. He's always being picked up and hauled downtown by police cruisers" SCOTT BROWN



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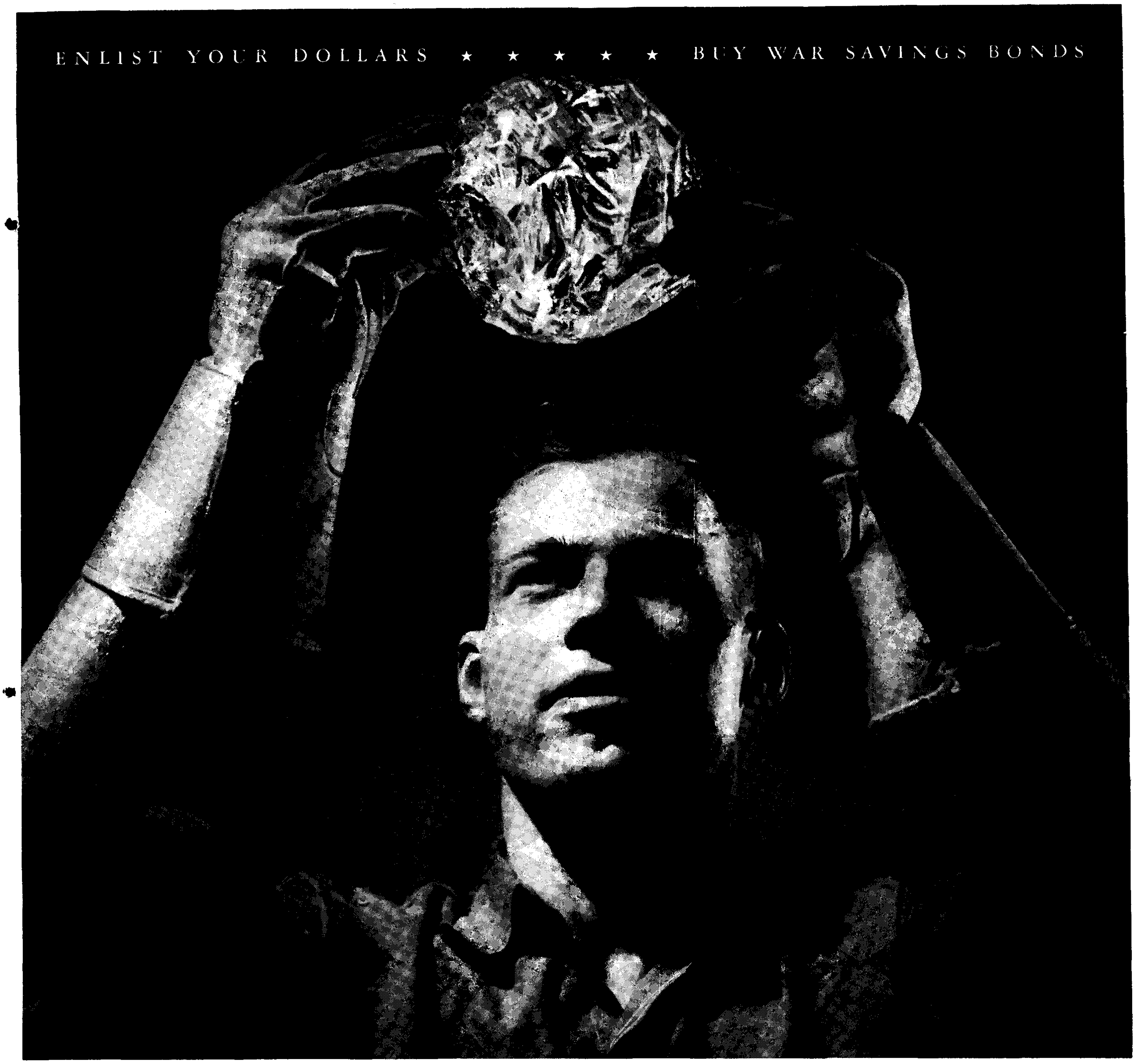
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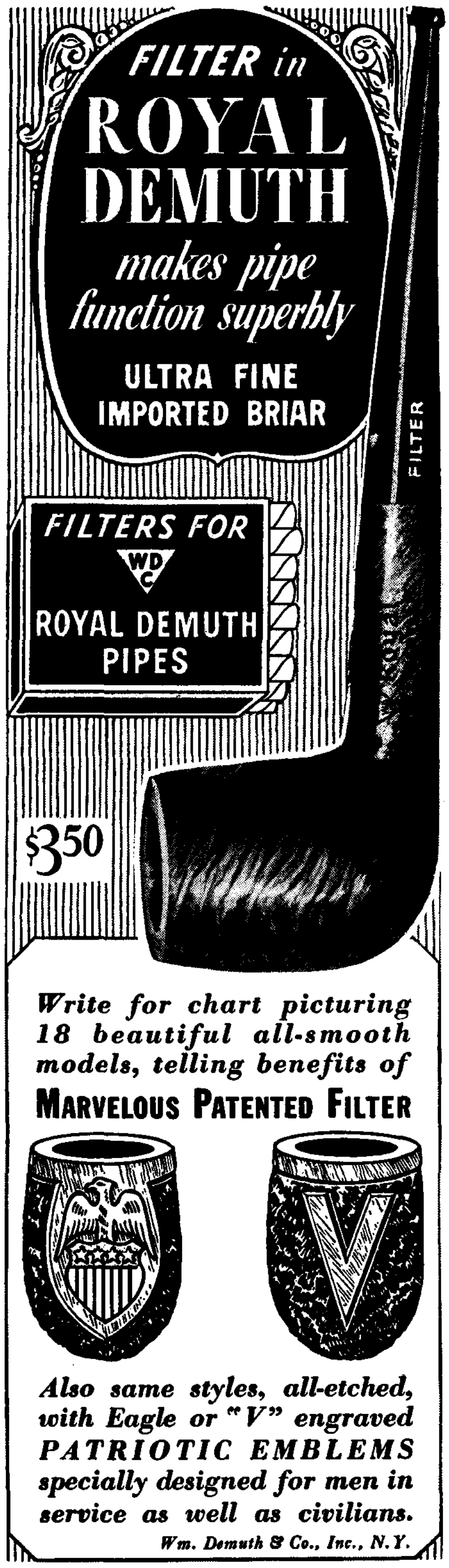
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course." He smiled. "But with machine guns."

Lee thanked him, and started up the grade beyond the gate. As she did so a definite sense that all was not well came over her. In the rear-view mirror she beheld the sullenness wipe out of the Effendi's broad face, and gold teeth gleamed as he smiled for the first time. When the wind whipped back Chen's rags, she noticed the bone handle of a knife sticking over his hip.

"Now you will see Persepolis," Emil chanted. And stubbornly, giving him her best how-nice-you-people-are smile, Lee drove on. After all, Grant Schuyler had practically dared her to do it.

THE hills receded from the road, opening out into a desert plateau, and the speedometer showed more than forty miles from Shiraz before Lee sighted Persepolis.

She caught her breath. A golden platform, like the stage of a theater, was set against a mass of the gray-red heights. Only the platform was man-made stone, and from it rose gigantic columns with stone-winged lions at their bases, and gateways opening into emptiness. Fascinated, Lee swung the car off the road up the trail to the theater that was Persepolis, while Chen chattered to himself, and the Effendi muttered things to Emil she couldn't understand.

When they got out and climbed the great stone staircase to the ruins, Lee was a little awed. The silent hills hung like a wall around her, with rock tombs cut in their faces. The station wagon was invisible under the stone terrace, and she was alone with two thousand years of time.

Then a shot crashed out and she turned in terror. Hassan was squinting along a revolver at Chen, who was running for the nearest crumbling wall. Hassan shot again and Chen stumbled, spun like a comic dancer, and fell off the terrace. Emil and the Effendi hurried after him, their faces hard and eager. Lee caught at Emil's arm and he had a pistol too.

"The beggar had a knife," Emil snarled. "A Japanese spy."

Then a man in shirt sleeves came running up from the nearest excavated cellar, and this man was Schuyler. "What the hell?" he yelled, but the men ignored him. Hassan lowered himself to the terrace, hunting for Chen. Emil grabbed Lee and hurried her back to where the Effendi stood, not moving.

When Schuyler came up, Emil began hissing questions at him.

Schuyler stared at Emil's pistol and explained that he was alone, camping out in the excavation, and then led them down to his tent. He had a cot, a suitcase, and a rough board table littered with sheets of tracing paper, a notebook and a hundred fragments of pottery.

"Sit by the wall," said Emil. "Both of you. Do not move, or you will be shot."

THE archaeologist nodded at the cot, and they sat down. Emil and the Effendi swiftly ransacked the American's bag, and found only soiled clothes and a tobacco jar. Then Emil picked up the notebook and studied it.

He turned on Schuyler, who looked stubborn and bothered. "Write this," Emil demanded, reading from the notebook. *"The Graeco-Bactrian Seleucidae date from circa B. C. 323."*

Lee watched Grant copy it with a pencil on an old envelope. The Effendi snatched the envelope and compared it with the notebook. He muttered something that sounded like *Allah,* and Emil looked more annoyed.

"I told you," Grant said patiently. "It's a hobby of mine. I've been at work on the Greek-Bactrian civilization ever since—"

"Shut up!" Emil snapped. But he looked puzzled as he talked with the Effendi in their foreign language. Then Hassan yelled something, far off, and Emil went out, leaving the Effendi sitting at the tent entrance with a gun.

Lee tried to get her mind into focus. By the sounds outside the tent, she guessed that the other two were searching for the wounded spy, and not finding him in that maze of ruins. She turned to Grant, hoping for the answer to this madness.

He shrugged, and said: "I'm sorry, Annabelle."

"Sorry!" she said viciously.

He looked at her wearily. "You want to know what's coming off. The devil of it is, I don't know either. But if they find Chen, it's even odds we'll end up in a rock tomb for the ages."

That held her. Chen. So this amateur knew the beggar's name. He pointed the stem of his pipe toward the watchful Effendi, while his lips moved almost silently.

"This is the guy we've been looking for. I'm pretty sure he's the one. We had descriptions of him. Couldn't spot him, though, because he seldom makes a personal appearance."

"But the radio in the bazaar?"

"Records. Persians don't know the difference. Then a while back we got a cross-bearing on your Effendi. He was supposed to come and talk to the tribes in person, here at Persepolis. They're moving down from the hills now, with families and camels. Looked as if our man was due to perform tonight, so we assumed he'd make his run from the bazaar today. He might have tried to pass the controls as a rug merchant, or *mullah* of the Moslems. But you showed up, with your station wagon, like a gift from heaven—"

Lee tried to smile. "Unsuspecting tourist girl drives Axis agent past military guards."

Grant sat there, heavily, the sunset glow tinting his sandy head. "At least he showed himself. We'll know him now."

"We?" Lee asked. It didn't make sense. "Who are *we?"*

He rubbed his pipe bowl against his nose. "Three guys."

So he wasn't telling. "But who is my Effendi?"

"You ought to read the home papers, Miss Lee." Grant seemed surprised. "He calls himself *Hurriat-ad Din*—Flag of the Faith. A very clever old-fashioned gentleman who takes German gold and preaches religious war. His job is to get the hill tribes shooting at us—"

He broke off to listen. A faint *clong-clong-clang* sounded somewhere. Stones rattled and horses stirred around them. Lee sensed a crowd of people moving into the ruins. After a moment the Flag of the Faith stood up, very straight in his heavy robes, waved the pistol menacingly and strode out of the tent.

"Now what?" Lee whispered when she couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Ghashgai," said Grant

"Speak English."

"The hill tribes are gathering out there. Your Effendi's audience, complete with animals. He'll be putting on his act."

Lee wanted to shake him, and to speak her mind. Why didn't he do something, if he knew so much? Even when a loud-speaker began rasping out strange music he didn't move. Then Hassan came jumping down the steps, revolver in hand, sweating with excitement. He yelped *"H'illah!"* and pointed up.

"Come on," said Grant carefully. "Do what you're told. Remember, you're only a tourist."

Back again on the stone platform, Lee decided that it couldn't be real. A round moon hung over the line of the hills, pale in the last glow of the sun. The Effendi in his heavy robes stood on the pedestal, like a king. The loud-speaker stood on the box from the station wagon, with Emil hovering over it. After a moment he stopped its racket.

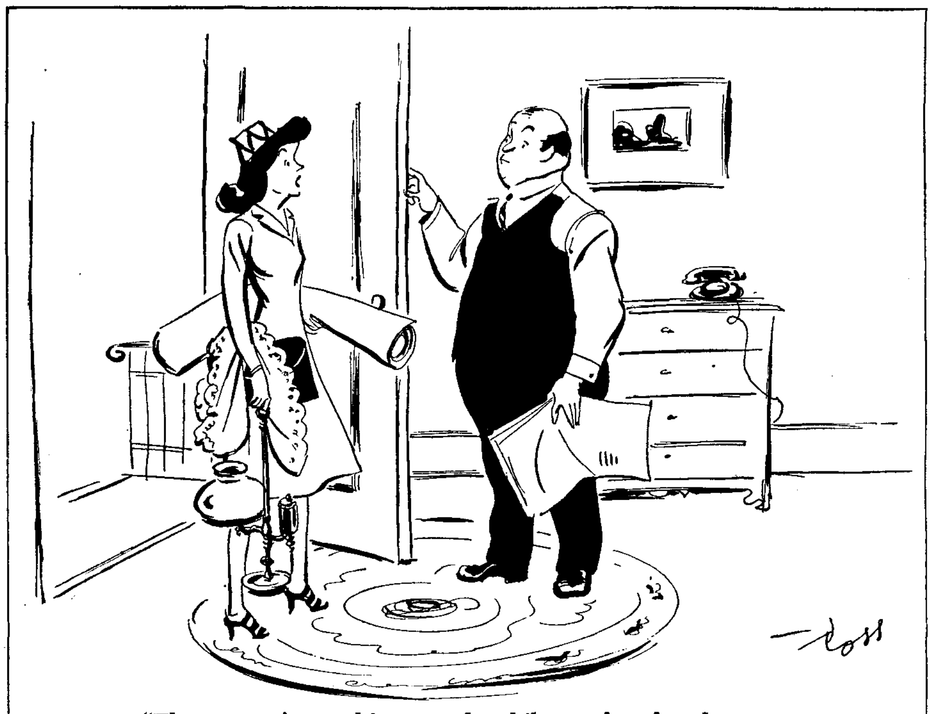
Hassan pushed them out in front of the pedestal, keeping behind them with his gun. And Lee saw the audience clustered through the ruins, men in sheepskin coats with rifles, women shrouded in black veils, strings of camels and horses moving restlessly on the hillside watched by boys—all etched in a fantastic light of dying sun and the rising moon. The tribesmen jostled each other to peer at her.

THEN the Effendi spoke, shrieking out words, pointing at her and Grant. A rider drove forward on a white horse, its mane stained henna-red, and stared at the girl. He had cartridge belts slung over his shoulder, and when he grinned, his teeth showed through his mustache. This Lee understood.

The Effendi had softened up his audience with music, and now he was showing off his two captives.

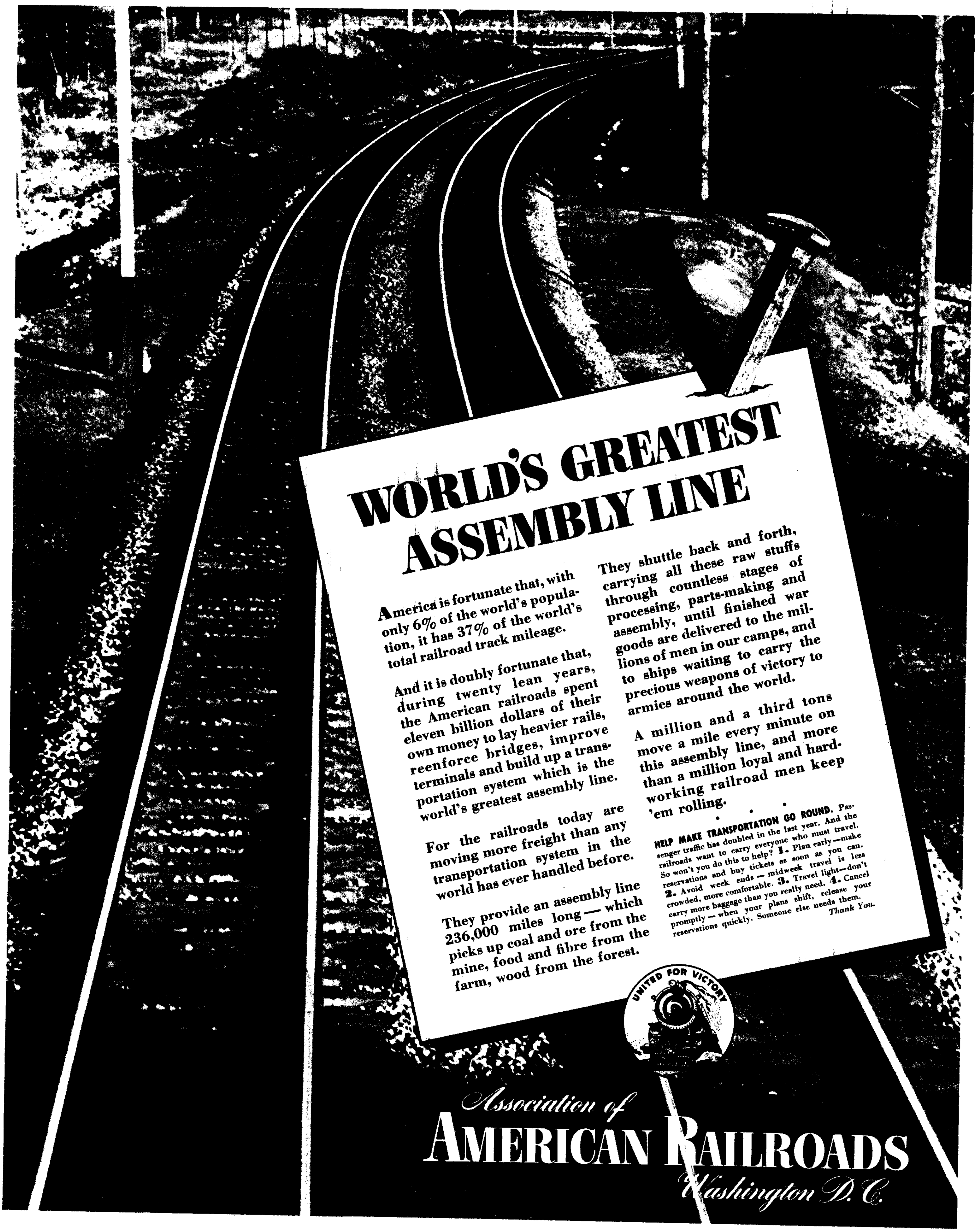
The Effendi harangued the crowd, working himself up like a revivalist, his voice rising. And the tribesmen, silent as animals, hung on his words.

"He's pretty good," Grant whispered, "but it's the old line. Herr Hitler is a true descendant of the Prophet, calling on all good Moslems by his voice over the



COLLIER'S "There wasn't anything worth while at the church rummage sale except what I donated, so I bought it all back" AL ROSS

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U.S.A."



WORLD'S GREATEST ASSEMBLY LINE

America is fortunate that, with only 6% of the world's population, it has 37% of the world's total railroad track mileage.

And it is doubly fortunate that, during twenty lean years, the American railroads spent eleven billion dollars of their own money to lay heavier rails, reenforce bridges, improve terminals and build up a transportation system which is the world's greatest assembly line.

For the railroads today are moving more freight than any transportation system in the world has ever handled before.

They provide an assembly line 236,000 miles long — which picks up coal and ore from the mine, food and fibre from the farm, wood from the forest.

They shuttle back and forth, carrying all these raw stuffs through countless stages of processing, parts-making and assembly, until finished war goods are delivered to the millions of men in our camps, and to ships waiting to carry the precious weapons of victory to armies around the world.

A million and a third tons move a mile every minute on this assembly line, and more than a million loyal and hard-working railroad men keep 'em rolling.

• • •

HELP MAKE TRANSPORTATION GO ROUND. Passenger traffic has doubled in the last year. And the railroads want to carry everyone who must travel. So won't you do this to help? **1.** Plan early—make reservations and buy tickets as soon as you can. **2.** Avoid week ends — midweek travel is less crowded, more comfortable. **3.** Travel light—don't carry more baggage than you really need. **4.** Cancel promptly — when your plans shift, release your reservations quickly. Someone else needs them.

Thank You.

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Association of
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Washington D.C.

VACATION WORK on a farm is maybe something you've dreamed of since you were so high. . . .

Well, here's your chance! Able-bodied high school boys and girls . . . oldsters who'd like to sniff that good elixir of new-mown hay once more . . . white-collar workers who want to take vigorous *physical* part in winning the war this summer. . . .

Your country needs you — down on America's farms this season getting in the food supply. Don't let the crops VITAL TO VICTORY *go unharvested. . . .*

It pays! It's good fun! It's hard work! So start now getting FIT TO FARM. See your local U. S. Employment Office right away. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

Primary target—worms!

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

Worms are every dog's worst enemy. Dangerous themselves, they weaken him for other illnesses, too. We never let 'em get a start in my platoon!

Best defense is quick attack—with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). Really cleans 'em out—safely.

Learn to recognize worm symptoms early—new 1943 Sergeant's Dog Book tells all about 'em (and other dog ills). It's free—at drug and pet stores.

FREE

SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-E, Richmond, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Print
Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City State

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

air to fight the British. These birds like the talk, but action is what counts with them."

Yes, Lee thought, these men wanted blood. She thought of all these rifles blazing down at the convoy which would soon come winding up to Russia along the road through the hills. The Effendi's voice beat at her ears, and suddenly she felt afraid of these men peering through the moonlight.

"Lie down," Grant whispered, and pushed at her gently. She stretched out on her side, feeling the coldness of the smooth stone, and saw a man moving, coming out of a shadow.

He limped forward as if trying to see better. He stepped around the white horse, slipped in back of Hassan who squatted close by. He did not try to hide, and the Persians paid no attention to him. At last Lee saw his face; it was Chen. Until he jumped at Hassan's back his hands were empty. Then steel flashed in his hand.

AIR whipped past Lee's head, as a shot exploded. Running toward her, Emil was shooting at the beggar struggling with Hassan on the stone.

Grant crouched and jumped across her. Off balance he plunged at the man of the bazaar, arms closing around his knees, and Emil went down with a smash. Another figure piled on the two of them.

Then Grant was on his feet, walking up to the pedestal. Silent, now, the Effendi waited, bending over, watching him. Beside Lee, the beggar Chen held an automatic pistol across his forearm. In the haze of moonlight the watching tribesmen sat like figures of stone, their eyes on the Effendi and the American walking up to him empty-handed.

When Grant took his arm, the Effendi stepped down from his pedestal. He was staring at Emil and Hassan, their arms twisted under them, dead. His face was pale in the moonlight.

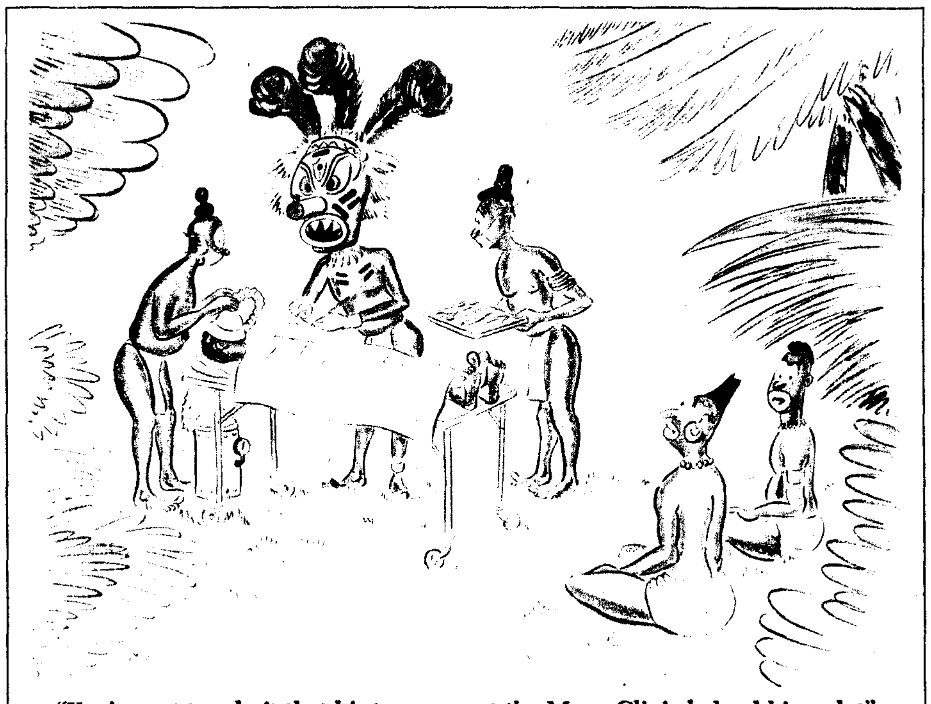
Without speaking, the Effendi let Grant lead him to the phonograph. The American spoke sharply and he lifted the cover of the machine, extracting a record.

The rider of the white horse moved over to inspect the machine, and the Effendi, who held up the record obediently. The man leaned close to look into the face of the Effendi, and he laughed.

Then more of the watchers were laughing, snarling, rocking on their haunches, gripping their rifles. Their mirth swelled and echoed against the ruins. Some women hurried forward, hearing it, scrambling over the men. Chen put down his weapon, smiling.

The women ran up to the Effendi, their voices shrilling. Snatching off his skullcap, they jerked away his cape and tore at his caftan.

When the Effendi tried to resist, the Ghashgai ladies scratched at his face. They ripped off everything but his shirt and sandals, while he struggled helplessly, a fat man and afraid.


"You've got to admit that his ten years at the Mayo Clinic helped him a lot"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

"Now he will do us no more harm," said Chen, pocketing the automatic.

"Well," Lee exploded, and then remembered that Chen, the beggar, had spoken in English. . . .

The lorries came roaring up the winding road without lights, guarded by soldiers and machine guns. The lead truck of the convoy pulled in under the terrace of Persepolis and a slender figure climbed out alone.

Grant waved, and the figure flourished a walking stick in answer, moving briskly up the great stone stairway. In a moment Lee recognized the blond British major with the unreadable eyes. He carried no weapon and he looked as if he were joining them for after-dinner coffee. He took in the tableau of the laughing tribesmen and the shirt-clad Effendi having his wrists tied by the industrious Chen. "Nice," he said quietly to Grant. "Couldn't be nicer."

He stepped to the Ghashgai chieftain on the white horse and stood waiting. After a moment the Ghashgai dropped from the saddle and saluted. The major raised his stick to his cap. Then, as if fully satisfied, he blew a blast on a whistle.

The convoy cars began to move on, past Persepolis, along the road to the north.

"They're off on time," said the major. "If these Ghashgai had been foolish, it would have meant quite a delay. That was what you helped to prevent, Miss Lee."

"Helped!" Grant grinned. "She delivered your man here on her own."

Lee felt warm and comfortable inside, and the moon over Persepolis now looked as natural as any moon over the Empire State building. She glanced at the men. Three guys, Grant had said.

"I know," she nodded. "You cover up nicely, but you're in Army Intelligence, Lieutenant Schuyler—or is it Captain?"

"Me?" he laughed. "I'm only here to interpret for the officers. Chen roped me in, and—"

He bit off the words, and she looked at Chen, wiping the grease and dust from his face. He smiled. "I'm from New York, myself, Miss Lee," he said. "But just now I'm in the service of Chiang Kai-shek."

Lee didn't ask what kind of service.

"I say," the British major put in. "It's still early. Won't you make a fourth at bridge back at Praise-Allah gate?"

LAUGHING, Lee explained that Major Max would be looking for his station wagon and that she had an engagement with a boat.

"Where are you off to?" Grant demanded.

"I don't know," Lee confessed. "It might be Cairo, or Damascus, or Bagdad."

"Right next door," Grant said. "We'll find you, Annabelle."

She winced, but she believed him.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

through a veritable thunderstorm of bursting shells, but the R.A.F. pilots know their business, and seldom did the probing lights catch and hold a plane in its gleam long enough for the Jerry gunners to do anything more than snap fire."

The R.A.F. received its own particular "spring greeting" from the Germans during this raid—generous bouquets of a new-type antiaircraft shell, now referred to by British fliers as a giant "Daisy." This shell, according to Major Bartlett, appears as a huge flower when it explodes. Its blossom unfolds in a blinding blast of yellow-white flame, slender petals extending horizontally in every direction from its center where red whirling balls of fire hysterically mill in a circle. It reaches into the sky upon a stem of silver white.

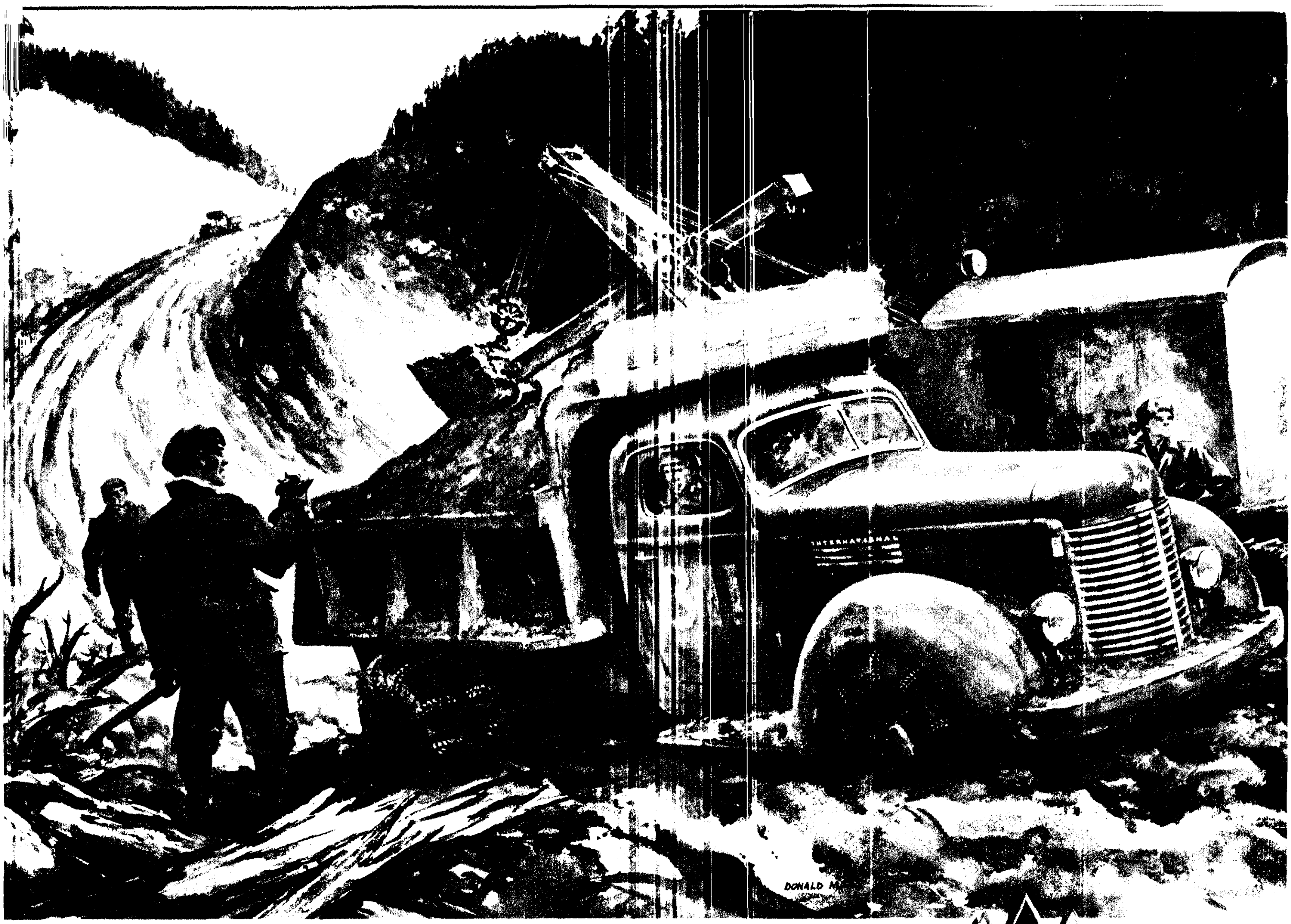
Major Bartlett said Berlin was hurt—plenty. "Fires started there during previous raids were restoked. We could see the crimson glow of the conflagration when one hundred and twenty miles on the way back home."

DESPITE heavy flak and the occasional near-by whining of enemy night fighters, the crew that flew the major found motor failure the greatest threat. Nursed back by searchlight beams that poked softly into a canopy of soiled white clouds hanging over Britain like a huge circus tent, B for Beer staggered home on only two of its four motors.

Although Major Bartlett can't claim to be the first member of the Eighth Air Force to hitch a ride with the R.A.F. delivering bundles for Berlin, he was the first actually to set in motion machinery to send a bomb down upon the German capital. This he did as undramatically as a business executive ringing for a secretary—by merely pressing a button—but no executive ever got as much kick out of a secretary as Major Bartlett got out of sending that bomb on its way.

Clarence Brown, renowned Hollywood producer and director, undoubtedly blinked and refocused his eyes when he read that Major Bartlett had dropped a bomb on Berlin. You could hardly blame him. The last story the major sold before trading his sports blouse for an olive drab tunic was purchased by Brown and it concerns a Royal Canadian Air Force pilot who lives for, and finally achieves, the opportunity to bomb Berlin. While writing this story, Major Bartlett hardly dreamed his own experience on a future Saturday night would parallel the big event in the life of the hero he was creating.

THE END



WHO HOLDS ALASKA!

INTERNATIONAL

"Who holds Alaska, holds the World" . . . said the late General Billy Mitchell

★ ★ ★

Alaska was ours, so we held Alaska. It was very simple through the years . . . but the tides of greed were rising in the Orient.

Far out beyond the northern wilderness we held the tempting jewel . . . in reach of others who would rule the world.

Then in a blinding flash we saw that *to have* is not the same as *to hold.* And every American knew that we must build a land route to the far northwest. A route for armies, and arms, and ammunition . . . for defense . . . *for offense!* Not at our own sweet time, but NOW!

The Alcan Highway came into being in a moment of supreme danger . . . in six months of heroic achievement. Victory Boulevard, to "the most strategic land on earth."

Alcan is a busy truck highway now, a road which trucks helped build, for truck traffic. Night and day, in the turmoil of construction, husky International Trucks bore a gigantic burden, hauling capacity loads of rock and gravel as the highway advanced through mountains, swamplands, and timber. They helped keep vital supplies moving through wilderness. They hauled fuel, repair parts, water, a vast tonnage of mechanical equipment, and food for an army of men.

Truck maintenance is at absolute minimum on a job like the Alcan Highway, and only the toughest of trucks can take it. Once again International Trucks proved their stamina, as they are proving it, day after day, on the highways and battlefronts of the world.

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What Happened on the Food Front?

Continued from page 32

beef brought no more than poor beef? As a steer puts on some hundreds of pounds in the feed lot, thousands of tons of high-class beef have been lost to consumers because the young lawyers in OPA had never seen a range.

At the dawn of the new year, therefore:

The farm population was reduced from some 11,000,000 to 8,000,000 by industry and the draft.

Food shortages were felt everywhere, due to conflicting authorities and downright ignorance, plus a grossly inadequate supply of implements.

Future production was threatened by the unwillingness of farmers to plant without some assurance that crops would be harvested. The President talked confidently of a great volunteer land army that would leap into the fields at the country's call, but Claude Wickard, a dirt farmer, knew better.

White House suggestions, however, were not his only trouble, for he was at loggerheads with the organization inherited from Henry Wallace. Back in the days of Rexford Guy Tugwell, the farms of the country had been divided into three groups. The first group, estimated to number around 1,950,000, was given an efficiency rating of 95 per cent. The second, about 2,500,000, was set down as falling 37 per cent short of full utilization of their holdings. The third group, some 1,450,000, was tagged as 57 per cent short.

The FSA Chooses Subsidies

With this formula as a base, the Farm Security Administration leaders held that the way to increased agricultural production was through subsidies and loans to the second and third groups, together with use of a large part of the third group as seasonal and all-year labor, to be moved here and there as need arose. Any lack of workers could be met by the importation of Mexicans, and in the harvest months there was the "land army" that could be swung into action.

A start on the program, as a matter of fact, had been made in 1942. According to FSA figures, some 6,000 Mexicans had been of great help in California; several thousand men and women from the Ozarks and Appalachians had handled long-staple cotton in Arizona, and other thousands, drawn from various parts of the South, had aided materially in the harvesting of Florida's crop of winter vegetables. Some 47 training centers were already in operation, conducted in connection with the state universities, where workers were given a course of from one to three weeks in dairying, livestock feeding, planting, cultivation and farm labor. There were also 95 farm-labor centers, or concentration points, where the floating supply was concentrated for distribution.

Secretary Wickard, however, could not be induced to go along with the plan and, as a consequence, a row broke out that ended in several resignations and discharges. Even so, the pressure for huge subsidies continued, and finally the unhappy secretary trudged up to Congress and asked for $100,000,000 to dole out as "incentive payments"—the same thing as subsidies, but it sounded better. That was in mid-February. Congress refused the appropriation, holding that price adjustment was the better and more honest way. With time running against him, Mr. Wickard fell back on the FSA plan for supplying seasonal and all-year workers, and begged for $65,000,000 with which to expand and perfect it.

Of the amount, he explained, approximately $6,000,000 was to be allotted to the Extension Service for the mobilization of a volunteer land army of 3,000,000; $17,000,000 for the construction and operation of 250 additional farm-labor centers; some $40,000,000 for the recruitment of seasonal and all-year workers; and $1,300,000 for a brand-new Agricultural Labor Division that would direct the whole program. By this time it was March, with the planting season at hand. Congressmen from rural areas quickly pointed out that the machinery was too cumbersome to meet the imperative need for swift action.

Farmers from various sections of the country went before congressional committees and told of experiences with the seasonal and all-year labor that had been sent them in 1942.

Independence Among the Workers

L. L. Chandler, representing the winter-vegetable growers of Florida, testified that the Farm Security Administration, in every case, demanded acceptance of a contract that guaranteed minimum wages, maximum hours, "fancy housing," feeding, transportation and even collective bargaining, although Congress had specifically exempted agriculture from the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act. While the farmers were bound by these terms, there was nothing that bound workers to take the job or stay on it.

"I plant about eight hundred acres of tomatoes and beans a year, representing an investment of $100,000," said Mr. Chandler. "I sign an order in the early part of December and get my labor delivered, such as they deliver, on January 28th. After arrival, some of them decide they do not want to stay, and others quit after a few days. And I am expected to grow highly perishable crops and handle and harvest them on that basis. At a conservative estimate, twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of the winter crop was lost and, for the portion harvested, growers paid up to $10 and $15 a day for good workers."

An Idaho potato grower, furnished with a bunch of Japanese, found that most of them were merchants or fishermen. By way of making him happier, one of the terms of his contract called for daily baths and, because some demanded tubs, he had to take them to the barbershop in town.

H. S. Abbot, president of the Irrigated Cotton Growers of California, Arizona and New Mexico, testified that the gross loss in six Arizona counties on alfalfa, long-staple cotton and upland cotton was $4,300,000. "While many of the workers were experienced and industrious," he said, "others were unfit for any kind of labor. Graham County reported active cases of syphilis and tuberculosis, confirmed alcoholics, people choked up with asthma, expectant mothers and jailbirds."

Every witness complained bitterly of red tape, and here again Arizona had a story to tell in connection with the importation of Mexican labor. First, the Farm Placement Bureau of the United States Employment Service certifies the need of workers to its regional office in San Francisco. The request is next transmitted to the War Manpower Commission in Washington. If and when approved, the request goes to the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization in Philadelphia. If and when that bureau okays, the papers are returned to WMC in Washington, then forwarded to the regional office of WMC in San Francisco, then to the regional office of the Farm Security Administration in the same city, then to the state director of FSA in Phoenix, then back to the regional director of FSA in San Francisco, who then advises that agents may be sent to Mexico to start recruiting.

Californians also had their tale of gloom. For 1942, supposedly a banner year, they reported crop losses of apricots, 15 per cent; tomatoes, 25 per cent; peas, 25 per cent; asparagus, 20 per cent; vegetables, 30 per cent both in planting and harvesting; sugar beets 7,000 to 9,000 acres lost in spring due to lack of choppers, and 10 per cent lost in harvest; slaughter of dairy cows 46 per cent above normal. In all, California's loss on major crops was $25,000,000, and California farmers warned that 1943 might be far worse.

Secretary Wickard was also challenged sharply with respect to the value of his training centers, farm leaders denying that a course of one to three weeks could fit a man for agricultural labor. Even the land army came in for criticism, although directed mainly against methods rather than the idea.

There, then, you have the record as of the spring of 1943. The sun was warming the soil for plowing and planting, but there was a continuance of confusions, conflicts and blunderings. Suddenly Congress ended debate by angry action, taking the bit in its teeth and kicking out of the Administration harness. Instead of giving Secretary Wickard $65,000,000, the House voted an appropriation of $26,000,000 for the exclusive use of the Extension Service, along with full power to mobilize all available domestic labor, experienced and volunteer, and to make co-operative arrangements with the U. S. Employment Service for the transportation, housing and placing of imported labor. The Senate—going even further—approved the Bankhead amendment over the protests of the Manpower Commission.

A Blow to Bureaucracy

This smashes hard at bureaucratic rule by ending the policy that centralized administrative control in Washington. The Extension Service, with 10,000 agents in 3,000 counties, is as close to the farms and farmers of the nation as skin to the hand. What these agents do will be done quickly, intelligently, inexpensively and without red tape. Unfits and misfits will not be trucked from state to state, and the mobilization of the land army will not be bungled as in the past.

Under the guidance of these experienced men, it is fairly certain that the U. S. Employment Service will be spurred to swifter action in broader fields. With Mexico at war and having her own need for every trained farm worker, attention may be given to the possibilities of the Bahamas and Puerto Rico. Even so, the demand for trained labor is not likely to be met by any of these methods, and there is little doubt that the Army will be called on to furlough farm-grown men during the planting, cultivating and harvest times.

With the Extension Service running things, 10,000 agents—all right on the ground—can be depended on to build a fire under the OPA and the Office of Civilian Supply, forcing the delivery of promised machinery and putting an end to the daily flood of rules and regulations based on the theories of campus farmers.

Where the real hope lies, however, is in the personality of the new food czar. Farmer, business executive and trained administrator, if any man can straighten out the mess, that man is clear-thinking, hard-hitting, smooth-running "Chet" Davis—assuming, of course, that he is given the power that should go with responsibility, and permitted to operate without the handcuffs and leg chains that made Claude Wickard a pathetic figure.

THE END

For MEN WHO PACK-A-PUNCH
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REG U S PAT OFF
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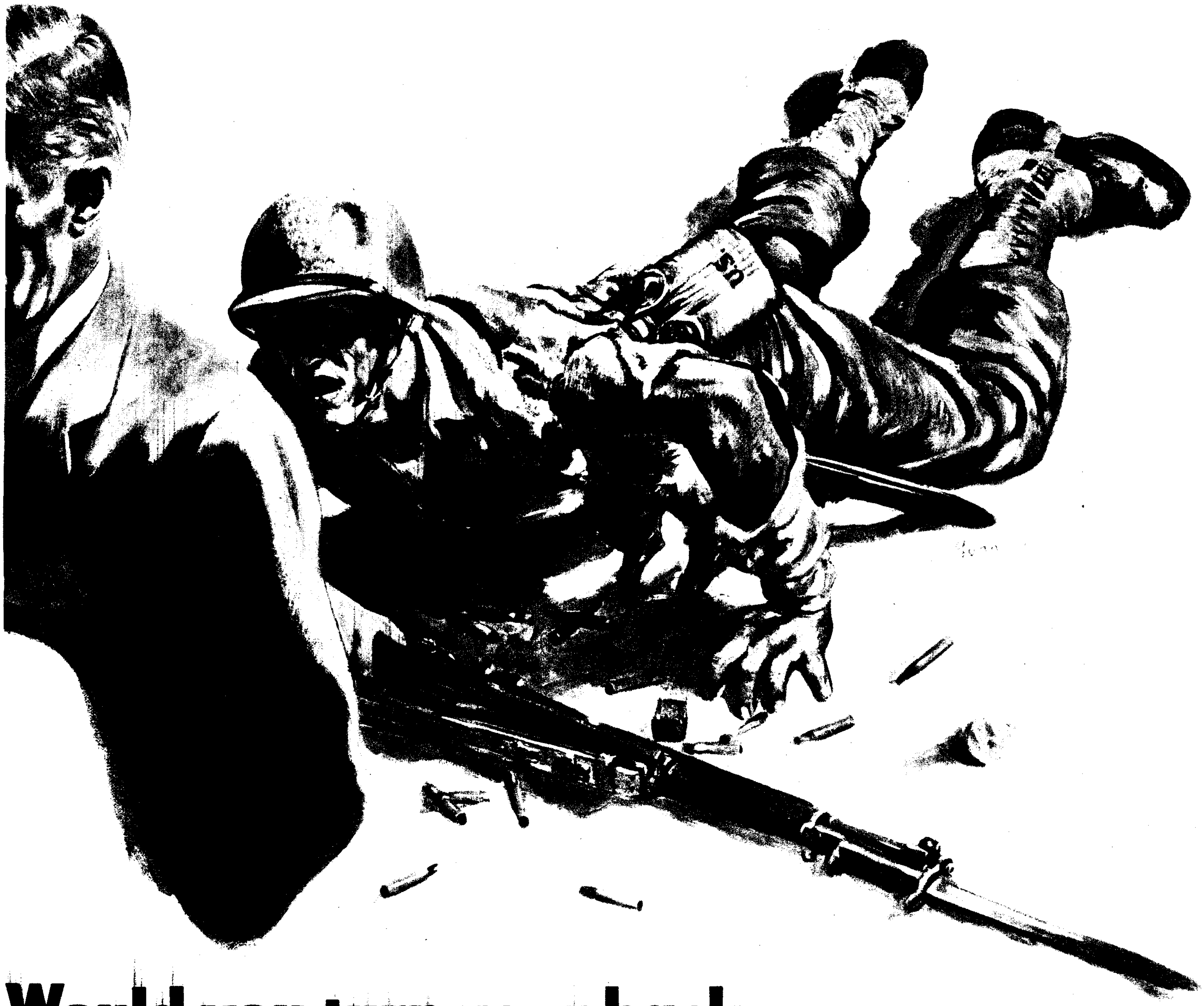

Would you turn your back on a wounded Soldier ?

You think you wouldn't . . . you don't mean to . . .

But unless you are giving every precious minute of your time . . . every ounce of strength that you can spare . . . towards helping win this war as a civilian, you are letting down those soldiers who are sacrificing lives to win it for you.

What you are asked to give up isn't much compared with what they're giving up. The extra work you undertake is small compared with the gigantic effort they are making. But to a wounded soldier, what you do can mean the difference between life and death.

You make the choice.

LOOK AROUND YOU! *Pick your war activity—and get into it! In your local Citizens Service Corps or Defense Council there is something for every man, woman and child to do. If no such groups exist in your community, help to organize them. Write to this magazine for free booklet, "You and the War," telling what you can do to help defeat the Axis. Find your job—and give it all you've got!*

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

The Virginia Mile

Continued from page 49

shelves down on generations of other cadets, and on one named George C. Marshall, who was soon now to be Gil's general, his leader.

When they'd ordered she said, "You've never asked before. Tell me, Gil, why did you want this tonight?"

He noted the familiar shortness of her lip, the bow, the peak of hair that ran back to a roll of jet black. "I've tried before. I've wanted to get this off my chest."

"Why didn't you?" She leaned across the table, her eyes meeting his.

"Perhaps I wasn't encouraged," he told her.

"That's no exoneration."

"A guy can usually tell when he's ringing the bell."

She laughed then, her head back. He saw the whiteness of her teeth against the red lips.

When they'd brought them the chicken she said, "Tell me, Gil. Tell me how it feels to go out there and run, to run the way you do with your head up and the wind beating in your face."

"I never thought of it that way—how it feels, that is." He forgot for a minute that being with her was a new experience. Somehow it seemed like an old one, something to which he was accustomed.

He tried hard to think what running was like. "You just drag out for the pole and get in front. Then you stay there. That's about all."

"Stay where?"

"In front."

THE house lights were on when they walked into the theater. He sat away from her at first, but when she spoke he moved closer. Soon he realized he was tight against the arm of the chair, aware of a strange new feeling. Maybe it was companionship. He knew, whatever it was, it could be awfully important to a man's life if he'd let it.

Going back to her house, he was again conscious of the companionship. She put her arm in his and walked close by, her stride matching his. Neither was talkative. He wondered if she realized what was happening to him.

As they approached Lee Chapel, she left his arm and walked to the side, briskly, looking straight ahead as he held the traditional six-pace salute in front of the general's tomb.

She took his arm again. The trees were bigger here. She was close to him, warm and snug and he knew it was better than he'd ever dreamed it would be.

She stood on the porch, one step above him, her face even with his. Her breath was on his cheek. Her eyes were so close he could see the deepness of the whites, the specks in the color. He let his arms go around her waist and she came to him. Her forehead ticked the leather visor of his cap, knocking it sideways and their lips never met. He took the cap and held it behind her as his arms slowly went around her again.

The business of hitting the cap had broken the spell. He realized she was rigid now, edging gently away from his grasp.

He let her go and stepped back. She seemed surprised and blinked her eyes there in the satin night. "You pride yourself on being impassive, don't you, Gil?" she asked.

"Not impassive." He was much more at ease now.

"Indifferent then?"

"I'm not indifferent. I only know when the party is over and it's time to go home. With you and me the party just never did begin. You won't ever have time for me. You never did."

He was feeling the great disappointment again—the hurt inside that was always associated with her.

"You're an all-right guy, Gil. I've always heard it said. But do you know what else?"

He scowled in bewilderment and waited for her to go on. The twinkle was gone from her eyes.

"I've heard it said that you were a front runner. A winner as long as you ran out in front, but lost in the pack if you didn't break in front."

THERE was a silence. The new leaves rustled lightly in the trees in the yard. A dog howled on Brushy Hill. Gil put on his cap. "Maybe," he said, "maybe you'd better tend to learning how to manage with house servants and look pretty and whatever else Southern girls are supposed to tend to learning, and leave running and the likes to someone else."

As soon as he'd turned away and started for barracks he was sorry. He wasn't sorry for what he had said, but for leaving behind something that he had always ardently desired.

His roommates were studying and he didn't bother them but climbed in. Outside he could hear the corporal of the guard and a rat sentry. The third-class corporal was trying to talk the fourth-class sentry out of his gun. The rat was too smart.

His roommates went to bed at taps and he was still awake. He heard them change the guard at midnight, at two o'clock and at four o'clock and that was the last he remembered until reveille. He recalled he was to run that afternoon and he went back to sleep.

The track squads went to dinner at 11:30. The white tables, set eight places each, were being readied for the Corps. Gil watched the university boys taking their places, their varicolored trousers, blue sweaters and thick-soled brogans looking out of place in the coldly military V.M.I. mess hall.

The poached egg and small steak were familiarly good and Gil realized this would be the last time. He finished before the others and got up to leave. A strange uneasiness exhilarated him.

Captain Jug Corbett called, "Gosh, but you're antsy today."

"See you on the field," Gil said, turning back to the tables for one last look to print the whole setting.

HE LEFT the hall, walking briskly up the bricks toward barracks. Going up the hill he raised his eyes and saw them coming out of Scott-Schipp Hall. Colonel Bagby was carrying an armful of books, and Millie was helping with several more. Her red sweater set off the deep black of her hair. Colonel Bagby put his books in the car and turned to Gil.

"Good luck today, Wade. Your last time out, isn't it?"

"That's right, sir." Gil snapped the reply and came to a stiff salute. The colonel returned it and Gil popped his hand off the leather visor. He was aware of her eyes on him.

"Mrs. Bagby is having some of the cadets and their dates over for refreshments before the hop tonight. Won't you plan on being there?" The colonel was talking leisurely, innocent of the gulf between his daughter and Gil. Gil was still waiting for her to speak.

"Thanks, Colonel. I appreciate that. But you see I hadn't planned on going to the hop." He felt her eyes and turned to her. She met his gaze, but still didn't speak.

"Well, perhaps you'll change your

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EIGHT YEARS OLD

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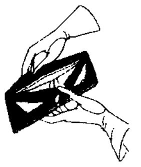

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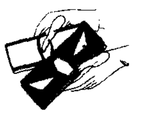

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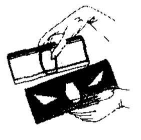

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Buxton

mind." The colonel seemed disappointed in something and he looked to his daughter. "I've got to go back in and lock my classroom door. Mind waiting out front for me?"

"Certainly not, Father." She spoke for the first time: "Perhaps Mr. Wade will wait with me, as long as it's out front."

He looked quickly at her, fumbling for a retort. He recognized that her manner was cautious now as if she were expecting him to speak sharply. He decided to let go unsaid what he might say. It would have been better had he let things go unsaid in the beginning, asking her for a date, for instance.

The colonel soon was back and getting into his car. Gil held the door open and tipped the visor of his cap as Millie sat beside her father. "Thanks, anyway, for the invitation." He looked in from the outside.

"Maybe you'll change your mind about things," Millie said. The tone was meaningful, he told himself.

As the car pulled away and left him standing alone in front of Scott-Schipp, Gil angered for being a sentimental fool, a dreamer. *She wasn't putting any meaning into those words. Stop trying to kid yourself.*

He entered barracks. A rat walked by in the rat line, shoulders pinned far back, wrinkling the back of his blouse.

Gil snapped, "Get 'em back some, mister." He watched the rat strain to make the blades touch. Then Gil, as he walked to the gym, felt ashamed for taking it out on a poor rat.

THE white sateen pants were cold against his legs. He hurried into the sweat shirt and pants and got a blanket from Forsythe, the assistant manager. He crossed the bridge and walked down the steps to the field below.

Gil put on his pushers and shoes, lacing them loosely. He jogged down the back stretch and picked up Williams.

"How do you feel today?" Williams asked, speaking with the rhythm of his chucking spikes.

"Like running." Gil said. "How do you feel?"

"Like beating you," Williams told him, with a grin.

Gil said, "We'd both better try beating Kostansik first. Have you seen him?"

"There he is now," Williams said, "just starting to run past the stands."

A high bounding figure was rolling by the crowd, blue sweat clothes dark against the tow head atop the broad shoulders. You had to figure on the looseness of a sweat shirt, but even so the boy's chest must be barreled.

The jumpers were gathering around the pits, the weight men were stretching their muscles with half-hearted tosses of the shot and discus, the sprinters were warming up in front of the concrete stands. A poetic thought came to Gil's mind. They were all marking time. They were marking time for today's track meet in a certain sense, but every one of them was marking time for a bigger event that was to come.

Today's meet would seem very unimportant then. Jug Corbett would lead a platoon of men somewhere in the South Pacific and run into the jungle in the same easy stride he used in the quarter mile. Biff Matson would rear back and throw a grenade with the very hand he was tossing the shot today, only the grenade would land in a foxhole and blow everything to smithereens. They were all marking time for the big event. The track meet was unimportant to that.

Yet the meet was of consequence at the moment. It was of consequence because they were all young and high-strung and emotions had to go somewhere. There had to be an outlet until the important things came along.

The Virginia meet always brought out a good crowd. The stands were nearly filled with bright colors blending into the patterns of grays and whites. He didn't try to look for her. He knew she was there some place. He didn't want to think about her any more today because he knew where he stood now, back in the pack. It would be better not to think about her at all.

Biff Matson slammed the discus halfway to the edge of the field and then heaved the shot past the conference record. Ten points clinched for the Biffer. Boots Randolph came back from the hundred, panting, fighting hard for his breath, his heart pounding, but glowing at the eyes because he had won handily—by at least five yards.

AND then Jug Corbett uncorked in the quarter, driving through the turn and up the stretch in a relentless pace that left the blue jerseys far behind.

When they called the milers, Gil rolled out from under his blanket and sat up, stretching the muscles in his legs and scratching his bare feet against the grass in the infield. Williams came over and sat beside him while they put on their shoes. *Gil slid his toes into the chamois pushers* and fitted the spiked shoes carefully, like a man pulling on dress gloves. He pulled the laces tight and double-knotted them. Everything was done from habit.

Gil was walking toward the track when he heard Jug call to him. Gil stopped. Jug came up, his breathing still forced from his fast quarter. "I just wanted to say . . . we've got them . . . on the run . . . and . . . oh, hell, Gil . . . you know what it means . . . to beat Virginia."

They shook hands and Gil said, "This one is dedicated to you, Jughead."

He got a good look at Kostansik at the start. Kostansik drew the pole, and Gil lane two. A Virginia miler was in three, and Williams had four.

There were eight of them, all tall and long-legged. But Kostansik was the biggest.

Gil shook hands with him and felt very old when he did. Kostansik was all legs and chest. His eyes were blue and shiny and his close-cropped hair made Gil think of a baby—a baby centaur with Billy Conn's body and Whirlaway's legs.

After they dug their holes they took a few practice starts and then it was time to go.

Gil didn't feel that he was ready yet, but it was time and he was late getting off his red sweat suit. He tossed it to Forsythe and went back to his holes. Kostansik was waiting for him, mats of white hair glistening on his legs and arms. Gil was last into his holes and came up too fast and rolled on the start, feeling that he beat the gun just a fraction as it sent them off. Racing for the turn and out in front, Gil thought he might be called back, but when he wasn't, he decided he hadn't jumped the gun, but just happened to time it right on the nose.

HE WENT into the turn smoothly, bringing his knees up hip high and driving off the front spikes of his shoes. As he went over to the pole he bent into it, coming off the turn with a rush and trying to hold the pace down the backstretch. He was going too fast and knew it, but hoped by making it smooth enough he could hold the pace.

Into the back turn he slowed and looked back over his left shoulder. He was leading by about ten yards, farther than he usually did, especially against class like Kostansik. He didn't pick up the pace and when he came off the back turn he heard Kostansik moving up behind, his spikes cutting into the track menacingly. Gil decided to play with Kostansik once. He didn't try to break away, but sailed along down past the stands evenly, letting his momentum carry. Kostansik was moving up, almost in stride now.

A knot of seven or eight people stood by the high-jump pit. One of them was Forsythe holding a stop watch. As they churned by the pits Gil heard Forsythe bark, "Sixty seconds, Gil."

Kostansik was moving out. Gil was ready for it. He tucked his chin into his chest and drove for the turn, mechanically, effortlessly, feeling his legs pumping under him and the spikes sending the track behind. He went bending into the turn and enjoyed realizing he had too much drag out for the kid with the hairy legs.

Off the back turn he let up again. *The second quarter should be a miler's slowest. Build up a reserve.*

A very minor hurt was starting in his stomach. That was always the first. Soon a coal would start burning in the left side of his chest. Then another would smolder in the right.

When he went into the back turn he heard spikes chucking into the track behind, more than one pair.

Gil picked up the stride a little and realized the others were, too. He knew one of the pressing runners would be Kostansik, but there was another and maybe two. He heard the voices calling to him from the stands. There were scattered cheers for all of them, but most of the cadets were hollering his name.

DOWN the stretch he saw Kostansik cut loose with a bid for the pole, catching Gil off guard. The big blue jersey flashed to the front by three yards and then moved in, a red jersey close behind. It was Williams, cutting in too soon. Williams' spike hit Gil's leg, and Gil felt himself falling. A runner piled on from behind as the track peeled the skin from Gil's knees and hands.

The blow from behind got his breath, and his knees were suddenly cold from the blood. He looked up. Kostansik was leading Williams into the turn, and the others were fanned out behind, battling for third.

Gil got up, intending to limp from the track. *Tough to lose, especially this one. Gosh, but those knees hurt. Whew. Got bumped out of it. Tough luck, that's all. Tough.*

He felt the keen disappointment gnawing inside. Disappointment always associated with regret, and regret associated itself with her. *Lost in the pack if you don't break in front.*

He began to run again, picking up his stride where he'd left off. His knees were stiff and hard to work, but he got them going; and after about one hundred yards they didn't seem to work so badly. His hands were smarting where the skin was gone, and his breathing was producing deep pains now, not hurts.

He guessed Kostansik had about forty yards on him now and less than two laps to go. He drove his spikes into the track, trying to get all the bounce he could.

Going down the backstretch, Gil realized he was gaining a little and this encouraged him to bear down more. Into the back turn he overhauled the stragglers and was fifth coming off the bend. He pulled out wide in the front stretch and drove hard for third place before they passed the pits. As he made it, pulling in behind Williams he felt a cheer far off some place and hearing his name with it related the excitement to his bid.

He fell in Williams' stride and dogged the third-classman into the turn. Coming off into the back stretch he could see over Williams' shoulder that Kostansik was pulling away from both of them, the centaur.

Williams seemed to be falling off the pace, and Gil moved out to go by. He went up into second place and then came back to the pole. Gil watched the back of the centaur's track shirt bouncing lightly with each of Kostansik's strides. Gil kept his eyes on the shirt and fought desperately to match the youngster's untiring pace.

His legs felt as if they had been swinging that way forever, swinging from the hips and burning at the knees. The infield wasn't there any more, or the stands or the remount stables. There was a blue shirt in front of him bouncing off a thickset back and he was trying to keep the blue in sight. It was harder running now and he imagined it was the turn, the last one. It should be about two hundred yards to the finish and this was where Kostansik was good.

GIL gritted his teeth and drove on. He felt his legs stumble underneath him and ungritted the teeth, calling on every trick he knew to relax.

He saw Kostansik lean into it and pull away. Gil took a deep breath and hung on the youngster's stride, bearing down with everything now, more than everything because he really didn't have anything left and seemed to be running on something he had never called on before, a reserve of power he didn't know was there. But it was because they were digging for it in the straightaway now and he was still right in there with the centaur.

He realized he was going blind from pain and fatigue, but forced his eyes open as wide as he could and stayed close to the blue shirt. He saw the shirt falter a little and then it seemed to come back. Gil moved along beside the blue. The blue was on his left now and chips were scattered all over the track, blue ones.

Something flicked, ever so lightly, against his shoulder. Then someone was grabbing at his arms and holding him, and he was pulling away, still trying to run when he heard the voices.

He realized then he was standing on wooden legs in the middle of the track, and Forsythe was making him put on his sweat suit. Another person was there and his bleary eyes told him it was Jug. Jug said something, but he was sort of blubbery and Gil couldn't understand what it was.

"You came from behind that time," Boots screamed in his ear. "Gee, Gil, you picked up fifty yards. I'll certify you did."

"It was closer to sixty," Forsythe hollered. "More probably it was seventy."

Gil leaned on Jug's shoulder and walked to the gym. By the time Millie's party started, it would be a hundred yards.

THE others were already there when he came up the steps, brass buttons glistening, the tails of his coatee stiff and straight. She stepped outside, coming to him as the oaken door closed behind her.

They stood facing each other for a second before he said, "I came here to talk for Gil."

She smiled and he could see the dampness on her lips. Then she gently brought his gauze-wrapped hands to her face. "I must say that was something to see this afternoon."

"I hadn't thought of it before. You were right about that front-runner stuff."

Her eyes were looking up into his. "If they really tried, you might say, some people could run in front any time they wanted to."

He let his arms go around her and she came to him, so close it took his breath away. Her lashes touched his face.

He moved to kiss her, and her forehead hit the visor of his cap, knocking it forward so that it fell between them.

"When you come back," she said, "when you come back, there will be a nice shelf some place where that cap can gather dust, all caps with leather visors."

THE END

The Curious Belief of Captain Cahill

THE weather-beaten granite headstone up on Prospect Hill says he was born back in 1838. But he looked far older than forty when I first met him . . . a lean, saber-scarred man . . . two years after the Custer Massacre.

He was my mother's oldest brother and I but a child. But the memory of his curious belief lives with me still.

He ran away in '57, with nary a note or a word from him for twenty-one years. Then he walked in, on leave, a Civil War veteran and captain of cavalry, home from the Indian wars.

He spoke surprisingly seldom and then softly. And, curiously, he always sat in that corner of a room where his restless glance could command all doors and windows.

"Why? Because," he answered my mother's query, "sixteen years of warfare have taught me that, to survive, *I must never turn my back on the front.*"

Today, how many of us share the belief of Captain Cahill . . . the conviction that, if we Americans are to survive, we must never turn our backs on the front . . . the front where our boys battle for their existence and ours?

Today, how many of us realize the vital importance of really sacrificing to support that front?

How many of us are *doing* something about it by purchasing our *full* share of war bonds—*every week, every pay day* —and ALL *we can possibly afford?*

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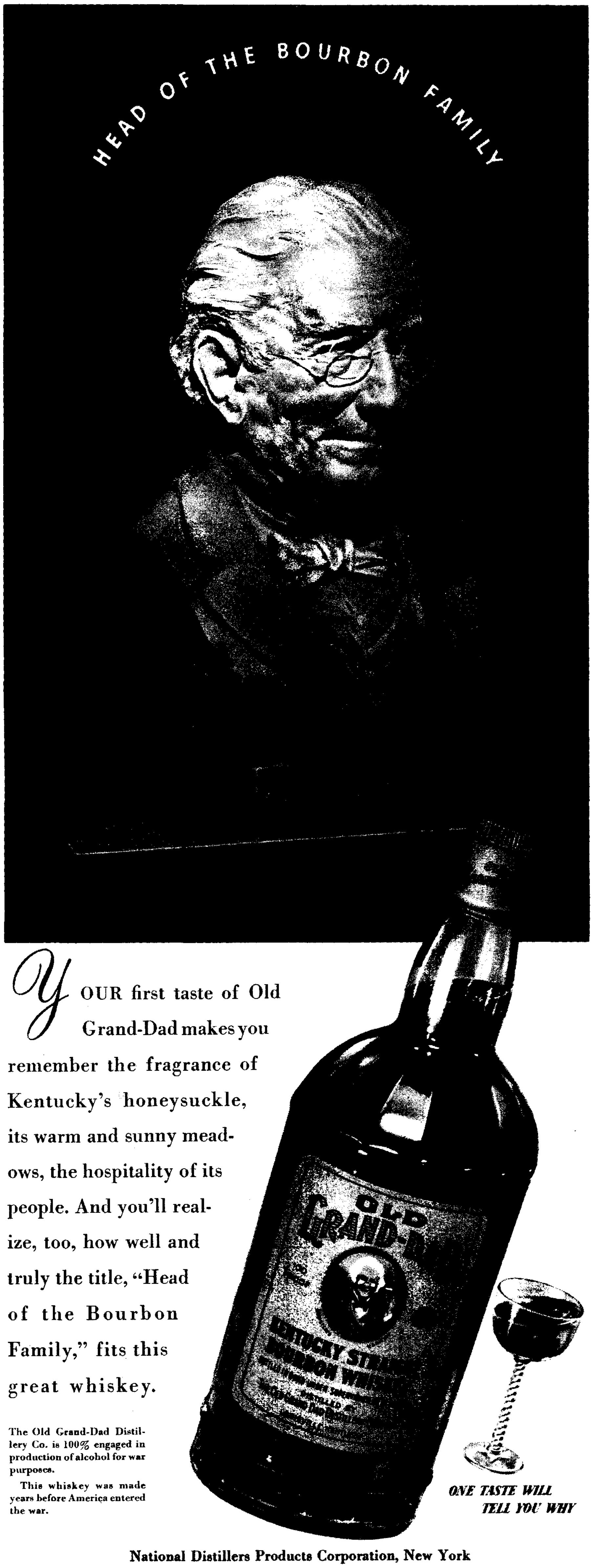

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This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 20

"Nothing."

"I want it straight."

"You're getting it straight. I'm a dancing teacher . . ."

"I know all about that. I've checked up on you. It's the personal side I'm interested in."

I said, "There wasn't any."

"On account of whose fault?"

I shrugged. My shoulder hurt when I did it. I said, "I've given Miss Willard a lot of dancing lessons. She was a sweet kid, but crazy. I think I amused her."

"Did she go to the party with you?"

"No. I went with my partner."

"What happened? Why didn't you take the same girl home?"

I hesitated. The big man by the window said, "Level with him, kid. He's just trying to find out."

MAX GOLD nodded toward the big man. "That's Andy Sullivan," he explained. "He and I play around together. So why didn't you take Miss Morgan home?"

"We had a sort of a misunderstanding," I said.

"About what?"

I said, "I don't like this. I keep remembering that the girl I'm talking about is dead."

"I remember that, too. That's why I'm here. Why did Judith Morgan get sore at you?"

Max Gold was plenty direct. He had a way of asking questions that made you think he knew the answer and was just trying to check up. He was as impersonal as a fish. I said, "Earlier in the evening I was all over lipstick."

"Miss Willard's?"

"Yes."

"Your partner didn't like it?"

"No."

Max Gold folded his hands and looked down at them. "Who else didn't like it?"

"Who else . . . ?" That stumped me. "I don't think it meant anything to anyone else."

"How about Floyd Baylor?"

"Who?"

"Floyd Baylor. Long, tall, sandy-haired fellow. Harvard. Nuts about Miss Willard."

"Oh," I said. "Him?"

"That's the guy."

I got a little angry. "Look here," I said, "that's a crazy idea. I never saw that fellow before in my life. But he isn't the type who would commit murder."

"You can't tell. Any goon might if he was mad enough. Suppose we figure he didn't like you kissing his girl."

"Then why would he . . . ?" All of a sudden I felt like I wanted to be sick. "Good Lord, you mean somebody might have been shooting at *me?*"

"Could be."

"That's ridiculous. Especially a man of this what's-his-name's type."

Max Gold said calmly, "I think you're right. But I got to consider all angles."

"You'll be asking me next if I think it was Judy Morgan."

"It might. Somebody killed the girl. I got to find out who."

I said, "I don't know anything about it or her or anything else. And I feel awful."

"You ain't hurt. Bruises—and shock. I've got to keep on asking questions."

I lay back on the pillow. I said, "I'd like a cigarette, if you don't mind."

Max Gold handed me a cigarette and held a match for me. I took a deep drag. It tasted wonderful.

Max half closed those piercing black eyes of his. "You got any enemies, Harrison?"

"No."

"Peaceful guy, huh?"

"Yes."

"Well, look: I figure it this way: You maybe know something that doesn't mean a thing to you. But maybe it fits. Last night, for instance—did anything happen besides this kissing stuff? Anything that wasn't right in the groove?"

"No . . ." Then I blinked. "Well, yes, there was something . . ."

Andy Sullivan turned his back to the window so that he was facing me. Max Gold said quietly, "Let's have it."

I started talking. I told him about going on the terrace with Judy, and about Babs following us out there. I told about hiding in the shadows near the elevator shaft, and then about what happened on the next terrace. I gave it as I remembered it, which wasn't too clearly because it hadn't seemed important at that time.

When I finished, Sullivan whistled, but Max Gold didn't change expression. He said, "So they said it was a gun, eh?"

"Yes. The usual thing: They thought it wasn't loaded."

"What did they look like, that other couple?"

"Lady and gentleman, obviously. They were dressed that way, and that's how they talked."

"Would you know them if you saw them again?"

"I think so. I'm sure I'd recognize her."

"Why?"

"She was beautiful," I said. "One of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Blonde—but very."

"You only saw the two of them? Nobody else?"

"No one."

"So they lived there, and—" Andy Sullivan began, but I interrupted:

"They didn't live there."

"No?" Gold looked at me, his eyes going deep. "What makes you think that?"

"I don't think. I know."

"How?"

"Judy told me who does live there."

"Judy? Your partner?"

"Yes."

"How did she know?"

"She's been there . . ." I stopped short. I didn't like the way I knew it was going to sound. If you're not in the dance racket, it isn't easy to understand things like that.

"Keep moving, Harrison." Max's voice was silky, but I could tell from the sound of it that I'd stuck my chin out.

"FELLOW that lived there," I said, picking my words pretty carefully, "was a lonely old codger."

"Old?"

"Fifty, maybe. He was crazy about dancing, and like a lot of men who are—he couldn't. He was all left feet. The only person he was able to dance with was Judy. She was his teacher. He got a great kick out of taking her around and making like a dancer. I can name you a hundred cases more or less like that: a dozen right in our studios. It sounds nutsy—"

"Reasonable," said Max with an understanding which surprised me. "Go ahead."

"It was that way," I said. "And don't ask me if I was jealous of this guy, because I wasn't. We don't get jealous of dance pupils."

"Did you see him?"

"No. Just the young man and woman I told you about."

"Did they see you?"

"They couldn't have. Judy and I were hiding from Miss Willard. It sounds silly, but that's what we were doing. They saw Babs, but not us."

Max asked, casually, "What was the name of the guy who lived there?"

"Jonathan Tate."

For the first time Max Gold looked startled. He said, "Jonathan Tate! You sure that's the name?"

"I'm sure."

Max got up. His voice was crisp, and his manner businesslike. He said, "You're staying right here, Harrison. Andy will keep you company. He's not going to let you see anybody: not till I get back, anyway."

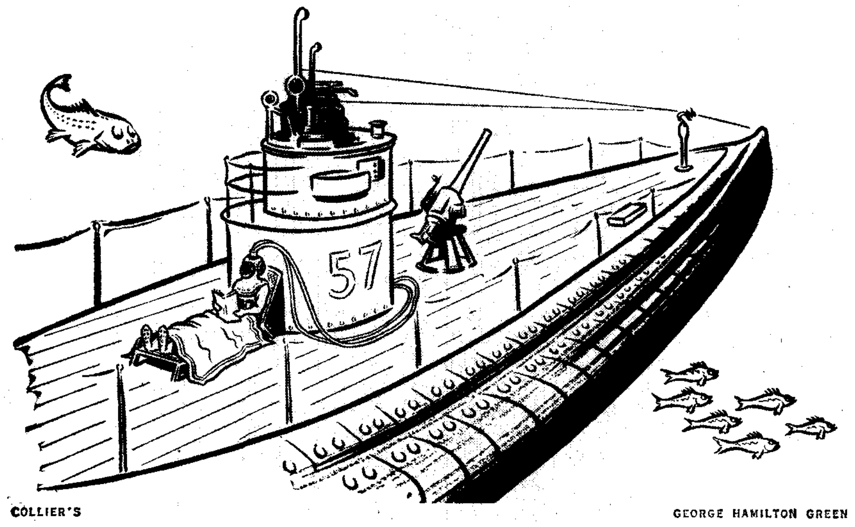
It was beyond me, and I said so.

"Keep your shirt on," said Max Gold. "I got a little investigating to do. This Jonathan Tate . . . maybe he's the angle I'm looking for."

ANDY SULLIVAN wasn't much company. I tried to get some information from him, but it was no soap. He said, "Look, son—I'll talk about a lot of things, but not this case. Orders, see?"

I saw, and I didn't like what I saw. It was the first time I'd ever been on the business end of an investigation, and it made me nervous. Getting questioned makes you feel guilty, whether you are or not. I was thinking in circles already. Great big circles. And Judy was in the middle of every one.

Not that they thought she had done anything. But they had grabbed the idea that she had been jealous of Babs Willard, and Babs had been murdered. That wasn't so good.



Then this Jonathan Tate business. The name had clicked with both detectives. It meant something. Max said that it maybe was the angle he was looking for. To me that was police double-talk, but it didn't make me feel any better.

As a matter of fact, I was feeling pretty bad generally. I wasn't hurt, but my nervous system had taken a beating. The hours dragged interminably.

They brought me some lunch, but I couldn't eat it. Andy, however, did all right. He finished his tray, and then helped out with mine. The hall nurse came in with a trim young intern, and they asked a few medical questions. Questions that didn't mean anything, and they had forgotten the answers before they got outside the door. I figured that was all right, because there were really sick people in the hospital, and I wasn't sick—only scared.

I grabbed a brief nap in the afternoon and then I felt some better. I wanted to get up, but Andy said No, I couldn't. At five o'clock they brought around some more food. It didn't look any better than the lunch, but I was getting a grip on myself and I ate some of it. A little after six o'clock Max Gold came back and with him was a man whom he introduced to us as George Ballard. He said Ballard was another detective. That made three detectives too many, as far as I was concerned.

This Ballard was a nice-looking chap. He was bigger than he looked, which meant that he was a heap larger than Max and a good deal smaller than Andy Sullivan. He had brown hair and pleasant brown eyes. His clothes were neat and well tailored. He spoke in a very quiet voice and his grammar was perfect.

He started off by asking me a million questions about Jonathan Tate. He kept urging me to remember everything Judy had ever said about him. He wanted to know how long she'd known him, how many dance lessons he'd taken from her, how often they went out together, what she had told me about their evenings, what she had said about visiting at his apartment. I didn't enjoy any part of it. I said, "Why don't you ask Judy about this?" and Ballard said, "I have."

"Then why question me? What I know is all second-hand."

Ballard said briefly, "Checking."

I told him the story over and over again: sometimes from the beginning, sometimes from the middle. He said, "I know you're tired, Mr. Harrison—but I've got to keep pressing. You aren't in a position to judge what is important and what isn't."

"And you won't tell me, will you?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

After an hour or so of that sort of stuff I asked whether I could pop a few questions and Ballard said yes.

"Does Judy know Babs was killed?"

Ballard said, "We told her."

"Did you tell her I was in the car?"

"Yes."

"Does she know where I am now?"

"Yes . . ." Ballard looked straight at me and smiled warmly. "Take it easy, old man. She was upset about it. She wanted to come to you right away."

"She wasn't sore?"

"Certainly not. She is a pretty fine young lady, and I think she's as concerned about you as you'd want her to be."

"That," I said, "is relief. I'd give my right arm to see her."

"You can see her—and keep your right arm."

"When?"

"As soon as we've finished with you."

I felt a sense of relief. I don't know why, but I did. I said, "This thing must be in all the papers."

"Yes." Ballard and Max Gold looked at each other. "You come in for a lot of publicity, but not by name."

"What does that mean?"

"You are the 'unknown companion.'"

"Why?"

"Max thought you'd rather not be mixed up in it."

I SAID, "Gee, that's nice . . ." But here again was something that I couldn't put my finger on. "I never knew the police were so considerate."

"We haven't got anything on you." That was Max Gold speaking. "So why should we cause you embarrassment?"

I started to say "Why not?" but that didn't seem very smart, so I let it ride. I had a feeling that they had their own reasons, and that it had nothing to do with any consideration for me.

Ballard said, "Did you ever meet Jonathan Tate?"

"So we're back to that again."

"Yes."

"I never met him. I saw him several times at the studio and once or twice when he was with Judy."

"You know nothing about him?"

"Only what she told me."

"From what she told you—what was your opinion: how would you size him up?"

"Lonely chap. Very few friends. Definitely not a wolf. Chief hobby: dancing. That's where Judy came in."

"Did she mention whether he spent money lavishly?"

I said, "Are you trying to pin something on Judy?"

"No."

Somehow I believed him—then. I said, "He paid her well. He called their evenings together lessons. He gave her a few presents, but they were trifles. I pegged him as a gentleman in the real meaning of the word. She was impressed by his apartment and his way of living. A bachelor of culture and simple tastes."

George Ballard said, "You're being cooperative. I appreciate it."

"I still don't understand why you want secondhand dope when you can get it straight from headquarters."

"Because Miss Morgan may have had one slant with us and another with you. That could be important."

"Why? Where do I figure? If Judy can't give you all you want, why don't you go to Jonathan Tate?"

"That would be a little difficult."

"Why?"

"Because," said Ballard, "Jonathan Tate is dead."

I DON'T know what I looked like when he said that. I must have looked pretty silly. For a man who has lived a good average life, with lots of nothing happening, things were piling up.

I said, "What did he die of?"

Andy Sullivan said, "Lead poisoning," and chuckled as though he thought it was funny. Gold and Ballard ignored him. But they let him finish. "He was shot."

I began to remember things. They made me nervous. I asked, "When was he shot?"

"Last night," answered Max Gold.

"You mean . . . ?"

"That's our guess. The shot you heard was the one that killed him. We could be wrong, but that's the way it looks from here."

A wave of nausea swept over me. I had to fight against it. I said, "This time you've got to tell me things. I don't understand any of it."

Max said, "When you mentioned Jonathan Tate's name, we decided to take a look-see. We went to his apartment this morning. Right after I left here. Tate was sitting in an easy chair, completely dead. We called a doctor and he pegged the hour at just about the time you heard the shot. That isn't accurate, of course, but it'll do until a better hour comes along."

"Then those two people—that man and woman . . . they . . . ?"

"That's how we figure it."

"But good Lord, man! They didn't look like murderers."

"Murderers seldom do."

"They were as casual and easy . . ."

"Smooth," said Max. "Smooth as butter."

Ballard picked it up: "Could you recognize those people if you saw them again, Harrison?"

I began to see how important this might be, so I watched my words. I said, "The woman I'm sure of. As to the man, I couldn't swear it. He was nice-looking, but average. You can't be sure you'd recognize a man of that type."

"Miss Willard talked to them quite a while, didn't she?"

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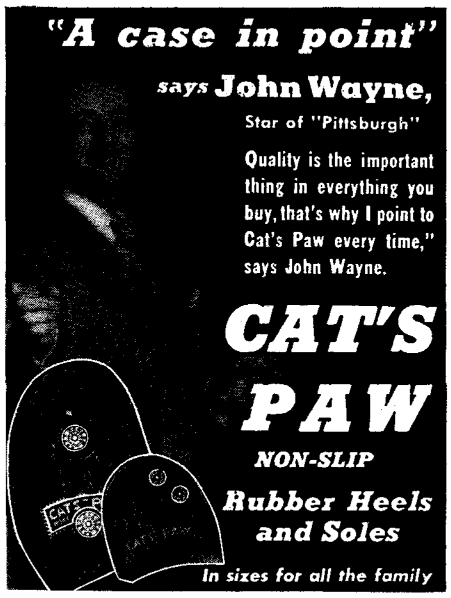
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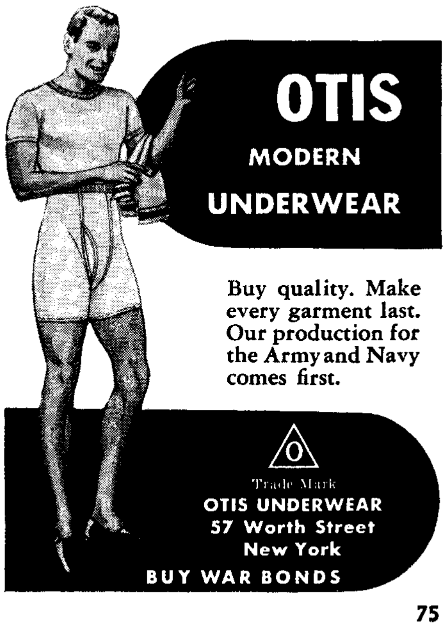
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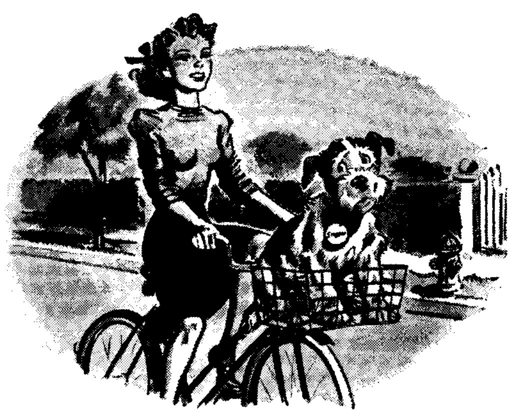
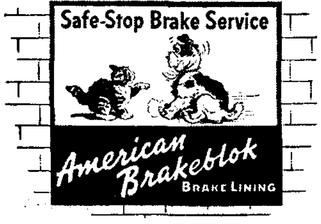


"This isn't my idea of Share the Ride"



Stopper says—"A bike is fun, but not as a steady diet. To make your automobile tires last, make sure your brakes are right. Ask your repair man for American Brakeblok Brake Lining."

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"Yes."

"Could they see her plainly?"

"I suppose so. Even with the blinds down for the dimout, there was quite a bit of light."

"Could they see you?"

"My guess would be no. Miss Willard had been looking for us . . . for me, that is. She was pretty close to where we were hiding. So if she didn't see us, it'd seem fairly safe to assume that they didn't either."

"In other words, we might say that so far as they knew, Miss Willard was the only person who saw or heard anything."

"Yes . . ." Then it hit me. It hit hard. I said, "You mean that they are the ones who might have killed Babs?"

GEORGE BALLARD nodded. "Could be. Let us say one of them had just shot Jonathan Tate. If they were both in on it, that makes both technically guilty of murder, no matter which one may have handled the gun. The man probably walked out on the terrace for the purpose of finding out whether there had been any commotion; whether anyone had noticed anything wrong. He saw one person: a young lady, whom we can presume he had plenty of time to recognize. He called his confederate—the blond girl—for two reasons: First, to make certain that they could recognize Miss Willard again; second, to make his story about the accidental firing of the gun more authentic. And we can even add a third reason: That if they could make Miss Willard think nothing had happened, she'd be less likely to be nervous—less likely to mention it."

"And so," I said, "after assuring themselves that she was the only person who could have seen anything, they decided they'd be safer if they fixed things so she couldn't talk."

"It's a reasonable guess."

"I've read about things like that . . ."

Max said, "They happen. You'd be surprised."

Ballard picked it up: "That's why I wanted to be sure that they couldn't have seen you and Miss Morgan."

Now I started thinking in earnest. I said, "They couldn't have seen me—that's sure. But . . ."

"But what?"

"After Babs went away . . . we thought she'd gone inside . . . we figured we'd better go back separately. No particular reason except that it would look better. You know, professional dancers hiding out in the dark together . . . anyway, Judy went first. This man and woman were still on the terrace down below."

"Did they see her?"

"I don't know."

"Were you looking at them?"

"No, I was looking at Judy."

"If they had looked up—could they have seen her?"

"I suppose they could. But that's just a guess. Babs had been standing right at the railing. When Judy walked away, she naturally kept closer to the wall of the penthouse."

Max Gold said, "I figure they didn't see her."

I asked, "Why are you so sure?"

His answer was simple and direct: "Judy Morgan's still alive, ain't she?"

I didn't like the sound of that. I don't think Ballard did, either. He said, gently, "That's the way it adds up, Harrison. If those people killed Miss Willard because she was a possible witness against them, they certainly wouldn't have stopped there. They'd handle any other person the same way—provided they knew who that person was. They've had all day . . ."

I was thinking of Judy in a new way: as someone who was in danger. Ballard went on talking. He was handing me a fistful of logic, but it didn't register. I knew he was right, but I was still frightened. Max Gold chimed in, backing him up. I said, "That's all right for you fellows, but you're not in love with the girl. I am."

"Sure you are. But it can't shape up any other way."

"Who says it can't? You! And what do you know about it? You can only guess. If you guess wrong—she gets the same thing Babs Willard got."

"Quit worrying," said Ballard. "I'm sorry I ever planted the idea. As a matter of fact, Max and I have already visited both penthouses to size up that very angle. There isn't a chance on earth that they could have seen Miss Morgan. And we're sure she's in no danger. But we wanted you to understand things."

"Why?"

"Because we might need your help."

"I haven't been much use so far. What do I do now?"

George Ballard had something on his mind. I could tell by the careful way he selected his words. "You can promise to sit steady," he said. "Things have happened."

"You're telling me!"

"More things."

"Somebody else . . . ?"

"No more murders. But something interesting."

I waited for him to go on. Things had been popping so fast I was in a daze anyway. I figured that if I'd taken this much, I could take more. I thought I was prepared for anything. Which proves that I wasn't very smart.

Ballard circled the subject. He said, "Do you know a Broadway night club called the Torrid Zone?"

Of all the questions he might have asked, that was the most unexpected. I said, "Sure, I do."

"What do you know about it?"

"Everything. It's a flash spot. Reasonable prices, capacity business, two dance bands and a darn' good show."

"You know the building it's in?"

"Yes . . . that is, I know there's nothing there except the club and a few shops."

"That's it. It's a valuable piece of property whether you regard it as real estate, as a night-club venture, or both."

"So what?"

Ballard said, "Would it surprise you to know that the property and the club both belonged to Jonathan Tate?"

It would. Most definitely. I said so. I said he'd be the last man on earth I could ever imagine running a night club.

"He didn't run it," explained Ballard. "He owned it, and he took the profits. He very seldom went there But it was his, just the same."

I GOT a glimpse of Andy Sullivan. He looked as surprised as I felt. Max was sitting quietly, but I could see he was excited. Only Ballard was taking it the easy way. I liked Ballard. Max Gold was okay for a cop—but Ballard seemed to be something extra special.

"When we discovered that Tate had been killed," said Ballard, "we did a little investigation. We learned the name of his lawyer. We called on him. We found out that Jonathan Tate left a will."

I waited. I knew something was coming. I knew it would be big.

"Jonathan Tate left all of his property, including, of course, the Torrid Zone, to one person."

"Yes . . ." And then, because I knew it was expected of me, I asked, "Who?"

"He left it," said Ballard, "to Judy Morgan."

After a lot of talking, the cops told me I could get dressed and go home. They had pumped me dry. I didn't have an emotion left in me.

I said, "Look, If I'm free to do as I wish, I'm not going home. I want to see Judy."

"That's okay." Max Gold gave that tight little smile of his. "She's expecting you."

"Nice," I said. "You think of everything."

They sat there while I got dressed. I was shaky, and I don't think I looked pretty. Max told me how to get in touch with him in case I wanted anything. I looked at Ballard, and he smiled. "You can always contact me through Lieutenant Gold," he said. "I'll be around."

I was glad to get away from them. I stopped in at a little haberdashery and bought a clean shirt, mine showing slight evidence of what had happened the previous night. Then I picked up a newspaper, went to a barbershop and read the paper while I got a shave.

There was the story about Babs Willard being killed. It said a lot, but didn't tell anything. I was referred to only as "a male companion." I felt that way, too. Things had been happening all around me, and I didn't know why.

But it wasn't the Babs Willard story that really interested me. It was the spread they gave Judy:

DANCING BEAUTY INHERITS
ESTATE OF MURDERED MAN

That will give you an idea. The paper I'd bought was more interested in the Cinderella angle than it was in the murder. To them, Jonathan Tate was just another guy named Elmer. From the way they played it up, you'd have thought Tate was twice as rich as Rockefeller, and that the Torrid Zone was bigger than Radio City Music Hall. There was a picture of Judy, and she looked as pretty as seventeen dollars' worth of lettuce. The barber saw what I was reading and put in his two cents' worth: "Some of them tramps sure hit it lucky," he commented.

I didn't like his angle. I flushed and got mad, and then what little common sense I had left came to my rescue.

Why shouldn't the barber think things? I knew better, of course. In the first place, I knew what sort of girl Judy was; in the second, I was in the racket and I realized that any sort of screwball thing is likely to happen. But it didn't make me happy to know what the public was bound to think about the girl I hoped to marry.

Judy was waiting for me. There were shadows under her eyes, and she looked tired and worried. I closed the door, put my arms around her, and held her tight. For a few moments it was that way: just a man and a woman glad to be together again, and each wanting the other to know it.

Her apartment was tiny. The single room looked like a sitting room. It had that kind of furniture. But there was a door that opened and a bed that came down out of the wall. There was an infinitesimal foyer, a bathroom and a kitchenette. There was a big, comfortable sofa and we sat together on that. I put my arm around her, and for a long time we didn't say anything.

Then she started asking me about myself: How I felt, had I been hurt, had the bullets touched me, what the medicos said. She explained that she had wanted to come to the hospital, but they wouldn't let her: told her to wait there and I'd be along eventually. She was still upset. Every once in a while she'd say, "Poor Babs . . . it doesn't seem real . . ." Well, she had something there. It certainly didn't.

I let her talk first. I knew she must have been thinking of these questions all day, and that it would be better if I let her get them off her chest before I started. And when she finally slowed down, I waited a few more minutes. I didn't waste them, either. It wasn't often that I found Judy as responsive as this, and I hadn't been pushed around so badly that I didn't appreciate it.

FINALLY I said, "I've let you run down, sweetheart. Now suppose you start telling me things. Starting with what you really think of me."

She told me. Without words. It was very satisfactory. Then she said, "I don't know where to begin, really. I'm exhausted."

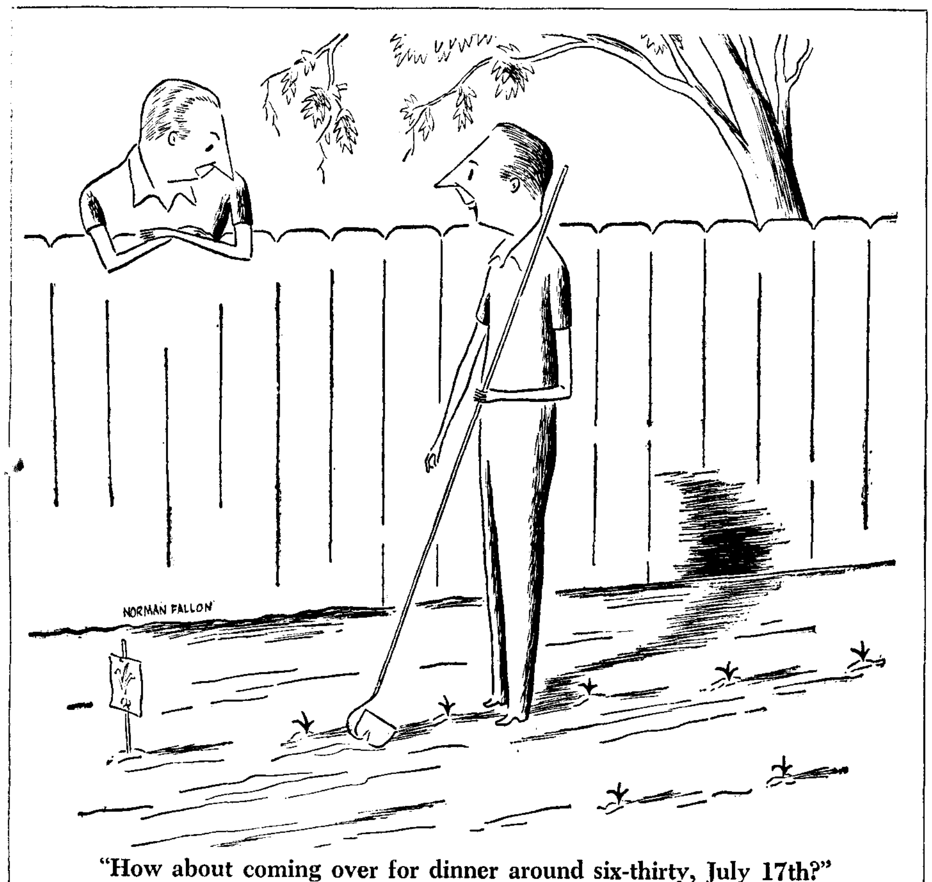
"I can imagine."

"First there were detectives. Then reporters—millions of reporters of assorted sexes. I've even been getting calls from people who want me to invest in things."

I lighted a cigarette and let her tell it her own way. She said, "You've seen the papers?"

"One of them." I turned around on the couch so that I was facing her. "I don't know how much those detectives told you, honey, but there are things I've got to know. In the first place, what is your idea about why Babs was killed?"

(To be continued next week)



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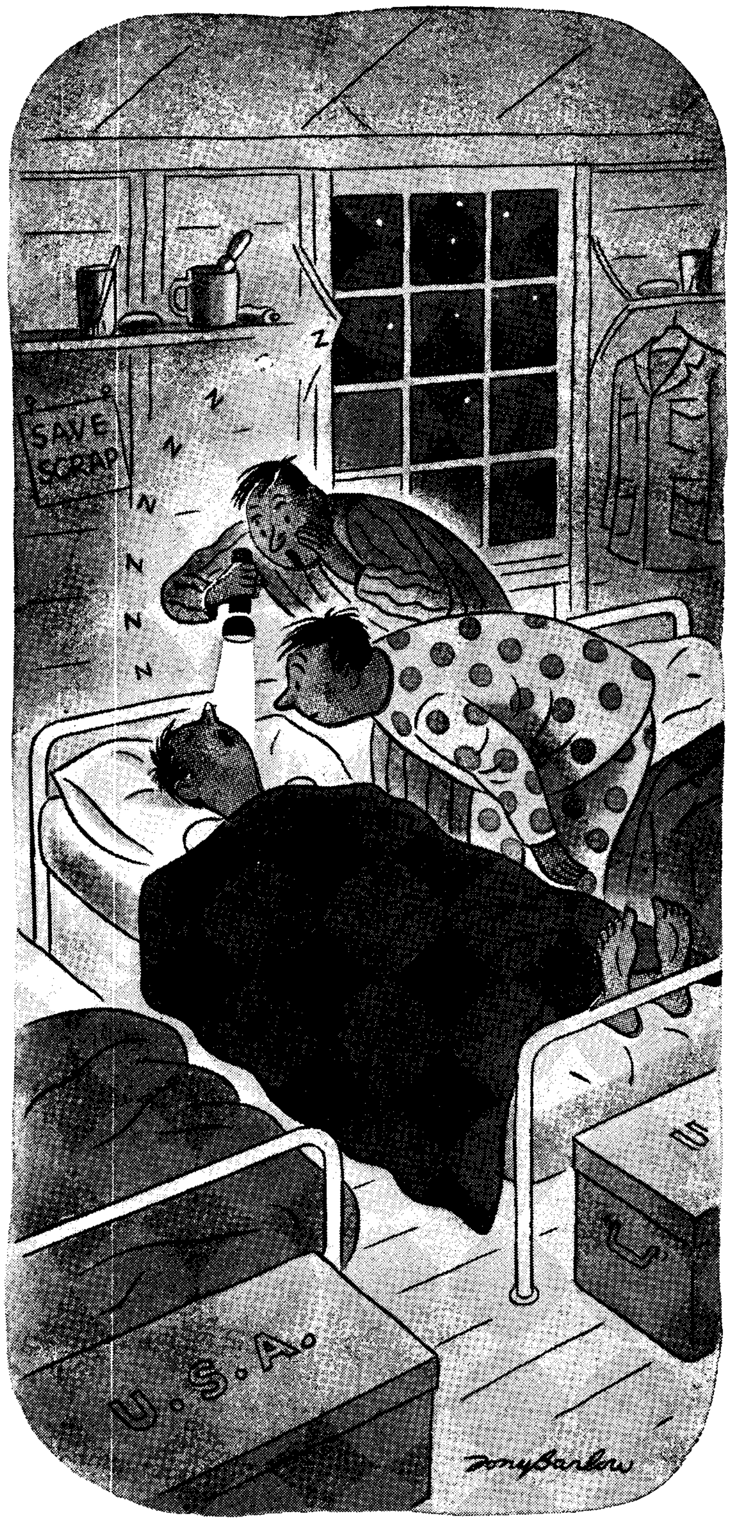
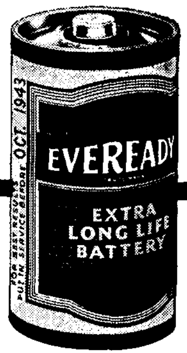


"See! Just like I told'ja! Adenoids!"



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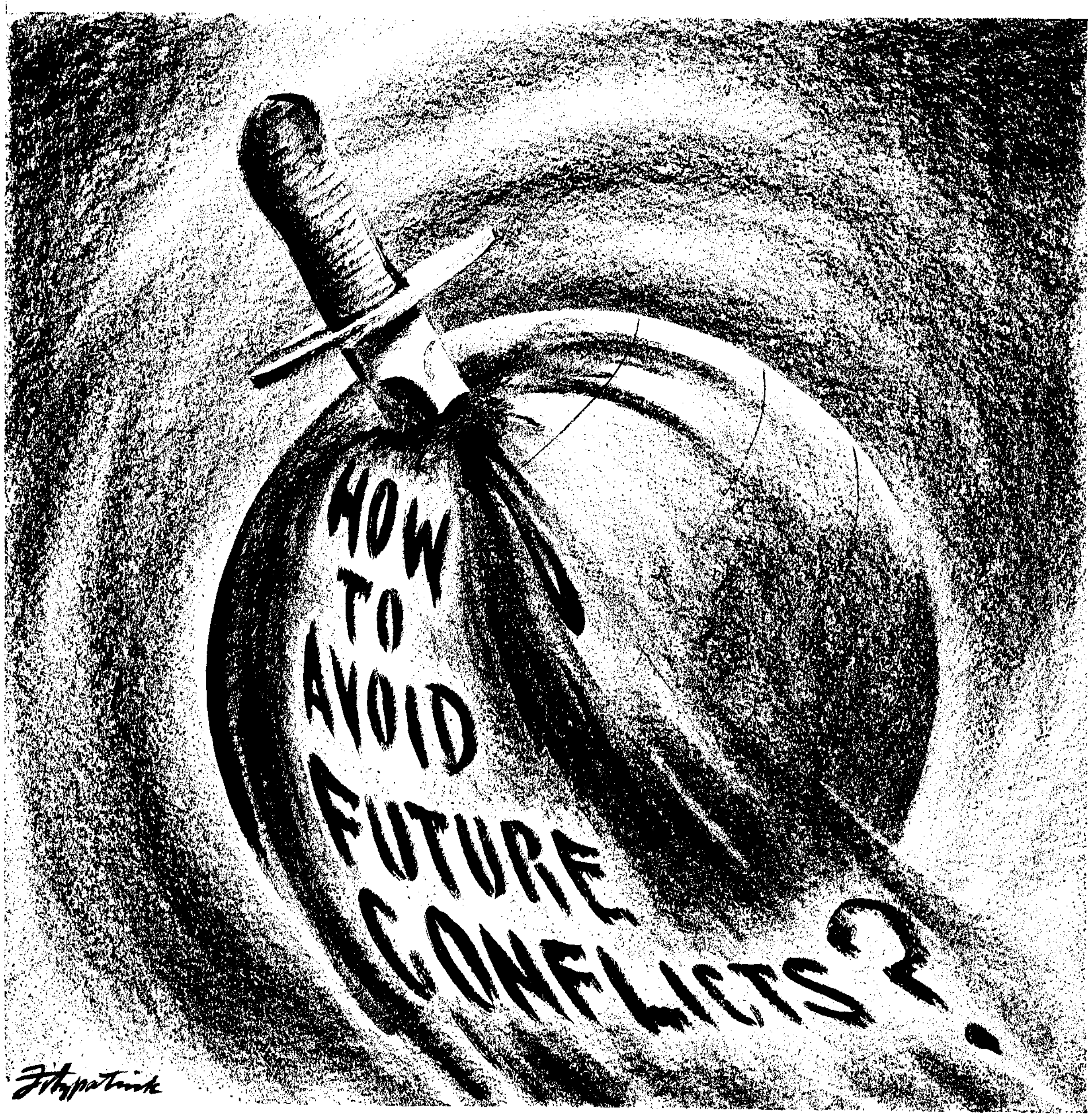
HOW TO AVOID FUTURE CONFLICTS?
Fitzpatrick

Our Part in Global Peace

YES, we do have to win this war before we earn the right to plan any kind of peace. Certainly nobody will care what we think or want if we don't win the war. Obviously we must win and win decisively if we want our preferences to count at the peace tables.

Still, it is none too soon to begin to think about ways of avoiding future conflicts once this war has been thoroughly won. The action proposed by Senator Ball and his associates looks to hardly more than this, but the kind of co-operation between the President and the Congress proposed in this Senate action may be immensely helpful in the future.

For, while it would be very silly to attempt to be too precise about the Baltic States boundaries at this moment, for example, it is intensely practical to seek to lay the basis for nonpolitical, nonpartisan action by the American government, legislative and executive, when peace approaches. If we can avoid making the future peace settlement a political issue in the United States, we can bring American common sense and American good will into play. That will be a great improvement over the poisonous conflict between the Senate and Woodrow Wilson after the last war.

More than that, we shall have to make up our minds on some very general questions that underlie any particular peace plans. We shall have to decide afresh the big issue that was isolationism during most of the time between Versailles and the outbreak of World War II.

Are we willing to accept responsibility between World Wars? Or do we have to be aroused again by some future Pearl Harbor or unrestricted submarine warfare to realize that other nations, some of them hostile and predatory, also live on this earth?

We have to decide the general lines along which we are willing to move before any President or any Congress will dare commit us to a particular course. So the preliminary studies such as that made by John Foster Dulles for the Federal Council of Churches are immensely useful. They stimulate us to face the reality of an intricately interrelated civilization while we still are cruelly conscious of the undesirability of operating alone and without friends in global war.

With our allies and associates, we shall win this war. We can win the peace, too, if we put into the effort only a fraction of the self-sacrificing patriotism that so many millions are bringing to the prosecution of the war.

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THE Treasury Department is putting on its most ambitious War Bond drive to date—wants at least 13 billions, and will gratefully accept any chance additional billions.

We recommend enthusiastic and up-to-the-hilt purchase of these securities by anybody and everybody who can buy them.

There is the patriotic reason, and there is also the self-defense reason, either one of which would be sufficient. But there is also the fact that the more of our soaring war-needled national income we can put into government bonds, the less danger we run of a wild inflation some day. We hate to see it or say it, but the beginnings of such an inflation a now upon us.

And now, we'll turn the attention once more to that same Treasury Department's strange, almo incomprehensible opposition to the Ruml plan for putting the nation on a pay-as-you-go basis of income-tax collections in one simple bookkeeping operation.

Henry Morgenthau keeps calling for bond subscriptions; but Henry also keeps inciting his alleged tax experts to offer substitute after substitute for the Ruml plan.

This persistent befogging of the tax question has several effects, all of them bad. Their worst e[illegible]ct on the War Bond drives is that these endless delay in settling the income-tax picture keep millions of people in doubt and confusion as to just what their tax liabilities are now, and are likely to be for the next year or more. Consequently, these people cannot plan their bond purchases as exactly or as generously as they could if they knew definitely where they stood taxwise.

The Ruml plan's backers have methodically blasted Henry's excuses and phony substitutes as fast as Henry and his aides have thought them up. The same treatment has been dealt out to other ersatz tax schemes concocted by Representative Robert L. "Muley" Doughton and his associates in the House Ways and Means Committee majority. The Ruml plan, with the so-called antiwindfall amendment, has the support of an estimated 85 per cent to 90 per cent of Americans; the class-conflict issue sought to be injected into the debate by assorted demagogues has fallen flat.

Let's just have the Ruml plan enacted, and swiftly.

Freedom and the Post Office

POSTMASTER GENERAL FRANK C. WALKER, on recommendation of Attorney General Francis Biddle, has barred from the mails a little weekly paper called The Militant, put out here by the Trotskyist fragment of the Communist Party.

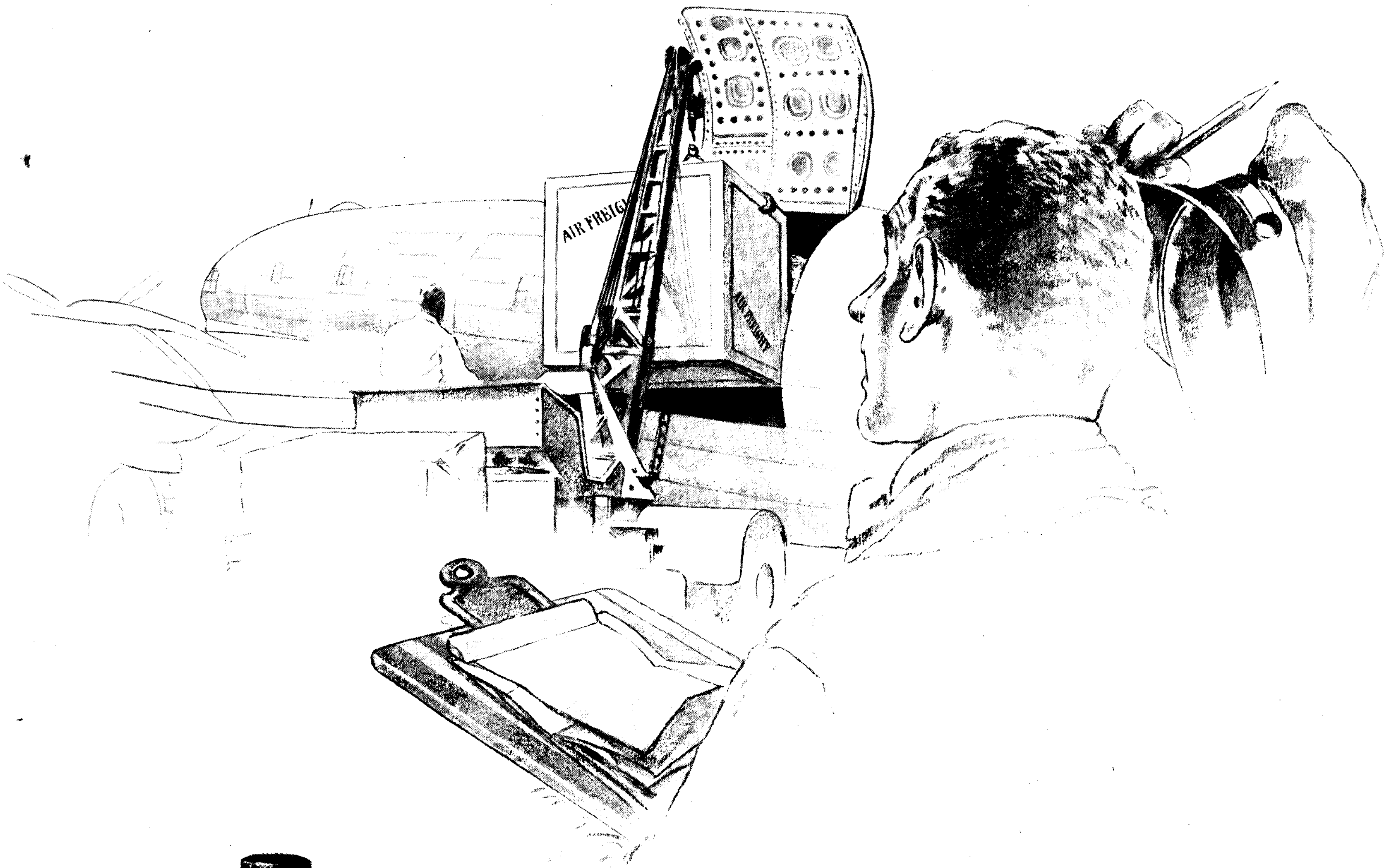
Biddle wrote Walker that The Militant "is permeated with the thesis that the war is being fought for the benefit of the ruling groups and will serve merely to continue the enslavement of the working classes. It is urged that this war is only an imperialistic clash for the spoils at the expense of the lives and living standards of the people. The lines in this publication also include derision of democracy and the Four Freedoms as hypocritical shams, anti-British attacks, charges of Fascist collaboration by the United States, stimulation of race issues, and other material deemed visionary in character and appearing to be calculated to engender opposition to the war effort as well as to interfere with the morale of the Armed Forces."

The trouble is that The Militant is by no means the only paper in this country that carries now and then material of the kinds listed by Mr. Biddle. [illegible] favorite squawk of the leftist press, for instance, is that our government shamelessly and criminally plays opportunist politics with Fascists like Franco and with the Vichy clique. The orthodox Communist press in this country, exactly like the heretical Trotskyist Militant, tries to stir up race hatreds while professing to be loyal to the Allied cause.

And so it goes. If the Post Office Department can make this ban stick against an impotent little giveaway sheet, what publications may not the Post Office be banning next, on similar pretext?

We're glad to see the American Civil Liberties Union go to bat for The Militant; and we hope The Militant (though we disagree absolutely with what we understand it habitually says) will win the fight.

How American it is... to want something better!



BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

A MINER IN ALASKA can tell you that air freight is *something better.* So can a sawmill operator "frozen in" on a mountain lake. Today American air freighters, operating here and abroad, are accomplishing miracles of transport. And when the victory is won we can count on such "special" delivery of peacetime cargo.

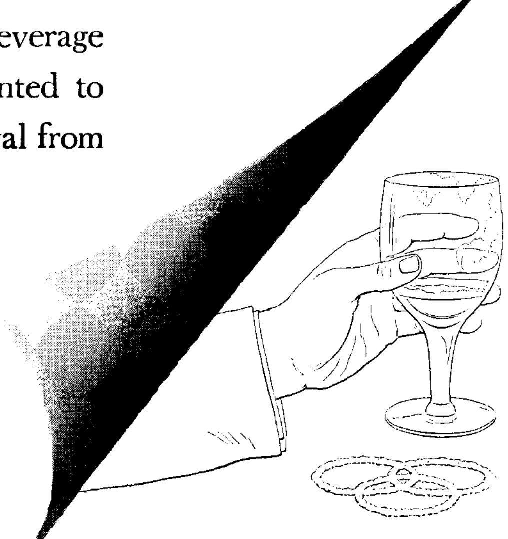
This habit of ours of finding a better product or a better answer to a problem, large or small, is just about as American as apple pie.

Look what happened when a certain moderate beverage with a famous 3-ring trade mark—Ballantine—was presented to this "land of something better." It won such hearty approval from so many that it has become . . .

America's largest selling Ale

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

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